

a women out of his caste, she cannot count as his own wife, but only as one of his concubines. We do not have the system where people go to church, shake hands and then they are married. We have the Vedic system in which fireworship is the central feature. Then we place some gods nearby who are witnesses to the marriage. A prince may have several legitimate queens, but only his first-born man-child may inherit the throne. By our Hindu law, a widow may not marry again, but our learned people are now doing away with this system also."

The gentle brahmin led me to Amber, seven miles away, where among wild and lonely hills, crested with crumbling forts and walls, there is a palace, long disused, a place of enchantment. In the windswept galleries there was an echo of what India once was, a beauty that exists no more, butterflies and lilies inlaid in latticed chambers of white marble, glowing with the creamy color of ivory.

Here in the eleventh century Jaipur was founded with all the solemn rites of human sacrifice. The goddess Kali was brought from Bengal and settled in a temple attached to the palace. But the prince who had brought her got tired of looking every day for a man to sacrifice and Kali told him to sacrifice a goat instead of a man. When I rubbed my finger over the blunt and nicked edge of the big knife with which a goat is here dispatched each morning, I had more sympathy with the goats than I had with Kali.

Kali has two playmates made of brass, standing nearby. The playmates wanted to give us some flowers which were in their hands. But how could they? They were made of brass. An attending priest placed the flowers in our hands.

What better occasion could I have than here to take up with this brahmin a delicate question, much discussed of late—the question of immoralities practiced and connived at by the priests in Indian temples. Persons who spread charges of immorality against all India, on the mere strength of hearsay and gossip, and having no personal knowledge of the things they allege, do a grave injustice to India. All the greater would be the injustice

if these charges, unsubstantiated, are used to disgrace India in the eyes of the world at a moment when every outsider, and especially every American, with self-respect as a writer, ought to observe towards India the most scrupulous neutrality and fair play. Therefore I asked of the brahmin:

“What do you know of the custom of men whose wives are childless to send them to these temples to get children by the priests, under the guise of a divine intervention ?”

“That is all false, sir. It is true that childless women come to the temple to pray to the gods to give them children. I have been a *bona fide* resident of Jaipur for 62 years and I have never seen nor heard of the thing of which you speak. Do you think that any man, no matter how ignorant he is, would send his wife to a temple for such a purpose ?”

Such was the testimony of an old man who seemed to know something. I give it for what it may be worth. In leaving me, he showed me the sacred thread which all brahmins wear around the neck, and begged me not to touch it. I may add, in justice to myself, that I did not have the slightest desire to do so.

Having described Jaipur as “dead”, I am left with no word with which to describe Udaipur. The royal house here is reputed to have descended from the sun. Murray’s guide-book says that it is the “premier house of India in point of blue blood”. Here prevails Vedic time, which is twenty-five minutes behind railroad time. My guide was Umballah, a slender, bounding lad of fifteen, who brought me to the verge of collapse by his continual springs and bounds. But I shall always remember him pleasantly for his excessive truthfulness, his crystaline lack of sophistication. He explained why Udaipur is today limping along on Vedic time.

“It is because, sir, in our city everything is behind. Our people are idle and lazy, and it is for this reason that His Highness wishes us to live by Vedic time.” “

Being lazy myself, I was grateful to His Highness for having preserved this good old Vedic time system, but Umballah, who was the reverse of lazy, reduced me to collapse by his springs and bounds.

..... the author:

Crossroads in Europe (1929).

Price: 3 Swiss francs.

The Trial before Pilate (1909).

Price: 5 Swiss francs.

(Only a few copies available.)

Gandhi or Caesar? (Pamphlet: 1930).

Price: 1 Swiss franc.

IMPRIMERIE KUNDIG

MAHARANA BHUPAL
COLLEGE,
UDAIPUR.

Class No.....

Book No.....

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I. — OFF FOR INDIA.

In the drawing-room of a Geneva hotel, a company of English ladies and gentlemen are discussing the question of India and of Gandhi's movement for independence. The deepest passion in the British has always been the passion for freedom of speech. Lord D— is there, healthy, rosy and handsome, the finest type of English liberal. He has recently been raised to the peerage. Among the others is Lady B—, a brave woman, always thinking about humanity. Woman fashion, she does not see the difficulties of politics, but sympathises with the poor, with the oppressed, with all those in misfortune. She stands up for the Indians, calling them "poor darlings, suffering under a rule which is nothing but a whited sepulchre".

This remark produces a pause, slightly painful. The English system of digging out the truth is one of blunt thrusts followed by pauses.

The pause is broken by an elderly general, returned from India. He looks down placidly on his white shirt-front and states his view quietly and coolly, thus:

"If Gandhi is a saint, he ought to follow the example of the greatest of all saints and keep out of politics."

* * *

Long ago, Geneva was used by Calvin and Knox as a fulcrum for the great reformation. Today, the city by the smiling lake finds herself being used as a fulcrum for still vaster reforms. The world is looking to Geneva for the overthrow of militarism, the outlawing of warfare, the establishment of peace. Cannot

the League of Nations, now holding its session in Geneva, do something to settle or arbitrate the trouble in India? Apparently not. It is a league of free nations, and India is not free. Should India become free through struggle and bloodshed, as other nations have become free, then of course there would be nothing for the league to arbitrate. Radicals are dissatisfied with the league. They call it an abortion. It never touches, they say, the life of the masses. It never tackles the great, deep, tragic problems of politics. "Bourgeois" is the word with which they describe it. The league is a mutual admiration society of the wealthy, a banqueting society of capitalists perched on top of a glacier of politeness. It is a white man's league, a close corporation of dominant races. A Parsee merchant from Bombay happens to pass through Geneva. He represents a brown nation, numbering one-fifth of the human race. With curiosity he pauses in front of the Palace of Nations, looks at it and remarks with quiet contempt: "That place ought to be called the League of European Nations".

Others, however, more friendly to the league, say that it is a young institution and must have time in which to grow. All we can say is: By its fruits we shall know it. So let us be patient.

* * *

Sir John Simon puts a great responsibility on Americans in respect to the judgments which they form on the problem of India. On returning to London from the United States, he said he had found among Americans a widespread interest, which takes the form of "greatly wishing to learn more about the facts". The American, he declares, is not only willing but eager to consider a fair statement of the facts. They are "short of trustworthy and impartial information" and he is "grateful to them for the interest they are taking in the whole subject".

How many things are necessary to make a fair judgment! The best way after all to get the facts is to go to India, to see and get them on the spot.

I have found in Europe an interest in Gandhi and India which is probably not so active as that which prevails in the United States. There is a certain historical similarity between the United States and India which may account for this difference. I went from Geneva to Munich to find out how much interest was being taken there in Gandhi, but found the people there taking a far more burning interest in Hitler, who started his whole movement in this Bavarian capital with seven men in 1920. Hitler's leading principle is to copy the fascism of Mussolini. I saw some of his "shock troops" in the street and they had a rather tough look.

When will the Germans outgrow the unlovely habit of toughness?

With fascism to the north and fascism to the south, the Swiss are holding firm to neutrality. They would resent as a breach of Swiss neutrality the proposals of the League of Nations to advance financial aid to attacked states, and also the proposal that the League of Nations should operate a fleet of airships in times of peace and war.

This Swiss spirit of exact neutrality was exemplified by the owner of the most important bookshop in Geneva, located almost under the shadow of the beautiful Rousseau Island. He had exposed in his window two copies of Jabez Sunderland's "India in Bondage". This book has been suppressed as seditious in India, and when I ventured to suggest to the dealer that it might be a breach of international politeness thus to expose this book, he answered: "My business is to sell books, not to discuss them".

I passed later this same window and saw posted up in flaming covers two copies of Sir John Simon's broadcast speeches, delivered in the United States. Clustered around these two pamphlets, in the form of a wreath, were four pro-Gandhi pamphlets of American exportation: "Gandhi before Pilate", by John Haynes Holmes; "Is Gandhi the Greatest Man in the World", by Kirby Page; "Gandhi or Caesar?" and "Gandhi the Internationalist", the two latter issued by some Gandhi organization in the distant city of Boston.

In Munich I had time to glance at the vast canvases of Reubens in the Pinakothek, to take a peep into the charming Bavarian

village where the Passion Play is being given, before reaching this exquisite city of chiselled marble which glistens and smiles under a sky of cerulean blue. I fetched my baggage from the station to the hotel in a gondola, gliding in the cool shade under the Bridge of Sighs, and slipping my finger-tips along the white stones of the Doges' Palace. I dreamed of all the greatness that once was Venice, while the joyous gondolier bubbled with a conversation which centered around the subject of American "dollarî".

There are so many places that one can go to from Venice ! I have been thinking of all that Sir John Simon has written and said, and in six hours from now I shall be on the wave for India, far from the toughness of Hitlerism.

Venice, September 24th, 1930.

II. — THE TWO CAMPS.

India began with turbans of gold braid and Indian ladies in sweeping silks who came aboard while the ship was lying at the dock in Venice. The ship is Italian, bound for India, and in the smoking-room where we gather to drink our coffee after dinner hangs a portrait of the Italian dictator whose piercing eyes seem to revolve in all directions. On the opposite wall hangs a far less-piercing picture of His Majesty Victor Emmanuel III. Socially speaking, there are, among the passengers, two camps—the Indian camp and the British camp—with numbers about equally divided. At first this division seemed to be rather rigid. There were polite remarks exchanged between the two camps, but no long conversations.

Just where a neutral-minded American might come in, it took me some time to determine. I was sitting quite passively on deck when I found myself suddenly surrounded by a number of young Indians who seemed to have immediately spotted me as a neutral. These young fellows, with brown skin, agate eyes and pearly white teeth, are returning to India after their studies in English and German universities. Politically speaking, their opinions are all about the same, so far as Indian independence is concerned. One young man of Cashmere is entirely converted to the spiritual methods of Gandhi. But this type, I find, is rather rare.

In the first cabin I took tea with Mr. D. Chaman Lall, for seven years a member of the Indian legislative assembly, and organizer of the Indian trade union movement. He was invited to attend the Round Table Congress, but declined. A socialist, with leanings toward communism, he admits that India lacks the materials for making a dictatorship, as in Russia. “The economic distress in

India", he said, "is giving Gandhi his immense following. Gandhi will not touch the labor question because he is afraid of violence emanating from the clash between labor and capital. He fails to see the mysterious workings of economic laws. The boycott of English cloth will only become complete when dock laborers refuse to touch a bale of English cloth. This will be arrived at only through trade unionism and a general strike. British industrialists have been making dividends of 200 per cent while poverty and famine have become endemic. The tremendous power of the working class is going to pass out of Gandhi's hands. I am interested to get out of the unrest in India the political supremacy of the worker, and place him in the center of the picture."

All day yesterday we coasted along the mountains of Greece, wild mysterious valleys, glowing in the sunset and linked by a rainbow to floating clouds above. Beyond the islands lay Patras and distant Corinth. The barren desolation of those great mountains, with all the human past back of them!

An English lady came up to me and offered me a novel to read. She teaches in a government school in India. I asked her about the "untouchables" where she lives.

"Oh, we have none. We have a criminal class, people who are born criminals. They have been criminals for hundreds of years, and they cannot help it. They are called Doms, and they are obliged to live in a settlement of their own. If they are found wandering about outside the settlement at night they are arrested. In the daytime they do scavenging in the town, and the Salvation Army has charge of them."

"Do you have any of these children in your school?"

"Oh no, that would not be allowed. We can only have children of Indian gentlemen."

Another lady teaches in a school for "purdah girls". These are girls up to twenty years of age who never see a man, outside of their own families.

A clergyman sent out by the Church of Scotland says that the key to the whole situation in India is the "transition from pantheism to theism. The Indians have no use for labels in religion,

but in twenty years they have changed from pantheism to theism". This means the incubation of a new religion. Other Englishmen explained all the ramifications of graft prevalent throughout India.

A brahmin who is running a school for "untouchables" says that he is looked upon as an outcaste and atheist by other members of his caste.

A Sikh, who, with all his family, is in government service, says that the Gandhi movement will reach a climax only when the picketer and the boycotter prostrate themselves in front of the doors of all persons in the government service, thereby preventing them from continuing in the service of the present government. The pressure on him and his family grows greater every day, and on the day when the climax is reached the government will collapse. None of these Indians have any faith in forcible methods. They think that more skill and courage is required to win their battle by non-violence than by violence.

The ship rides at anchor in the harbor of Port Said. All the flies of Egypt have hastened to greet us and in the sticky air the only apparently comfortable people are little naked Egyptian boys who swim about the ship like frogs and dive for coins tossed from the deck.

Tonight we shall sit in the smoking-room beneath Signor Mussolini's piercing glances and listen to the "Stein Song" and "Ramona" rendered for the thousandth time on a phonograph. Britain and India produce the politics. America produces the music. The camps will to some extent mingle and mix, but the "heaven-borns" will stay by themselves, for they carry the burden of empire, the "white-man's burden", and unto themselves they are all-sufficient.

* * *

"The thing that is taking place in India is the appropriation of Christ. The Indians are finding out that Christ wasn't a foreigner."

These words were spoken to me by an Englishman engaged in education in Delhi. We were sitting on the deck of the ship and we looked out over the Red Sea to the distant ridges of Mt. Sinai. It seemed strange to hear these words perhaps on the very spot where the waters had once parted to let Moses and his people pass, and I thought of the marvellous pathway of man that led down from that mountain. That pathway which has had so many turnings in it, will it now lead to India? If it does, it is by a mysterious working which no man today knows.

My friend from Delhi continued his conversation as follows: "The Hindu oftentimes claims to understand Christ better than we do. It is going to be extremely beneficial for the Christian world to be exposed to this point of view. The political leaders of the Congress party are now claiming Christ as being on their side. The trouble is that half of the Englishmen in India are doing their very best, and the other half of them are doing their very worst. The Hindu is a religious man. He believes in the brotherhood of all religious men, and if we cannot meet him on that ground it is our own fault".

Then I tackled a gunner or two who have the military point of view. One of these gunners is an awfully nice fellow. While I was leaning over the rail in the darkness coming through the Suez canal, he came up to me and wanted to know why we Americans insisted on depriving them of a navy equal to their needs. I told him that I wasn't personally interested, but the Americans thought they ought to have parity. The gunner continued:

"You see we are being terribly cramped. We are not competing against anybody. On the other hand, we realize that you could outbuild us if you wanted. We don't mind that really. We only want what is sufficient for us to hold the empire together. I know we have made mistakes in India. All nations make mistakes. But I don't see how there is going to be self-government in India until every religion and every caste has been obliterated. How is a delegate from the sweepers—mere dirt in the eyes of the others—to sit in a parliament with the brahmins and princes?



The brown man's burden — Indian coolie carrying the
steamer-trunk of an American tourist.

" Then the people are so simple. When I go to the woods and a fellow comes up who says he has a fever, I give him a few little things like aspirin and castor oil and then he thinks he is quite all right. I am convinced that either you have got to rule with the sword or else you have got to give in altogether. When I say rule by the sword, I don't mean to go back to primitive measures. But these so-called swarajists are only a small minority. A man like Gandhi sends some wild cat out into the country places and the people follow this man like parrots. Without a strong government and above all without a navy we are finished."

I went then to a bishop of the Church of England, going to his diocese in India. " Military people", he said, " don't come into contact with Indians of good standing. They come into contact with corporals and sepoys, and they are inclined to treat the Indians as inferiors."

The bishop gave me a little tract, called "Sharing with India", which states that every week in India 3,000 outcasts are added to the church.

" How about Gandhi ? " I asked.

" It's a miracle to me how any light gets into India at all, when you consider how the women are shut up. There are no outlets, no windows, in the life at all. Gandhi is letting a little light in. They say everybody hates the English. That's true. An Englishman never respects anyone until that other one hates him. If Gandhi gave up noncooperation, he and his party would lose all power in dealing with the British government. Lord Irwin doesn't think so, and I admit that he is a greater man than I am. Gandhi's strength is in the villages, and it is much easier to preach a complaint in the villages than to preach cooperation. I justify Gandhi, in the end, for choosing the method which for him is the best. Military people will not agree with me. But they don't live in India. They live in the army."

The bishop and his wife invited me to come and stay with them. " In India we don't wait to be invited. We just go to people's houses. We invite ourselves. You must do the same."

See the Gandhi caps! They were being worn by two men in a boat that came tossing alongside as we dropped anchor in the harbor of Aden. The men were Indians coming on board to go as deck passengers to Bombay. I soon lost sight of them in the crowd of half-clothed Arabs and Africans who came on board to sell their wares. At Aden we pause, we breathe, we stretch our legs on terra firma for an hour. The suffocating air of the Red Sea has been left behind and a breeze comes in from the Indian Ocean. A harbor for big ships, a post for soldiers, a trading point for tribes living in Abyssinia and Arabia, a black volcanic mountain sharply cut against the blue of the sea and sky, such is Aden, a link in Britain's mighty chain of empire. The heat in these regions is such that my cabin steward remembered it to have killed twenty soldiers in a troopship in one day.

The British government of India begins at Aden, and here for the first time I saw it function. At the post office, where I registered a letter, the Indian employee was pleasant and obliging, I might even say cultured and elegant. He had the Oxford accent and he commanded implicit confidence. I next dealt, somewhat less satisfactorily, with a sun-blackened Arab taxi-driver with an odd, shiny, uncultured-looking head, who weekly requested one dollar for driving me a few hundred yards. While I was fumbling and calculating the possibility of making a better adjustment, behold, an Indian policeman stood like a guardian angel by my side.

"How much does he want?"

"Four shillings."

"How far did he drive you?"

"From the post office to this place."

"Pay him eightpence. It is enough."

I was travelling to a country of princes, and wanted to be princely. I settled for a shilling, and the Arab smiled and I smiled, but the policeman said that it was too much.

The harbor of Aden, green and cool, is a delightful place for a dive, if one doesn't mind diving into the mouth of a shark. Some people are likeable and some are not—I don't mean from the point

of view of the sharks, but just from the point of view of a traveller on a ship to India. I spent a good deal of time drawing up a list of the likeable people, and well up on the list was a British major who had been in charge of engineering here in Aden during the war. As we steamed away in front of the grim brown cliffs, from which he had extracted pumis-stone for cement work, he explained how he had scarped away the face of the rock to prevent the Turks from landing. He had apparently baffled thirty thousand Turks by doing a little scarping.

As a consequence of racing through the Red Sea, the engine burned out a bearing. I sympathized with it, and don't understand why all the engineers and people in the bowels of the ship didn't burn out too. For twelve hours we limped along on one propeller. The good ship we were travelling in, I am bound to confess, was something of an old tub, but she seemed to make, in her old age, an extraordinary number of miles every day. With our engine crippled, a typhoon might have made the situation ticklish. But the Indian Ocean is a well-behaved ocean. I take off my hat to it. I cannot do as much for the Atlantic Ocean. Storms here are not allowed to tear around except in certain months. At this season nothing disturbs the placid waters except an occasional submarine earthquake.

Tremors of another nature, however, made themselves felt among our motley cargo of diversified races. Cliques developed. It was not possible to walk the decks, particularly of the first-class cabin, without stumbling over a few cliques. The English people were by no means all of one opinion with regard to the Indian problem. At a fancy dress ball which, thanks to the tact of Italian arrangements, turned out to be a great success, Indians and British threw away politics for a moment, joining in a whirl of dancing, and banging each other with balls made of wadded paper. A maharajah and ranee were on hand to give the prizes.

* * *

I had stumbled my way into cliques and out of them, and with pencil and notebook had combed out colorful interviews from

upper-class people stretched out on deck chairs. A certain percentage of people on a ship are dummies who offer no attraction for the literary artist. But suddenly I caught a glimpse of the brightest bit of color on the fo'castle head. From a point under the bridge, I spied the two Gandhi caps which I had seen in Aden. I made my way through smelly gangways to the forward deck, near the bow, which is reserved for the so-called deck passengers, who were camping there under a stretched-out sailcloth. Their baggage was piled high, among the anchors and the winches. Here there were plenty of bales, quilts, kettles and babies to stumble over, but no cliques.

The people looked at me strangely, silently, timidly. But I introduced myself rather quickly. There is much gentleness and thoughtfulness pictured in the face of the average Hindu, but when I meet a really dark man, the most fascinating thing seems to be the glinting whiteness of his teeth. I have examined sets of teeth on this ship which have filled me with envy, sets in which there is not a vacancy, neither a filling of gold or silver. I have heard that these Indians of the poorer classes live in squalor. What is squalor? There was no note of it here. Everything was neat and clean.

Then we began to get friendly. Where did I come from? Well, I came from America. I was just going to take a look around in India. This was translated to those who couldn't speak English, and it soaked in slowly. One of the group spoke English. He wore the cap and homespun cloth of the swaraj movement.

I learned afterwards that an Englishman—possibly a member of one of the cliques, possibly one the "heaven-borns"—had spied me from above, and spread the report that I was a Gandhi propagandist travelling incognito. He was quite mistaken. I was assuming to start a modest propaganda in favor of myself.

"All India Gandhi, Gandhi, Gandhi, America Gandhi, Gandhi America, Gandhi good man."

Here undoubtedly were Gandhi's people. Were he here on the ship, he would be among them in the fourth-class, provided no fifth-class were available.

They brought and laid before me their swarajist literature, crudely printed magazines and cartoons. They entertained me with a harmonium and with singing. They asked me to come later for supper, and I came. I sat on a box and ate, with twelve men squatting on rugs in front of me. Four cakes were offered, warm from the coals, in a dish of hammered brass. Very hot pepper and very, very hot spices were inside the cakes and, after eating three, I felt like stopping. Pressed to eat the fourth, I wavered. Then followed a great struggle to make me eat it. Succumbing to the force of superior numbers, I swallowed the cake with a smile and a gulp.

The children that clustered and dangled about were remarkably pretty, especially the little girls, who had their hair tightly brushed back and tied in nobs at the back of their heads. The prettiest of these was a child of three years, who edged up to me, bashfully sticking her finger into her nose. The outline of her wiggly body could be seen through her pink gauze dress, and she let me count the number of her bracelets, of which she had ten. Of her two necklaces, it was explained that one was a sign that she had "taken her birth in the religion of Vishnu", and the name of this nice little girl is Butchi.

The charm of this easy life under the tent, and particularly the charm of Butchi, was such that I invited myself to supper again, a supper of sweetmeats and fresh plantains sliced in wafers and fried in butter. Such was life on the Indian Ocean, with Butchi smiling at me. Such is the India of the wistful and searching eye, asking now to be led and guided forward upon the pathway of her destiny.

* * *

"There is Bombay!"

Over the green stretch of tepid sea the eye catches a thin line of white bluffs, of places called ghats, with low, faint hills behind them. The hot wind blows, the sun shines, the air is dripping with moisture. So here we are at the end of the voyage. We have packed up our traps in the stuffy cabins. We gather on deck, we

exchange cards, we look through binocular glasses. We enter a harbor in which there are few ships, nothing like the harbor of New York or Boston. The police examine passports, tugs pull us to the dock. Meanwhile to the south, over some greenish mountains, the monsoon is sweeping up. The sky becomes black and the sea turns to a livid, bilious yellow. Coolies leap aboard, shout and rush about. For two hours on the dock we crush and jam and sweat. The Englishmen are giants compared to the coolies, and one of them shouts to me: "This is a seething mass of disorganization. The best thing you can do is to go upstairs, take a drink and wait for the end." I did not do the first two things, but did the last thing.

When, after two hours, I got my baggage cleared the lightning was playing about, with rain coming down in sheets. Oceans of water washed over my trunk hitched to the back of the American-made taxi which drove me to the Taj Mahal Hotel. The trunk did not leak, for it is a waterproof trunk made in Oshkosh, Wis.

* * *

Looking back on the voyage, it was a great and strange experience. I saw members of two great races cooped up together for twelve days under circumstances of political tension. But I never heard one rude or rough word spoken. The thing called "race prejudice" was undoubtedly present. But I like to remember that struggle, on the part of many, that was made against it. I shall remember especially one English lady, the wife of a captain, who went about tramping down this bugaboo of race prejudice.

At the hotel, a sort of Indian Alhambra, in which no carpet, curtain or upholstery can be seen, I was given a big room with a marble floor and bath. A valet came in to put the mosquito netting over the bed. The employees are exclusively men. The monsoon had cooled the air and a breeze rippled in at the window. I stripped and bathed and strided over the marble floor.

My dear gunner who was going off to join his messmates in Jubbulpore came in to see how I was getting on. He wanted to take care of me and see that I was comfortable.

III. — THE VALE OF ENCHANTMENT.

I come to offer you, sir, my salaams. With these words you will be received by the traders of Kashmir. They wait on you at the hotel with their merchandise. They enter your room, peep through the window, whisper through the keyhole. They will push on the door one way while you are pushing it the other way. If you come from the lands of the wealthy white men you are to these kindly and friendly children of Kashmir a "sahib" or master. What they want is a little money and also a little friendship, and to get it they waylay you at every corner and salute you as if you were a member of a superior race. The word "sahib" is the key to the political and social puzzle of India. Those who have read Kipling will be familiar with the word. It is pronounced exactly like the English word "sob".

The vale of Kashmir deserves its worldwide celebrity. Its gentle scenery of river, lake and mountain, with the teeming and picturesque life of the bazars and houseboats, possesses an extraordinary charm. To drink the cool air of this enchanting place, I travelled thirteen hundred miles from Bombay by rail and two hundred miles from Rawal Pindi by motor-car, over a pass eight thousand feet high with barrier on barrier, peak piled on peak ahead of me, blending together in the blue and green glow of the atmosphere. At the end of the journey, the moon had risen and its silvery light fell upon a Hindu temple perched on the tip of a nearby mountain.

I travelled more than half the length of India, and the impression from which it is impossible to escape is that India is being run for the "sahib". The motor-car was a "sahib car". Entering the valley in the darkness, through an avenue of magnificent trees,

the headlights fell upon the form of a man who suddenly stepped out from the gloom of the wayside and motioned to us to stop. He was muffled to his eyes in a heavy cloak. I was a little scared. Then suddenly he drew back. "What did he want?" I asked the driver, who had paid no attention to the signal. "He wanted a lift, but when he saw it was a sahib car he drew back." The poor wayfarer was left behind and the sahib sped on. I don't like being a sahib.

How does "dominion status" look in Kashmir? It looks odd. It looks decent and reasonable enough in London or New York, but here it looks queer and exotic. I can't see it working among these Hindu mystery temples, smoky bazaars and the jumbled life of the houseboats. The oddness is that on the other side of the earth some form of government should be mapped out for people here who don't seem to pay the slightest attention to western theories of politics. According to the newspaper, Mr. Sherwood Eddy, an American in London, says that dominion status ought not to come in India before ten to twenty years. I wonder how he gets at those figures.

Something is coming to India, but just what it is no man today knows. Perhaps the people of India are not ready, and never will be, for any of the so-called "forms" of government which to the western mentality are all-sufficient for human needs in any part of the earth. The possibility is present to the deeply penetrative observer that political poultices according to western formulas may fall far short of alleviating the material and spiritual troubles of India. The trouble here goes to the deepest roots of life, and religion, the source from which all men's thoughts proceed, the deepest bed-rock of all human institutions, constitutes a gulf between the institutions of the east and those of the west.

Religion is lurking at the bottom of this question. I hunted up yesterday afternoon a young Kashmirian whom I had met on the ship and who arrived here a day ahead of me. His conversation on board ship had struck me as modern, almost radical. But here I saw him against all his oriental background. His house was full of callers, turbaned and cloaked in Kashmirian

style, come to welcome him home. He was differentiated from them by his London clothes. On his table was a colored picture of a human form with various arms emerging from the body, and to my enquiry as to its meaning, he said: "That is a picture of Vishnu, the god whom I worship". This young brahmin, returned from his medical studies in London, now rolls up his sleeves to combat an epidemic of cholera which is playing about in this neighborhood. Like every Indian I have met, he is opposed to British rule. He is quite content to live under the king of Kashmir, who, like himself, is a worshipper of Vishnu. "But", I said, "look at the railroads the British have built", to which he returned: "We could have built all these railroads ourselves, just as the Japanese did in their country, without help from invading foreigners".

Later, picking up a guide, another brahmin, I visited three Hindu temples. "What is the meaning of the spot of yellow paint which I see between your eyes?" I asked.

"That is a holy mark. It means that God is only one."

The temples, surrounded by a crumbling wall, were sacred to the god Shiva, who is represented by a large polished stone, shaped like an egg. Two stones were under rude wooden sheds which I was requested not to enter, not being a Hindu. Through the garden, which was attractive and peaceful, two priests approached me. They did not speak English. I gave them coins and they picked for me a bunch of flowers.

"Here in Kashmir you are not interested in politics?" I asked the guide.

"We do not need politics. We are born and we die. We are satisfied. We understand religion."

Where is and what is the chain that holds India down?

The investigator will be cautious of the danger of making snap-judgments as to what India may or may not be ready to embark upon. The problem is deep. It is one of the body, mind and soul. It is the problem of salvation.

The papers are filled with political tragedies. My first morning in Bombây the news was printed that Bhagat Singh was condemned

to be hanged. An immense meeting of protest was held in the evening. Many thousands of men and boys, throbbing with some inward fire and wearing the Gandhi cap, assembled to hear Mr. Sen Gupta. I saw no women and detected the presence of no person of my own color. Moving among these people, indeed into the very heart of the mass, many curious eyes were focused upon me. I was different from them to all outward appearances. Stooping down to buy some photographs spread out on the ground, I felt the searching scrutiny of these hungry, burning eyes. It pleased them to see me buy the cards, so I kept on buying. The cards helped to break the ice. What did I want the cards for? Oh, just to send to America. Wouldn't the British post office stop them? I didn't think so. "Does America support our movement? We think not, because the Americans are capitalists." I went on buying cards and assured them that I was interested in their movement, anyway.

* * *

Here in Kashmir the hotel is frequented chiefly by English officials and their wives who come here for a vacation. I hear snatches of conversation about fishing, shooting, golf, bridge. Do they not know that the soil of India is trembling?

Northward from Bombay the Gandhi caps cease to be prominent in the landscape. "Do you think India will be free?" asked an Indian on the train, whom I had met on the ship. "There are so many things to get free from. Now, look at this splendid railroad. Is it not a step towards freedom?" But he was not interested in the railroad, which was owned in London.

The panorama from the car window was one of appalling poverty, and baffling was the contradiction between this thread of luxury, marked by the railroad, and the haggard spectre of want that stalked the sun-scorched plain.

The first problem I had to deal with was that of having a servant. The servant is cheap. He can live for almost nothing. He costs you all told less than twenty dollars a month. In the Bombay

hotel, along the marble corridors, in the light of the hanging green lamps, I saw the servants squatting in front of their masters' doors, silent and impassive, like sitting Buddhas. What could I do with a servant ? I settled the problem in the negative.

I let Silba take me to the station. He wore across his white jacket in big red letters the name of a certain well-known American express company. Johari followed, balancing my trunk on his head like a feather. They placed me, trunk and all, in a first-class saloon. The trunk can be pushed under the seat. You travel with your own bedding. Connected with the saloon is a toilet-room with shower-bath. There is no corridor in the train. You enter and leave the dining-car when the train stops. Here I travelled two days and nights, trying out the shower-bath at frequent intervals.

What would Gandhi think of all this luxury ?

* * *

"I see you come from Concord, Mass.," said my neighbor in the next saloon, who saw my name on the end of my trunk. "I come from Woburn and my wife from Billerica." Such are the crossroads in life, for these towns lie close to Concord and I have been familiar with their rivers and fields from earliest years.

I was glad to offer a place in my saloon to a British officer travelling to Peshawar to fight the Afridis. Later, he secured a place elsewhere. But I sat with him in the dining-car. At Rawal Pindi we parted, he to conquer the Afridis and I to conquer the vale of Kashmir.

What did I see from the car window ? Miles and miles of mud-huts, stagnant pools, men and women delving with sticks in the earth, coaxing the miserable corps to grow, human beings everywhere, but seemingly the victims of ages of neglect. The water-buffalo wallowed in his mud-hole, abject in his ugliness. It was like a vision of man and beast slowly evolving from some primordial slime.

Beautiful birds, camels, monkeys were there, and there too the delicate and beautiful cow, uniting with man in a wonderful fraternity. The Hindu does not kill the cow. Night fell, and only a lone star flickered over the region where a few months ago Gandhi led his band of salt-makers to the sea.

I am told to read Indian history to find out how happy and prosperous India was before the British came. But we should get the facts in their right places. Eras of prosperity and happiness leave their marks behind them. Here on the plain of Rajputana no stone, no canal, no aqueduct remains to tell of any departed opulence. The mud-hut system reaches back for ages and ages. The prince, the brahmin, the mogul may in other times have enjoyed a more sumptuous and unfettered life, but never these delving serfs of the mud-huts. Back into the past run the two castes, the sahibs and the non-sahibs, the masters and the slaves. There never was a golden age of democracy in India.

Kashmir is a state ruled by a maharajah. His wonderful gardens lie by a lovely lake. Above them rises the deep blue wall of the Himalaya Mountains. Here, in earlier months of the year, blooms the lotus, and the air is full of vaguely floating perfumes. Above everything else floats the gentleness of the people. They dog your path for insignificant tips, but for the softness and sweetness of their manners, some of which may be rubbed off on the occasional traveller, perhaps they never will be paid. I wish I could be as polite as they are.

The capital of Kashmir is "Srinagar". A revolution in India might well begin with a revolution in the spelling of Indian names. The name of Kashmir's capital is pronounced as if it were written "Sirinuggar".

IV. — TROUBLED PESHAWAR.

Umdadoli had driven me into the vale of Kashmir from Rawal Pindi, a journey of two hundred miles. He had been a gentle, slow-going, sweet-faced driver, conscious of the dangers of that perilous road. It is a road grooved in the side of mountains and rendered dangerous by frequent landslides. Mohamed, who brought me back over the same road, was, I discovered at the outset, a speeder and a road-hog. For the first twenty miles he limited himself to hogging, but after that he became worse. With his red fez and fierce unshaved physiognomy, the public was afraid of him — and so was I. He executed a succession of stunts, but his favorite stunt was to speed around projecting masses of rock on the wrong side of the road. Smaller stunts were the side-swiping of calves and bullock-carts. When, in front of the hotel in Pindi, I reeled out of the car with a swimming head, I knew that I had had a narrow escape. I had escaped out of the hands of some Asiatic god of destruction. If the car had been a Kashmir car, I certainly should have been lost, but the car was luckily American. Practically all traffic into Kashmir is done with American cars. In fact, the invasion of all India by American cars is an outstanding fact, following hard on the heels of the British invasion. Following fast on the heels of the American car is the American moving-picture.

Mohamed, indeed, left me little time to attend to the larger object of travel, which is to look at nature's moving-picture, the landscape. The Himalayas are very solid mountains and do not appear to do much moving with the present political unrest. The big giants, like Mount Everest, are far to the east. The mountains of Kashmir lack the charm of the Swiss Alps and they are handi-

machinery. It is all of no use. The machine is a part of civilization. We cannot put civilization in jail. At Rawal Pindi, in the hotel, I made acquaintance with a "sweeper", the man who cleaned up after I had made my toilet in a washroom which was spotlessly clean but with queer sanitary arrangements. This man is called an "untouchable", and the first thing I did was to touch him, give him some money and a pat on the back. A modern water-closet connected to a sewer could do the work of this despised sweeper. Machinery could set him free.

Later, I visited the dining-room, which was well filled with English ladies and gentlemen in evening dress. You are constantly slipping about between England and Asia. In the cool of the evening, I took a drive in a tonga, a two-wheeled cart drawn by a small horse, and then I discovered that I was in a military post with spacious roads made in the best modern manner. I got the impression that no expense had been spared in making the place comfortable and attractive. This region is called the cantonment. The windows of an officers' mess-house were pleasantly glowing among the trees, a general's headquarters with cannon standing about had a safe, well-protected look, and then appeared a low, spreading building with a prettily designed front which bore the words "District Jail". I looked long at this chilling institution—and wondered. It made me think of Gandhi.

At ten o'clock I took the train for Peshawar, because I wanted to see how the war against the Afridis was getting on. I reached there early, and at breakfast in the comfortable English hotel, located inside the "cantonment", the bugle call and the clicking of a sentry's boot-heels somewhere outside was a reminder that I again had to do with a military establishment. A general and his staff were stationed in a nearby building. General and staff had lunch at a table next to my table. Soldiers were drilling and clicking their boots like the tick of a clock, not in the dining-room, but very close to it. Was I in an hotel or in an army? I took a tonga and went out to investigate. I saw two howitzers, an armored car, marching policemen, a huge fort and barbed-wire entanglements. The Afridis were not in sight. The hotel



Abdul Gaflar Khan (centre in white kurdar), with his Uttamnati red-shirts, the young India of tomorrow. The picture was taken at Uttamnati where recently a massacre occurred, during the Irwin-Gandhi peace talks (page 39, footnote).



The Kabuli gate, scene of the Peshawar massacre. An armored car here plowed into a crowd of people who were peaceably watching liquor-shop picketers brought to the jail (right). The military opened fire, killing and wounding hundreds. Page 33.

proprietor tells me they are wild men. If they are, they are getting more publicity than any other body of wild men at the present time, except the British policemen who are conducting lathi charges in Bombay at the present time. Peshawar is on a bigger scale than Rawal Pindi. The institutions of government, the cannon and the jail all seem to be bigger. The border tribes occupying territory to the north, west and south of this stronghold have long been a thorn in the side of the British. Roads with block-houses are now to be constructed into their territory under the protection of the large military force now concentrated here.

Peshawar at the present time is a gloomy and depressing place. It has been the scene of bloodshed of a kind which seemed to people in the United States rather shocking. Owing to the strict censorship maintained by the English, the full facts with regard to what happened here on April 23rd of this year and on subsequent dates have never been made public in the United States. They have been collected in what is known as the "Patel Report", which as soon as published was wisely and promptly suppressed by the government. I have obtained a copy of it. From this document, which is written in a dispassionate, careful and apparently trustworthy manner, I gather that the facts were about as follows:

The Congress people had decided to start the picketing of liquor shops on April 23rd. Early on that morning the police arrested nine members of the Congress committee. This led to excitement, and the people gathered in large numbers to give an ovation to the volunteers who were being sent out on picketing duty. The people were unarmed and they remained non-violent. They gathered in front of the police station in the Kissi Khani bazar, near the Kabuli gate. As soon as the arrested leaders were taken inside the police station the crowd began to disperse. Suddenly, two armored cars dashed through the Kabuli gate and, without blowing their horns or giving any warning, plowed into the crowd. Several people were killed on the spot. The crowd collected the wounded and dead. At this time, the first car was reversed and more people were killed, including an English dispatch-rider on a motor-cycle, who got excited and collided with

the car and was crushed under it as it reversed. The English commissioner also got excited and came out of the armored car and gave orders to the troops to fire on the people. This shooting continued off and on all day. The supposed list of dead was between two and three hundred¹.

On May 31st, the superintendent (native) of a government dairy farm was going with his wife and two children in a cart through the Kabuli gate. An English soldier, from a window, fired one shot which killed his two children and wounded his wife. A funeral for the children was immediately arranged. Great numbers of people when they heard of the murder of these children hastened to the funeral. As the procession was advancing, a company of British soldiers (not brown men, but white men) came along the road and pushed its way into the middle of the procession. This batch of soldiers was called the Essex platoon, under the command of an English officer. A soldier fired at an old man standing nearby and killed him. The officer then gave the order to fire. Three volleys were fired into the procession. Ten were killed and a larger number wounded. Only twelve of the wounded were admitted into the Lady Reading Hospital. Incredible as they are, such briefly are the facts of what happened in Peshawar.

Outside the cantonment and separated from it by the barbed-wire entanglement lies the native quarter, called "Peshawar City". A drive through it in a tonga convinced me that I was in the midst of a seething human volcano. The throngs looked at me silently, rather sullenly. A madman, half-naked, followed

¹ Coming home from India on the ship in the Persian Gulf I met Captain E. H. Cobb of the Indian Police Service. He told me that he had been city magistrate of Peshawar on April 23rd; that it was he who had given the order to fire on the people after Metcalf, the deputy-commissioner, had been knocked down and wounded by a stone; that the despatch-rider, Bryant, was not crushed by the armored-car, but was killed by a man in the crowd, his neck showing a wound made with a sharp weapon; that the crowd was not non-violent. Captain Cobb admitted, however, that deputy-commissioner Metcalf had made a mistake to go to the place in an armored-car. "A deputy-commissioner", said Captain Cobb, "has no business driving about in an armored-car". The fact seems to remain that the armored-car crushed the people, an action which precipitated the troubles which followed.

the tonga, howling, jumping, demanding money. I gave him four annas and he hurled it back at me demanding a rupee. Jeering boys gathered around, but fortunately they were jeering at the lunatic and not at me. How to attack this conglomeration of bazars, how to get at the heart of this population driven to the point of desperation by acts of bloody repression was my chief problem.

The centre of this vast network of military force is a fort big enough to hold all the British population in case of an armed insurrection. Coming back from visiting a Hindu temple at nightfall, I met just by the gate leading into the fort an English lady who had been out sketching and whose motor-car had broken down. She was alone with her dog. The place was somewhat wild and dismal—a bad place for an Englishwoman alone at nightfall—and I offered her a seat in my tonga, to take her back to the cantonment. She was an officer's wife, and I recall some of her sentences because they seemed to reveal such a tragic ignorance of the real situation in that unhappy city, although she would have made a good Kipling heroine.

"I think it is so thrilling to see all this barbed wire. I watched the whole brigade march out lately. They were simply splendid. I wish the whole of India could have seen them. They were topping. I think a little show of force is most excellent."

All this was a shock to me. But in India one receives shock after shock. In the Hindu temple I had discovered a new god, a new shock, whose name is Hanuman. He is a terrible person, painted red, with a tail and a club. He is said to have been a man, and is undoubtedly a prehistoric hero of the Hercules type. Numerous small temples were clustered around tanked-up wells of water, and accompanied by some young Hindus whom I found there and with whom I conversed pleasantly, I paid my respects to Shiva, the god of destruction. Some of these young men appeared to be just getting free from Shiva's grip. Among the interesting figures was a young fakir, or sadou, who presented himself before me. He wore a piece of cloth from his chest to his loins and carried in one hand a metal bowl and in the other a book tied up in a pink

rag, which I was told was the Bhagavad Gita. I offered him money, but he danced away with a smile, refusing to take it, and soon after I saw him lost in prayer, his head sunk between his knees. There was something spiritual in the expression of that young man's face, just a ray of something different from the surroundings.

"He will take neither silver nor gold. He lives only for prayer. He has renounced the world completely."

A miasmic pool of water in which immense turtles moved about sluggishly, the twisted trunks of tropical trees, gloomy palms haunted by crows, vultures and bats, such was this strange and weird place devoted to religion. A family of starved puppies was there, and I asked how they lived. "They live on the mercy of the people." The puppies were playful, happy and hungry. They, too, had renounced the world completely.

In spite of the massacres that had taken place, the picketing of liquor shops was still going on. The Indians are much more consistent prohibitionists than the Americans. Perhaps the liquor is less inviting in India than in the United States. I have not tried it. The government in India tries to keep the liquor shops open, while in America it tries the opposite. The liquor shops here are practically forced on the people against the will of the great majority. While I was in Peshawar, picketers were being arrested in batches of from fifteen to twenty daily, mostly boys. I wanted to take a photograph of the chief liquor shop, but soldiers with fixed bayonets were in the way. The liquor shop looked like an alley with a few dirty bottles in it. An army of bayonets came down the road, led by two Englishmen in civilian clothes. These gentlemen seemed to be so well protected by the forest of bayonets behind them! Could I find the why and the wherefore of all this trouble? In the shop of a Parsee I struck a lead. Did I sympathise with the movement? Somewhat. I was there to learn about it. This led to consequences. The next day I was invited to tea by the Khilafat committee. This is a pan-Islamic organization, supporting the Round Table Conference, and led by Shaukat Ali. A court, surrounded by blue balconies of lace-work, opened to the

sky. While at tea, we heard that a British superintendent of police had killed a boy ten years old with his club because the boy had shouted "revolution". This spoiled my tea somewhat. To prevent further breaches of the peace, the Kabuli gate had been closed and the Kissi Khani bazar cleared. I heard next morning that the boy had not been killed but was knocked senseless, and that he was in a grave condition in the hospital. However, at the house of the Khilafat committee the report upset me because, to reach my hotel, I had to go back through the Kabuli gate which had been closed. The committee assured me that as I was a "sahib" I would be allowed to pass. I gathered that the committee who accompanied me to the gate were not in bad standing with the police. A small wicket was opened through which I went, while armed men, Indian police, standing about in the darkness, unpleasantly clicked the locks of their rifles. It was so dark that I was afraid they would not see that I was a "sahib".

From the Khilafat committee I was passed on next day into the hands of the "red shirts". The present leader of this movement, Mian Jafar Shah, an influential and well-to-do zamindar, or landowner, took me on a one-hundred-mile circuit in his car. The red shirts have nothing to do with the Russian bolsheviks and the color of their shirts is not red. It is a muddy blue with a tinge of mulberry.¹ No connection with socialism, communism or bolshevism appears to exist among them. The term "red shirts" appears to have been foisted upon them by newspaper dispatch writers, who somewhat unscrupulously represented them to the western world as "reds". They are orthodox Moslems, followers of non-violence and they call themselves the "servants of God". They take a harmless oath on the Koran, and their program is the social and moral uplift of their people. They have not followed

¹ I saw later, at the meeting of the Congress at Karachi, a company of red-shirts from Peshawar in all their glory. Their uniforms are a very handsome maroon color, nothing to suggest the bolshevik red. They marched in a very snappy manner, and ought to make first-class soldiers. These people are all Pathans, Moslems by religion. Their commander is Abdul Gaffar Khan.

civil disobedience and their activity has been limited to the picketing of liquor shops. They establish country schools, one of which I visited. Nothing could be more admirable than the stubborn effort of these poor but decent country people to lift themselves up out of misery and ignorance. My trip with Mr. Shah was simply a revelation to me. Liquor-drinking is forbidden by the Mohamedan religion. In the village of Charsadda, which I visited, the liquor shop was picketed on August 2nd. A British police officer with his brown men arrived on the spot, had the picketers stripped and beaten and with his own hands tortured them in the sensitive parts of the body. He filled their mouths with sewer water and urine. One of the victims whom I saw has gone insane from that torture. The liquor shop here was run by a Sikh. He did not wish to open his shop, but was led to the shop with his hands bound at the point of the bayonet.

The next village was Utmanzai. Here I saw the wreck of the office of the red shirts, burned by order of an Englishman. The names of the officers ordering these things were given to me. From the roof of the office, "volunteers" had been thrown into the street. One had his arms and two their legs broken.

An immense pile of stones was pointed out which the villagers had been forced to build at the point of the bayonet. When completed, the English commander said to them: "That is the grave of your movement and of your great God Allah o' Akbar". These various things were narrated to me on the spot where they had occurred. I am not in a position to verify them. But they were told to me by eye-witnesses.

From there, passing through a group of miserable-looking Mohmands, we reached the mud-huts of Takkah. Here on May 28th the house of the headman had been set on fire by the police. The villagers, gathering to extinguish the flames, were made the target of machine-guns. Twenty were killed and many more wounded. The offence of these people seems to have been marching from one village to another clad in their mulberry shirts. Two days before these people were wiped out, an English policeman named Murphy had been done to death in a village five miles distant. Murphy

had come to that village with a company of policemen to disperse a meeting. When killed, he was either in the act of leading a lathi charge or so conducting himself as to make the people believe that unless they dispersed a lathi charge would be made. The killing of Murphy was given as a pretext for wiping out the people at Takkah.

Such, temporarily, is the end of Indian risorgimento in these saddened villages.¹ We lunched in the house of Mr. Jafar Shah, reaching it through crops of cotton and sugar-cane. Here an amusing incident took place. While I was fighting off a swarm of country hornets, which were trying to settle on my head, four turbaned Indian police agents arrived and settled on the veranda. It was all so beautifully easy and oriental the way they did it. There was something mysterious about their errand. We went in to lunch, leaving them there clothed in mystery, and I said to Shah: "What's coming now? Do we come under Section 40 of the Frontier Crimes Regulation?" He went out to them and soon I saw them go away. They had seen me touring the country, which had made them nervous, because they thought I was an agent sent out by the Indian government to investigate their conduct.

I do not keep out of anybody's way and nobody gets into my way, except mosquitoes and hornets. On arriving in Peshawar, I had called on the secretary of the chief commissioner, requesting an interview with him. He wrote me a note, referring me to Mr. Lawther, the deputy inspector of police, "who occasionally gives information to the press". I called twice on Mr. Lawther, but did not see him because he was ill.

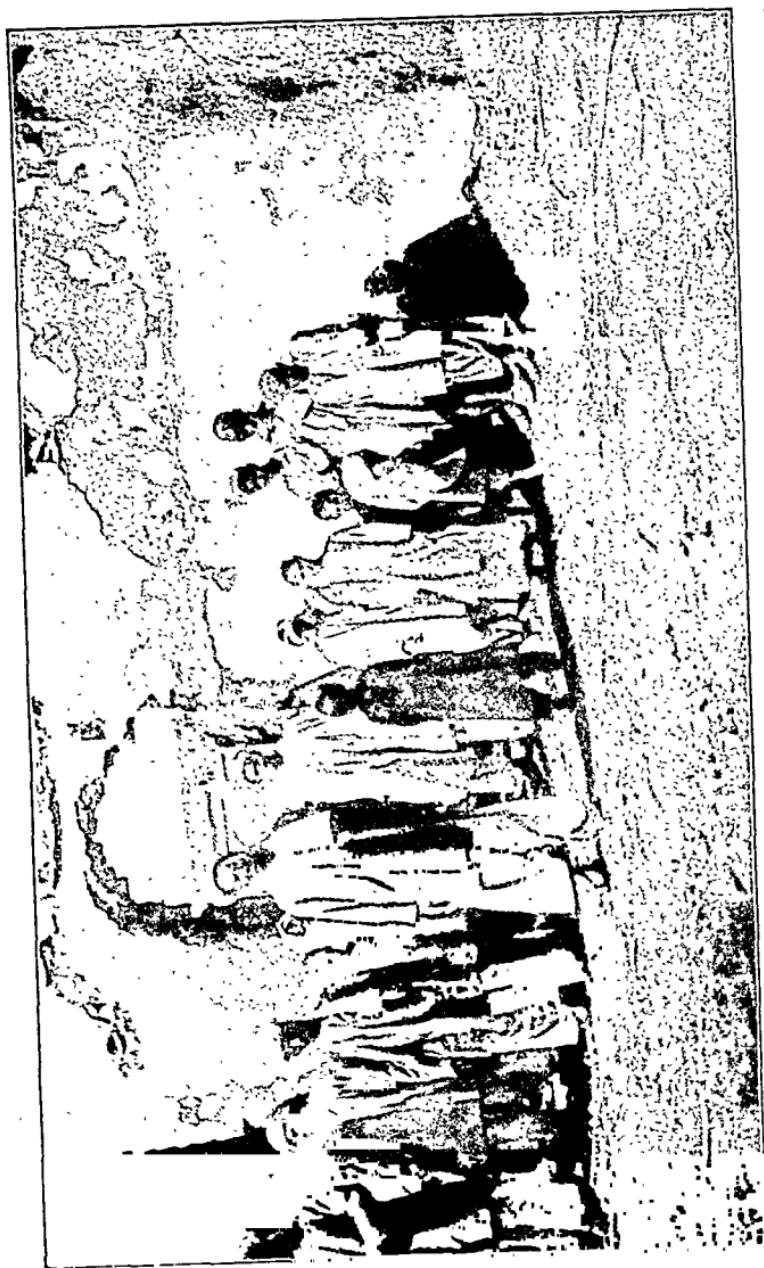
I said to Shah on the way: "What do you know about Mr. Lawther?" "Mr. Lawther", he replied, "is a noble and

¹ On February 21st, while Gandhi-Irwin peace talks were taking place in Delhi, five thousand people gathered at Utmanzai to hold a meeting in memory of the lately deceased Motilal Nehru. The police, surrounding the meeting, opened fire, killing two and wounding a large number. The wounded, instead of being taken to an hospital, were taken to jail. Gunning for red-shirts continues to be the most popular sport in the Northwest Frontier Province.

justice-loving man. The others are not like him. If he had been in Peshawar in April, the troubles would not have happened." He had been in England.

In leaving Peshawar, my chief regret is that I did not have an opportunity to talk with this officer, for it is only the "noble" type, if any such exist, who will ever be able to solve, for the benefit of all concerned, the ominous and terrible situation existing in India today.

Peshawar, October 23rd, 1930.



A tragedy of the Northwest Frontier Province. At this village of Takkah, twenty defenceless and harmless villagers were wiped out by British machine-guns, and sixty were wounded. The village was set on fire, and the picture shows the wreck of the headman's house. Page 38.

V. — "GOVERN OR GET OUT".

The Indian railroad station is a place of excellent organization. It knocks to pieces, while you are enjoying its comforts, all the stereotyped arguments of anti-British propagandists. The sign-boards, all neatly painted in English, are abundant and helpful. The station-master and other employees in and about the station are brown men, or varying blends of brown and white. This latter blended type are called Anglo-Indians. They are a result of many years of race-mixing. One deals almost entirely with blacks, browns or half-browns. Tourists this year are rare and far between and the coolies and others who live on tips concentrate upon you, a tourist, a casual specimen, a wonderful sympathy, a hungry interest.

"Can you give me a first-class berth to Lahore ? I forgot to reserve one."

"I can accommodate you, sir", suavely answers the railroad publicity man. He takes you to the train to see that you are comfortably settled. It thrills him to see that you take an interest in him and in India. So few white people, he seems to say, have ever taken the right kind of an interest. He will telegraph all over India to put you in touch with other publicity men. You feel the wonderful sweetness, gentleness, service of which the Indian character is capable. Oh, India, how your children are trying to do their very best !

The first-class waiting-room is as good as an hotel, with a wicker bed in it upon which you can spread out your bedding and stay overnight, and an armchair and a servant of the humbler order to see that your feet are arranged in a comfortable position. These people who have lived for centuries just to serve others !

One is constantly submerged by the luxury of travelling. But the trouble with all this one-sided service is that when you don't get it, it tends to make you cross and rough.

In the trains, hotels and other public places there is no color-bar, no race discrimination such as exists in many places in the United States. The Jim Crow system was done away with here long ago.¹ This statement, of course, does not apply to the social ostracism from which the Indian "untouchables" suffer. But the brown man's money in the railroad and hotel is as good as the white man's money.

The English clubs more and more open their doors to the Indians. These clubs give to the Indian a picture of social life as it exists in the Christian west. The Englishman brings his wife and daughters to his club, and here is where the scale does not hang evenly between him and the Indian. The Hindu or Moslem may come to the Englishman's club, but he does not bring his wife and daughters with him. The Englishmen say it is because the oriental is afraid to trust his women-folk in the society of other men. So long as this distrust exists on the part of the Indian, the Englishman feels that the ideal of social life, of mutual respect, cannot be reached between the two races. The Englishwoman, perhaps helped by her religion, has become self-confident, has reached a high standard of sex-freedom. But today the Indian woman is striding forward towards sex-independence with a rapidity and a daring which is the admiration of the whole world.

The railroad bookstalls are well stocked. Here we find

¹ The Jim Crow system applies in the United States, in the south, where negroes are not allowed to travel with the superior white people. Special cars are reserved for negroes, called Jim-Crow cars. Jim Crowism also applies in the north, where negroes are debarred from hotels, theatres and similar places. The proprietors of hotels wish to cater exclusively to the white aristocracy. Negroes are barred, but not bootleggers. One evening in a Delhi hotel, following a discussion with the correspondent of the London *Times* on the subject of the Bombay police using steel-butted lathis in lathi charges (others being present, and the discussion growing warm and lasting till two o'clock in the morning), the Englishman sent to me next morning by post a picture of a negro being lynched in some southern state. Over the picture he had written the words: "Pluck out the beam".

conservative books, revolutionary books, neutral books, books on birth-control, novels, something for everybody's taste.

On the platform are smartly dressed policemen with white sleeves slashed with red, officers in shorts, and yonder a Hindu leaving for his studies in England, swathed with farewell garlands. But I was chiefly intrigued by two Mohamedan ladies wearing purdah. I cannot believe that any normal woman ever voluntarily chose to wear purdah. It is a kind of dress that often produces tuberculosis, because it interferes with breathing. It is a relic of savage times when a wife was looked upon as a piece of property, a chattel, belonging to her husband. Purdah is a white sack that fits down over the woman's head and reaches to her feet. It leaves no chance for any flirtatious looks, any intrigue, whatever. Small perforations in front of the eyes permit the unlucky lady to see. These little windows look like the windows in a diving-bell. A lady in purdah resembles a member of the Ku Klux Klan.

The saloon from Peshawar to Lahore had couches, armchairs, chest of drawers, shower-bath, and here I travelled alone until two army men, with mountains of baggage, got in at Pindi. They did not know each other, so I took the responsibility of introducing them. Englishmen do not always easily get acquainted with each other. They have sometimes confessed to me that as a race they are frigid. These two gentlemen may have been cases in point, for after I had introduced them they ignored each other for the rest of the journey.

They slept and I pulled out my book, "Mother India". One comes here to have a craving for thrills. The lathi charge, the barrage of picketers, the repercussion of an occasional bomb, all conduce to this hunger for thrills. But when people sleep and the supply of thrills runs short, an abundant supply may be found in Miss Katherine Mayo's sensational book, conveniently condensed for the use of travellers.

Lahore is a vast and tame city. The British are trying hard to keep it tame. It was tame to me after all the gun business I saw in Peshawar. But the tameness of India is like the tameness of a tiger in a cage.

Here in Lahore is an hotel full of English people, managed by Indians. The big, gapping, half-empty streets, the perspectives of colorless and ugly buildings, mark the quarter dedicated to banks, motor-agencies and western business in general. Adjoining this part are the dirty hives occupied by the Indian population. Between these two parts a terrible gulf is fixed.

The atmosphere of the hotel is disagreeable, lifeless, monotonous, deadly. You ask for a paper to read in the morning and you are given *The Civil and Military Gazette*, which is considerably more deadly than the hotel. It is filled with pictures of the latest society brides in London. There is another paper published in Lahore, the *Tribune*, badly printed, but a decent, clean, nationalist organ, full of news. I discovered that this paper was boycotted by the hotel. When I complained to some Indian, he replied with a smile: "You are staying in an English hotel that is managed by Indian toadies".

India seems to change the Englishman. One gets the impression of a man whose luck has thrown him into a far-off country where he must live in a climate which for him is a physical curse and where he must hold down his job at all costs. He isolates himself from the native people and he is dressed in an invisible garment of British purdah which no Englishman would wear in his own country. When his time of service is completed, he escapes as soon as possible. India was not made for cold-climate peoples. No Englishman will bring up his children in India, if he can possibly avoid it, after they have reached the age of six. Then follows the tragedy of wives torn from their husbands, so that the mothers can spend part of the time in England with the children. The attitude of these people towards India becomes cynical. How can it be otherwise? They are sacrificing all that is good in life to ensure profits and dividends and trade for the benefit of people who stay in England, to keep the "empire" standing up straight.

The man who sat with me at lunch in the hotel treated me to the following discourse: "If I were Lord Irwin, I would clean up India. I would bar out from India all foreign newspaper correspondents, and censor every letter sent out of the country. All

the weakness shown by the government here comes from fear of public opinion in America. Miss Mayo ought to have been kept out. She was a trouble-maker, making the Indians angry and stirring them up against the government. Gandhi is a fanatic, a blithering idiot. He ought to have been shot ages ago. The only way you can deal with a fanatic is with an axe."

Then he kept repeating to me: "We ought to govern or get out—we ought to govern or get out".

Here was an Englishman soured and twisted out of shape. While I am conscious of inheriting in my own body and soul all the conceits of the English-speaking race, that kind of foolish language makes me want to change into a "Gandhi wallah" and wear a white cap.

But of the *crème-de-la-crème* of British manhood and intelligence there are not lacking examples in Lahore. "Come to tea with me at four and I will send my car to bring you." He was one of those British cousins whom I am always proud to have for cousins, whom I had met going north, a professor in a Lahore college and a member of the British labor party. I know the type well. He had started life as a boy worker in a Lancashire cotton-mill and now his job is education and character-building in India. After tea we went to a football match between two teams made up of his Hindu students. He acted as umpire for this game. I saw at once the game he was playing was to treat these brown fellows as equals and comrades. He had taken sixty of them on a trip to see Gandhi's ashram.

"I try to lead the life of my students. I am called a heretic, a breaker-down of the Englishman's dignity as a superior being. But our rule in India is crashing to the ground today simply because the average Englishman cannot unbend."

Lahore has no sewer. This condition is general throughout India. Bombay and several other cities have sewers. But the great masses of India know nothing about modern drainage. Whose fault is it? Modern civilization rests on a sewer. The well-water, the soil, is poisoned everywhere. An Englishwoman, shortly after coming to India, exclaimed: "Oh, how I wish I could pull a chain!"

A sense of terror will come over you when you penetrate into the fetid places called bazars. In the midst of this human pack you will be nauseated. You will wish to turn back, but your tonga driver pushes a way through. Flies, germs, dust shimmer in the hot air. Here is a haggard woman carrying an infant obviously starving to death. There goes a man holding up an arm raw and white with leprosy. A dog creeps through the melee covered with blood, his ear torn off. The gutter is the men's latrine. When is the sewer coming to Lahore ? When is Lahore going to lift itself out of this vale of misery and suffering ?

I reached Amritsar in the morning, and promptly went into consultation with the good-hearted station-master. He introduced me to the publicity man, here called a "tourists' adviser". Here were men eager to give me everything they had in the way of help and information. This adviser devoted himself to me until I left in the evening. It was he who made my visit to Amritsar a wonderful success. From him I learned that Sen Gupta, acting President of the All-India Congress, had been arrested in Amritsar the previous evening. A "hartal" or strike was in progress as a protest against this arrest. My adviser drove me to see the "Golden Temple" of the Sikhs, and on the way we fell into an ambush of boy pickets. There were fifty of them barring the road. Their eyes were flashing and they were gesticulating with their arms as a signal that I was to stop. The adviser was for pushing a way through their line. It was a dramatic moment. To push or not to push. The decision was for me. Did I want to run down fifty boys with flashing black eyes ? What exactly was the point being taken by the pickets ? They were demanding that the tonga driver should not be working on account of the strike which had been proclaimed. It seemed to me, all of a sudden, that the boys' point was extremely well taken.

I said to the adviser: "Let the boys have their way". We left the tonga and continued on foot. I had had a thrill. I had been picketed ! Had not I come from Boston, Mass., to get picketed in Amritsar ? Certainly. I had surrendered to the boys of Amritsar. What an amazing triumph for them and for me !

The Golden Temple is a wonderful affair, pleasantly free from idols. The orthodox Sikh never shaves and never cuts his hair. In this respect he is a little behind the times, but in the elimination of idols he is up to date. The temple is surrounded by a reservoir of water, which is clean, pure, sacred from a religious point of view, but not from a sanitary point of view. Every male Sikh bathes in this green liquid, which in the interest of cleanliness is changed once every four months. It is the scarcity of water in India which has made it sacred to the people. There is more gold in the temple than one can see anywhere else. But while I was looking with admiration at the ceilings and walls encrusted with the yellow metal and wanting to put some of it in my pocket, I suddenly discovered that the throng of worshippers were looking at my socks. All worshippers enter here barefooted. A foreign tourist is not required to enter barefooted, but the concession of entry is made to him if he takes off his shoes and puts on a pair of socks which have never been worn. The sock-changing ceremony takes place under official supervision outside. Two pairs of socks I had brought, brown and white, fresh from a department store in Boston. Never upon a human foot had they been drawn. I chose to put on the browns. I cut them apart in the presence of the temple police. If the Sikhs had only known the history of those socks, the thousands of miles I had brought them for this sacred purpose. The police passed the socks, but the worshippers inside the temple were sceptical about their newness. My feelings were hurt. The mistake I made was that I did not put on the white socks, which are of a glistering purity.

I had forgotten about the boys, but they had not forgotten about me. They caught me again in the tonga. Their eyes were flashing more fiercely than before, they swung their arms at me in defiance. A hundred youthful throats were shouting the word "inquilab", which means "revolution". In Amritsar the police seemed to have joined the strike. I saw none. Not that I wanted to see them. Wishing that the boys should know that I was a traveller visiting the country and not essentially an enemy, I said to the adviser: "Tell them that I am an American". He told

them this and gave them, as I gathered, a few other significant tips—information which acted on them like oil on troubled water. The boys became friends and escorted me in an army to the garden called Jallianwala Bagh, the place where eleven years ago hundreds of defenceless and peaceful people were massacred by orders of a British general.

The place presented striking characteristics. In the middle of the garden was flying the flag of the Congress party and an adjacent house was being used as a Congress headquarters. At the entrance the following tablet was set up: "This ground was hallowed by the mingled blood of 1,500 innocent Mussalmans, Hindus and Sikhs who were here martyred by British bullets on April 13th, 1919".

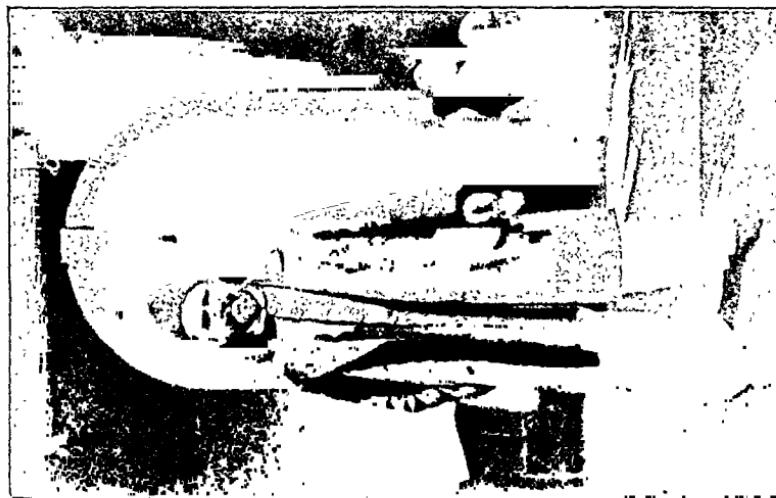
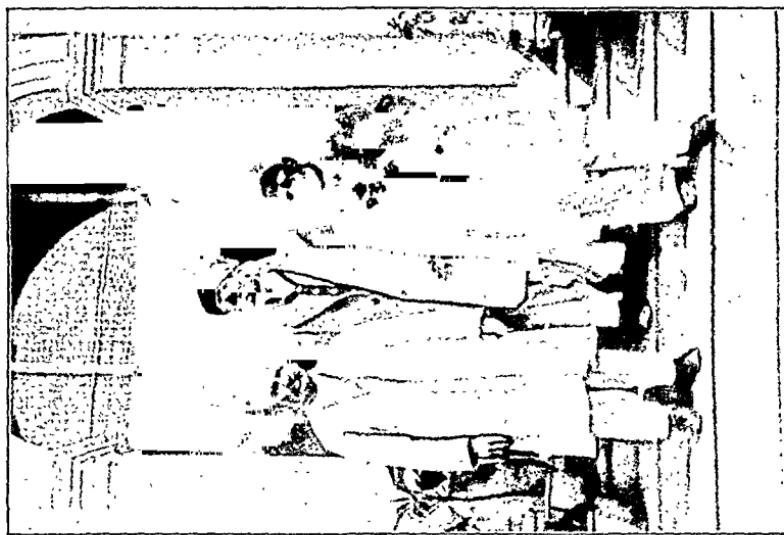
The British government has undertaken to stamp out the Congress party. But the methods of repression are methods which do not repress, and the Indians, so far as I can observe, care absolutely nothing about these methods of repression. It is the same story everywhere.

I called on the deputy commissioner to ask permission to attend the trial of Mr. Sen Gupta. The trial, he told me, would take place in Delhi. When I entered the house, a lady said to me: "Do you wish to speak with my husband?" I was an utter stranger there and I reflected that under the troubled conditions she would be justified in all kinds of suspicions with regard to my mission. I felt in that lady's voice a note of sadness, and why should she not be sad, marooned there in the midst of a hostile population?

Her husband received me with the frank politeness which, so far as my experience goes, is the usual characteristic of the British government.

Against the background of these tragic souvenirs, between these two conflicting sides, stands an object — Man — a being who struggles in sorrow and suffering to find his pathway upon the earth.

But there were other boys in Amritsar, little fellows squatting with crossed legs before looms and weaving costly and magnificent carpets. There were endless rows of boys and all endlessly weaving.



To the left, Mian Jafar Shah (page 37), to the right, the same with two comrades who came to Delhi to tell Gandhi of the murders committed by the British police at Utmanki, February 21st, 1931. Page 39. These men are Pathans, leaders of the redshirts of Peshawar, the "Servants of God", who work for the uplift of their people.

VI. — FULL MANY A GEM OF PUREST RAY.

In Delhi one gets the impression that the buildings, without measuring the distance, are about one mile apart. This does not apply to the slum district, where the Indian population is congested and revolution breeds, but to those surrounding regions where the British live in comfortable and luxurious residences. Distant from the streets and half-hidden by trees, these mansions are pervaded by that charm which characterizes the spacious estates of England.

The first thing that the tourist does in the Indian capital is to visit the great buildings of the imperial government, recently completed — the parliament, the two secretariats, the viceroy's palace. You travel in a tonga to see them, but you find that a tonga is too slow for the distances and you go back and get a taxi. You travel and travel again before you see the buildings, and then they first appear as a speck on the horizon, but you travel and travel and finally you reach them. Old Delhi has disappeared and you are in a place called New Delhi, without railroad or street-car, which looks like the scene of a real-estate boom. You are in a place that is platted out on a scale big enough to be the capital of the whole world, but without a populace, and as flat and endless as a North Dakota prairie. A few people have "moved in", governmental functionaries, whose cool-looking bungalows here and there dot the surrounding wastes. The brilliancy of the sunlight which pours down from the blue vault of the heavens is tremendous. A blue suit here is twice as blue as it is in Boston or New York.

The governmental buildings are imposing, somewhat pompous, verging on the triumphal, but, one asks, why were they placed in

this wilderness ? Were not the old buildings good enough ? I saw them in Old Delhi, their low, white faces shaded under green trees, the simple, delicate, tasteful reminders of an earlier regime. I am told that they were large enough for the uses for which they were intended. But one is told that the Indians go by externals. A ruling prince would come to Delhi and say: " I live in a better palace than the viceroy lives in ". So the purpose was to eclipse the glory of the most magnificent rajah, and New Delhi, at enormous expense, was launched upon the troubled seas of India.

Over the portal of one of the secretariats is chiseled the following inscription :

" Liberty will not descend to a people. A people must raise themselves to liberty. It is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed. "

These sentiments strike one at first as somewhat negative and depressing. They constitute indeed a sermon in stone, or a stony sermon. As one broods over them longer, they seem plausible enough, even oracular, but one leaves them in the full persuasion that they were never written by the leaders of the Congress party.

First, we enter the assembly room, or, as the guide explains, " the house of commons ". Next, we see the council of state, or " house of lords ". Finally, we come to the chamber of princes, with 106 seats, each surmounted with the crest, irreproachably painted, of its princely occupant. This neat series of pretty plaques gives the visitor, feebly, the sense of being in a room which has something to do with India, some remote connection with the soil, but this impression is immediately disturbed by a haunting doubt. Here is no mouldy legacy of the past, but a program, somewhat ambitious, for the future, and the haunting doubt is just this: How long, after all, is India going to be in need of princes ? Of course, the princes, with lords and commons, may last forever, and the builders could never have brought together here such enormous chunks of building material unless they had proceeded upon some such theory of perpetuity. They stand here as if forever to prevent the soil of India from trembling. They seem to join in a mighty chorus to proclaim their message. It is the message

of imperialism, *in excelsis, in perpetuo*, which is here hurled forth upon the naked and unpeopled desert of New Delhi.

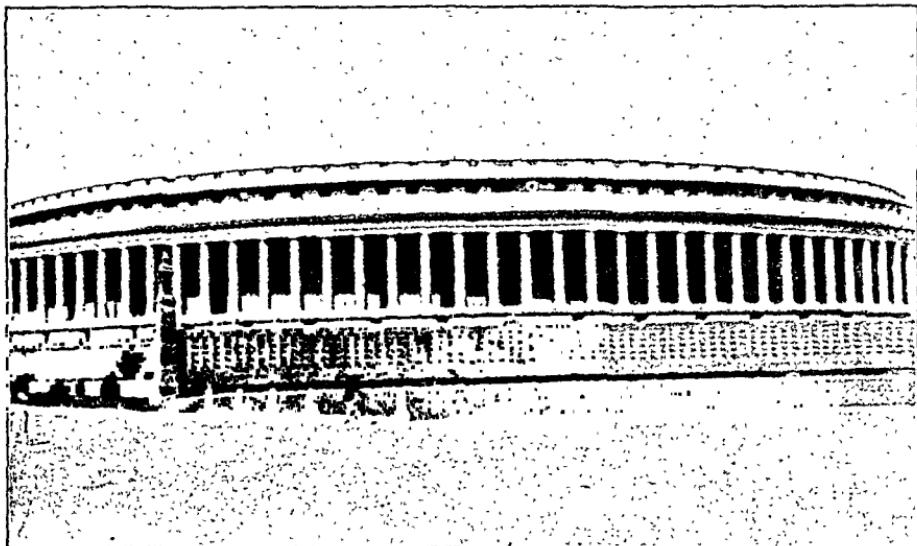
The buildings are said to have cost, with their approaches and triumphal arches, eighty millions of dollars, but whether they cost as much as this or not, they give the unhappy effect of having possibly cost too much for the impoverished taxpayers who live in this part of the world. On the vast avenues by which they are surrounded, I saw no human forms except two little Indian girls in rags who were picking up horse manure with their hands. They were helping to pay for these buildings, behind which looms the spectre of expanding debt. Three miles from here can be found the worse human poverty which exists upon the earth. There are maharajahs in India who live in unbounded luxury, while their people starve. These buildings may respond to their system of rule, but they are three centuries ahead of any possible needs of the Indian people.

The viceroy's palace is undoubtedly everything that a palace in India ought to be, but for reasons obviously political an iron barricade prevents the inquisitive tourist from examining it, except at very long range.

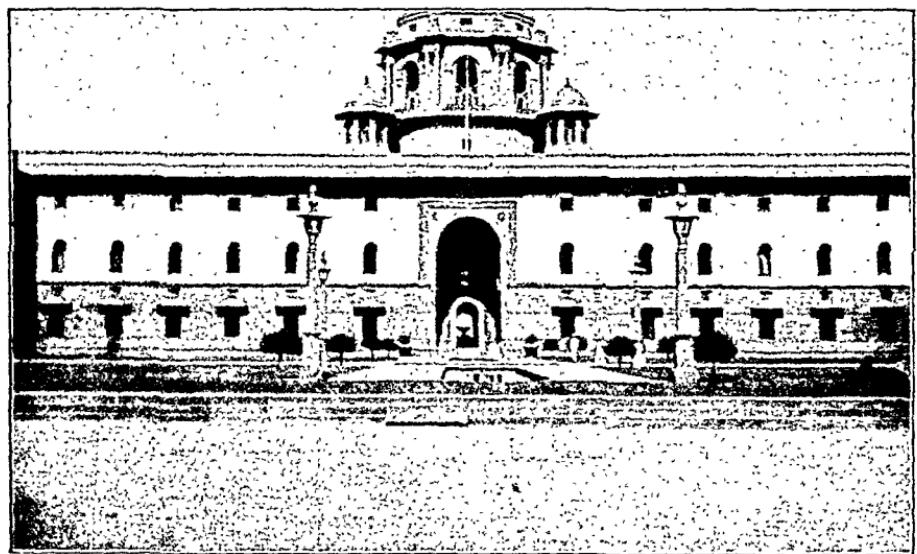
The first morning in Delhi I started out to find what the newspaper man calls "spot-news". If I cannot bring in some spot-news in the course of the day, I consider that I have made a failure. The city editor cares very little for "opinion" articles¹, so I keep my opinions in my pocket. The reporter may some day rise to be a managing editor, and then he may flourish around, on the editorial page, with his opinions. Some young Hindu reporters of Delhi have favored me with calls. I regret to say they are entirely devoured with their own opinions on the question of "freedom". I have told them to keep cool, and to learn the advantage of understatement as opposed to overstatement.

Mr. Sen Gupta, the mayor of Calcutta, and Mrs. Sen Gupta have appeared in Delhi. The former had been hustled away from

¹ The latest word for opinion articles in American newspaper jargon is "think-stuff".



The council chamber, New Delhi. Page 51.



Secretariat, over the portal of which is the inscription beginning with the awful sentence: "Liberty will not descend to a people".

Amritsar by the police before I could catch him, and the arrest of Mrs. Sen Gupta, in Delhi, was simultaneous with my arrival. Congress people who attempt to hold meetings are at once chucked into police trucks and sent to jail for six months and oftentimes hit with lathis. I was told in Amritsar that Mrs. Sen Gupta was an American. Since then, I have heard it affirmed positively that she is English, French, Irish, Scotch. I heard it from her own lips in jail, where her so-called "trial" took place, that she was born in Cambridge, England. I was not allowed to see her husband, who was in the same institution, but I became acquainted with a good many other people connected therewith. In fact, I ingratiated myself with those in authority, who showed me marked politeness.

When Mrs. Sen Gupta was arrested, a hartal (strike) was proclaimed in Delhi. Another hartal was going on in Bombay on account of Nehru's arrest --- good spot-news in both places, but I could not be in two places at the same time. I went straight to Mr. Pool, the judge in Delhi, and told him I wanted to come in to Mrs. Sen Gupta's trial. He gave me a card which admitted me to the jail, where I lost no time making myself *persona grata* to everybody. The trial took place in an oblong, gloomy, whitewashed room. Mrs. Sen Gupta walked in, followed by thirty-six lusty young Gurkhas, arrested at the same time, and tried together in a bunch. I sat just behind the Englishwoman and she favored me from time to time by turning her head, so that I could see her handsome profile.

This is what Mrs. Nellie Sen Gupta handed out to good, gentle Mr. Pool — an Englishwoman pitted against an Englishman: "Can you possibly call this a public trial, sitting here inside the walls of a jail? In England, they don't try people in a jail, behind iron doors. In England, they don't arrest people without warrants. But here you throw anybody into jail. This proceeding shows how Englishmen change when they come to India. For this reason, I refuse to defend myself or take any part in this proceeding."

These words had a faint English ring to them. They brought back visions of the Bill of Rights, habeas corpus, etc., but in the heart of Mr. Pool they awakened no sympathetic response.

Back of Mrs. Sen Gupta sat the Gurkhas, from Nepal, a tribe that once furnished the bravest and most loyal soldiers for Britain's Indian army. Now these men take vows to face the lathi blows like true non-resisters. When asked their names, one answered: "I have no name. I follow Gandhi". When asked their occupations, they all chirped up, brightly: "Congress workers".

Three women, at another time when I was talking with the assistant superintendent of the jail, a Hindu himself, were sitting in the room near the wall. They were the three "dictators" of Delhi, arrested one after the other. I was allowed to shake hands with them, but not to converse. The classic cut of these women's faces and the beauty of their eyes threw a light into the dull jail which I shall never forget. The Hindu eye is invariably black, agate-like and penetrating. I believe it can be said of no race more truly than of the Hindus that the eye is the mirror of the soul, and of none of the Hindus can it be said more truly than of their women. It is not a peculiarity of India, for neither the Parsee nor the Mohamedan possess the latent fire, the unfathomable pathos, the depth of mystery and expression which is the unsailing mark of the Hindu eye. It may be merely a physical peculiarity or it may indicate a spiritual pre-eminence. The reason for it must remain an unfathomable secret. Among the races of the earth, the Hindu stands today pre-eminent for beauty, poverty and gentleness.

Here in the Delhi jail was the woman factor in politics. It is a factor which worries the judge and the jailor and the British police sargeant with his club all over India. In what other country in the world have women ever asserted themselves so aggressively and dramatically in politics as the women of India are doing today? Have these women nothing to teach Miss Katherine Mayo? Have they nothing to teach the women of the west? Think of the chains these women have thrown away! I like the jail, and the women in it. That is why I go there, for there between the cold, white, cruel walls:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

When I first went to the jail the men at the gate gave me a dubious look as they swung open the iron doors, but now when I go they welcome me with the broadest of smiles. A Hindu connected with that jail showed me a book in which he had written some lines which, in my opinion, are worthy of the greatest philosopher or greatest poet of any age. Here they are:

"Does the Hindu not bleed when you prick him ? Mahatma Gandhi has a tremendous soul-force which the west does not know. The west is materialistic, and therefore it has ignored and under-calculated his strength. The east has much to teach, much to learn and much more to unlearn. But she will teach the west and the world the supreme lesson: the spirit of resistance to all demands inconsistent with the dignity of man."

What is that but Christianity, in its ancient essence, asserting once more its eternal truth, though it be today in a Hindu lock-up, far away from the lands of the cross ? "The spirit of resistance to all demands inconsistent with the dignity of man." Those words are the key to liberty, and perhaps some day they will be engraved over the proud portal of the secretariat at New Delhi.

Major Webb, jail superintendent, threw everything open to me in the jail except, what I most desired to see, the room occupied by Mr. Sen Gupta. I accompanied him one morning at seven o'clock on his tour of inspection. Major Webb is the man who has destroyed malarial mosquitoes in Delhi. One of his aides took me to see how this work is done, and on the way we stopped at a Hindu bathing-ghat where a Hindu stood in the river, towards the rising sun, with hands outstretched in the act of prayer. I wanted to take a photograph, but a man in charge of the place said, politely: "I object". I explained that I was an American traveller, to which he returned: "That may be true, but how do I know that you are not a second Miss Mayo ?" No photograph was taken, and the American retired.

The day the hartal was proclaimed I wanted to see it. Going into a labyrinth of Indian bazars which are in the grip of hartal and when excitement runs high is apparently not supposed to be a prudent thing for a westerner to do. It cannot be denied that

there is a strong prejudice against Englishmen, and my observation is that in moments of excitement the Englishman, isolated and unprotected, does not get mixed up in the revolutionary crowds. He can scarcely be expected to do so. Any man with a pink face, blue eyes and a checked suit can easily be taken for a Briton. But appearances are deceitful. The crowds are non-violent, but who knows ? Indians, in one way or another, are being killed almost every day, either directly or as the result of injuries received from the police. Who knows how long these crowds are going to remain so beautifully non-violent ? How long is all this clubbing going to be limited to one side ? I said to my Mohamedan taxi-driver: "Let us go to see the hartal in the Chandri Chowk bazar". He said: "It is dangerous", to which the answer was: "That's my job". He asked: "Are you an American ? "

Thereupon the full truth was gently whispered to him and he was comforted, and so an American car with a Mohamedan driver and an American tourist headed for an Indian bazar.

The hartal was blazing in all its glory—street lights switched off, trams stopped, shops closed. The car was soon surrounded by a pushing crowd, so that we could not proceed. I jumped out of the car and was rapidly surrounded. I explained everything, was cool, reasonable, sympathetic. These people have got the idea that the Americans are on their side. I don't know where they got the idea from. It didn't come from Miss Mayo. There are always, in a crowd of hungry-eyed people such as this was, a few educated men who can talk English and what is said to them is passed around to the others. A few would gather around me and shove the others off. I was a person not to be pushed or jostled. I was to have plenty of room. They pointed out the Congress headquarters close by, explained that it was illegal, that it had been raided time and again by the police. Would I dare go up there in such a place ? Certainly, I didn't need to be invited twice, and up I went, three flights up. More educated men, who spoke English. I was given a throne of cushions to sit on. A garland of flowers was hung around my neck. Rose-petals were thrown over my head. I was offered ginger-beer and Indian

cigarettes. Nothing could have happened to make things more interesting except a raid from the police, which did not take place. The Congress leader pulled up his shirt and showed me his back. When a boy of sixteen, he had been arrested in the non-cooperation movement and given twenty-four strokes with the cat. His back was a mass of scars, a back worthy to be photographed. (Since this article was first written, this man became a "dictator" and was soon thereafter arrested.) The crowds outside were looking for the odd man who had gone up into the headquarters, and when he came down they gave him an ovation which was entirely undeserved. They called for a speech, but he was not there to make speeches, but to see, to listen, to send reports to his people at home. For some time the car could not move, hundreds of hands reached into the car as we moved away, and there were shouts of "Gandhiji Ki Jai", which means "Victory to Gandhi!" That was my second hartal.

In the midst of these exciting and even hectic events, it was a pleasure to receive a quiet call from two elderly American ladies, living in Delhi. They had been, respectively, 46 and 36 years engaged in missionary and temperance work in India. They are building a "home" here in Delhi for the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and this home is all being paid for by the Indian people. They live in a tent close to this new building, where, on Sunday afternoon, they treated me to tea, pancakes and conversation.

"We don't have a car. We put all our money into the home. The British officials are feeling a little vexed with Americans because they feel that Americans have expressed too much sympathy with the Indians. We Americans here walk a little bit humbly. One of our American missionaries has been sent home. We think our Indian women are simply wonderful. Look at the way they are willing to go on the platform and be arrested. The sad thing for us is that today almost all our leading women are in jail. Right or wrong, they are facing jail with a spirit which we cannot fail to respect. Liquor-drinking is a new vice in India. When the whole truth is known, it will be admitted that the

original work for temperance here was started in 1884 by the W.C.T.U. For six months, the seventeen liquor shops in Delhi have been closed, and they are all closed in Lahore and Bombay."

The boycott weapon is a terrible weapon. It is crushing English trade as in a vice. American firms, indirectly, are affected. They are cutting down or closing their houses. It does not pay the cotton-mills of Lancashire to send salesmen to India. To those who are trying to break the Indian will by force there is but one answer: "You cannot win". The will of the Indian people is made up, down to the most sodden lackey in the hotel dining-rooms.

To those who are trying to break this will by petty and foolish persecution, or by the more high-handed method of beating and shooting, there is but one answer: "You cannot win".

The Hindu whom I saw standing in the river, his body bright with the dawn, his face turned towards the sun, his hands outstretched in a prayer of thanks, is symbolical of three hundred and twenty million people who have awakened. India has made many religions. Today she is making a new one. Men and women are in jail, under conditions of suffering, hunger, abuse and neglect unknown in civilized countries, but over Delhi the sun is rising.

Delhi, November 5th, 1930.

VII. — THE MEERUT MARTYRS.

All that is needed to do a good job of "reporting India" is a passport and an inkwell. Many have tried the job, but the best job of reporting India up to date is said to have been done by an Englishman who was sent out by the leading paper of London. How did he do it? He stayed in the hotels, sat at tables, drank gins and bitters, chotapegs and gimlets, pleased the censor and never used a notebook. That seems to have been an ancient and honorable way for getting all kinds of results in India.

Another English journalist is in Delhi today who has departed from this beaten track. He goes into the villages, lives with the Indians, checks up beatings and uses a note-book. In the belief that he is doing his country a service, he reports his findings to Mr. Wedgwood Benn, Secretary for India in London. This innovating Englishman is Mr. H. N. Brailsford, perhaps the most widely known journalist in the English labor movement. He has been investigating beatings in the Bombay district. He has a sad feeling that his country has committed an irreparable mistake in the policy adopted for putting down the rising tide of Indian nationalism. He found things that made his heart bleed. He checked up the activities of a certain country policeman with a brown skin, one Mohan Lal Shah, the "little tin god of Borsad, who can do any bloody thing he likes". According to the *Bombay Chronicle* of November 8th, he raged over into Baroda where he succeeded in beating a man to death. The paper states that he has been locked up and charged with murder. But isn't that an injustice to Shah? Most of the Indian policemen, in belaboring the people with their bludgeons, make a nice adjustment between killing and non-killing. A nice piece of work consists in breaking a man's

bones without killing him. (Later note, December 7th. It turned out that the man was beaten, but not killed.)

When Brailsford asked me to go with him to take a look at the "Meerut conspiracy case", I jumped at the opportunity. His heart was still bleeding, he had been the object of glowering looks in Delhi's most aristocratic hotel, he had lunched with the viceroy (one bright spot for him in the surrounding gloom), he had dined with some gentleman only of a less elevated position, he had later, under trying circumstances, delivered a lecture before 200 stormy Indian nationalists, he had gone to bed at one and had got up at six and he was tired and sleepy. On the train to Meerut, I said: "Brailsford, you are burning the candle at both ends". That didn't matter. He wanted to go to Meerut to say a good word on behalf of one of the "conspirators", a young Indian whom he had once helped along the pathway of journalism in London.

The Meerut affair centers around the issue of communism. The thirty-one prisoners are, broadly speaking, the ordinary type of working-class agitators. Fifteen profess to be communists, while the others claim to be socialists or trade unionists. One or two profess the gentler doctrines of Gandhi. The prosecution is directed against the communists and asserts that communism is "treason", because it is a plot to overthrow the government. Of course, communism is everywhere a plot to overthrow the government. In all civilized countries there are people who dabble in communism. If they dabble too much and get into ructions with the police, they usually find themselves promptly put into jail. That seems to be the *modus vivendi* for getting on with the communist mentality in civilized countries. The cult of the red flag is far less popular in India than it is in the west. India up to date is not a good place for the propagation of theories of violence.

However, in 1928, two young communists from England, Bradley and Spratt, arrived in India, buoyed up by the hope of making communism flourish in this unfruitful soil. There seems to have been no law similar to the "criminal syndicalism" laws of the United States, making communism illegal in India. Towards the end of that year, a bill to make it illegal was introduced,



The Meerut "conspiracy" boys. Bradley stands against the window furthest to the left, between two others. To extreme right, the good-hearted police sargeant. Page 62.



The lovely old mansion, with the faded astors. Page 62.

but failed to pass the Legislative Assembly. The British government, in proposing this bill, asked for power to deport non-Indian communists and specifically mentioned that it wished to deport Bradley and Spratt. Shortly after the failure to pass this bill, Bradley and Spratt, together with some thirty Indians, were arrested. They were charged with "treason, waging war against the king-emperor, plotting to deprive the king-emperor of his sovereignty over India". The punishment for this offence is imprisonment for life.

So far as "trying to deprive the king-emperor of his sovereignty over India" is concerned, that would seem to be the end aimed at by tens of millions all over India today.

That Bradley, Spratt and company "waged war against the king-emperor" by recruiting an army, by laying up arms and ammunition, there seems to be no proof. No acts of violence appear to have been committed or planned, apart from such theoretical violence as is continually dangling before the imagination of all communists everywhere. They were neither bomb-throwers nor assassins. They are proved to have led a strike in Bombay, to have created class-consciousness, to have preached labor solidarity, to have organized trade unions, to have held a May-day demonstration, to have held a Sacco-Vanzetti meeting, to have sent delegates to a Pan-Pacific Worker's convocation in Canton, China, to have written letters connected therewith in invisible writing, etc. To prove these and similar things the case has been kept going nineteen months, three hundred witnesses have been examined, and three thousand documents introduced.

It is a muddled-up affair. Since there was no law against communist propaganda, it seems a little unjust to railroad them to prison for life on a charge of "treason".

That Bradley, Spratt and comrades would gladly go to the gallows for their faith, I at once perceived when I looked into their bright and smiling faces. Their manners were charming. They were neatly clothed, washed, shaved and brushed. Saucy red rosettes, stuck in their coats, were printed with the words: "Workers of the World Unite". I had a lovely time with them,

the lawyers, clerks and everybody. At lunch we had a kind of garden party, with fruit and refreshments served on a big table. I handed over to them all the revolutionary news I could think of. They coquettishly slipped little private notes into my hand or passed them to me through a bailiff. They were as gentle as lambs, so far as I could see. The man who smiled at me the hardest was a red-headed police sargeant, English, with a kahki suit and a Sam Brown belt, who rounded the comrades up into a bunch so that I could take their photograph.

Bradley was spokesman for this little brotherly army. He was looking particularly well-groomed, civilized, cosmopolitan. Without committing myself to any confidence or faith in his doctrines, I can pass the news on to all his international comrades that Bradley, after nineteen months of the Meerut jail, presents today a phenomenal surface of breezy optimism.

But what a lovely court-house—a fine, old, sequestered country mansion, with a dim, airy hall, a place surrounded by fields and hay-cocks, a sylvan, sleepy, high-toned place, the late residence of a British general. The avenue, white with dust, is lined with swaying palms and rustling trees. Here is the note of elegance, slightly decayed, of British wealth and power, the touches of old England, the artistry of the garden, the shapely cedars, the beds of magenta flowers, the trellised pathways bordered with the last fading astors of the season. A sepoy sentry with red turban and fixed bayonet stands in front of the distinguished mansion. A bayonet always affects me unpleasantly. I should have preferred the rustling trees and faded astors without the bayonet.

The well-behaved, decent, pathetic little flock of communists is brought here in the morning in trucks from the jail in Meerut and taken back in the afternoon, in charge of the red-headed police-sargeant. I said to them: "I congratulate you on being in this adorable place, where you are completely protected from lathi charges".

Having examined the defence side of the case, let us turn to the prosecution. With some surprise I learned that Mr. R. L. Yorke, the judge in this case, is not a lawyer. He belongs to that corps

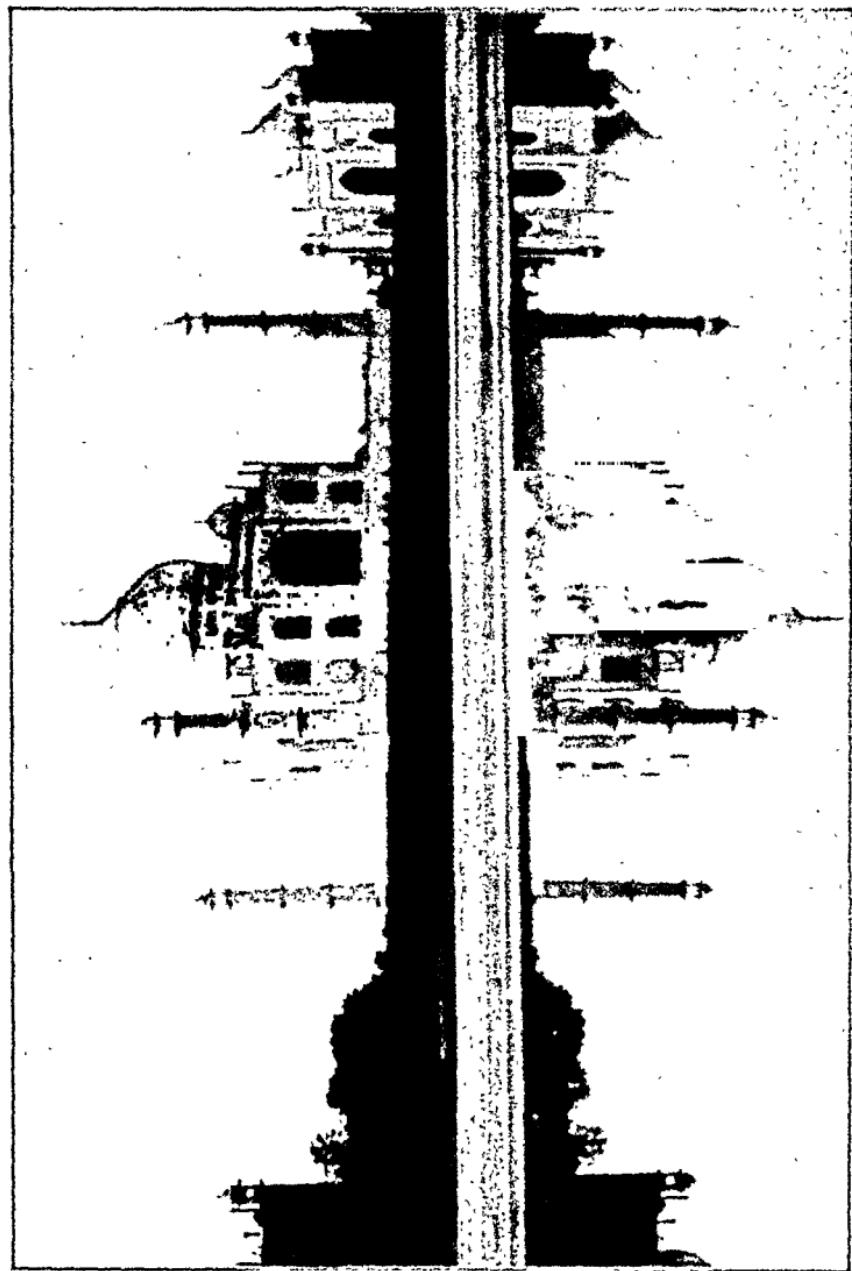
before it reaches the Court of Appeal, five million rupees, or 1,850,000 dollars. Indians are to be condemned, and India pays the bill, and apparently a considerable chunk of the money goes to the British. This sum of money can be taken as a pendant to the eighty million dollars invested in the new Delhi development (concerning which I wrote in my last article). We can take it into consideration when we consider the cry of woe which comes up from the heart of the Indian taxpayers.

I was amazed when I was told that there never had been a court stenographer in the case. A two-million-dollar case ought to be able to stand the costs of having the evidence taken down in shorthand. When thirty-one men are to be sent to life imprisonment, any New York or Boston lawyer would say that there ought to be some kind of minutes kept. The only minutes of the case which I saw kept were recorded by the judge on a typewriter which stood on a table in front of him. He occasionally tapped off on this machine any points in the evidence which struck his fancy. The questions and answers were suspended until the tapping came to an end. The morning session lasted two hours and the afternoon session one hour—not long enough to tire anybody.

Five persons called "assessors" sat behind the judge. They are natives of the region, brown men, picked out by the judge without consulting the defence, a kind of dummy jury. They can give no verdict. They enjoy the important privilege of asking questions. In nineteen months, I was told none of them had asked a question. They enjoy abundant opportunities for learning all the ins and outs of communism, provided they don't go to sleep.

The evidence I heard tended to promote sleep. It related to sending delegates to the Pan-Pacific Workers' convocation in Canton, China. There had been secret letters written about it. This was the first time I had ever heard about this convocation, and I gathered finally that it had never taken place, a fact which ought to have simplified the issue.

The assessors grew more and more drowsy. The tapping on the typewriter grew weaker and weaker. There was a snore, from Brailsford, who had gone to bed in a corner of the bench. The snore



The Taj Mahal, at Agra -- the climax of everything that was ever cut, carved, joined, embroidered in white marble. Page 65.

was followed by a jump. He awoke from his nap and whispered: "I think this is the most deadly thing I ever had to listen to". It was time for court to adjourn, to take a rest, to go out in the garden. We said goodbye to the sad, chastened little army of communists. They got into their trucks and were carried back to their jail. We said goodbye to the lovely old mansion, to the faded astors and to a day which had really been heavenly.

Happy the reporter who, with his note-book, passes in India from one heavenly spot to another. I said goodbye to a heavenly day in Meerut only to be transferred, as if by some strange trick of Indian magic, into a still more heavenly night in Agra. I had been told that I positively must see the Taj Mahal by moonlight. I just made it. I raced with the moon and caught it at midnight in the act of bathing the Taj Mahal with its silvery light. I was there alone on the marble platforms with this softly glowing monument of unearthly beauty, alone with the celestial night, with the stars and the moon and the kiss of the velvet air. Here at the Taj Mahal the reporter has to bring his pencil to a very sharp point and start with a new note-book, for the Taj Mahal is the climax of India, the climax of everything that was ever cut, curved, joined, embroidered in white marble. It was built in 1630-1650 by the Mohamedan Emperor Shah Jahan as a tomb for his favorite queen. It is a monument which stands detached from history, from all the social and political and religious struggles of man. It is a love idyl of the luxurious east. It grandly typifies the affection of an eastern despot for his favorite queen, and the only possible regret that the visitor from the west can have is the failure of history to record that the Emperor Shah Jahan built this chaste and magnificent tomb to the immortal memory of his only wife.

Agra, November 13th, 1930.

VIII. — SLAVES OF THE SLAVES.

If the British ever went out of India, the Indian princes would not last six months. The princes are picked out by the empire for the purpose of supporting British rule in India. They are immensely rich, while their subjects are immensely the other thing. They draw their tribute immediately from their people whom they appear to "own". There is no constitutional check on them as to how they may spend this money. Most of them live in unbounded luxury and several are said to have moral reputations which are not particularly savory. In each state resides a British commissioner who keeps a close control, and if things political do not go according to the satisfaction of the paramount power, out goes the prince. For many years this interesting combination has worked satisfactorily for two parties — the princes and the British. Any scheme of "federation" adopted by the present Round Table Conference will aim mainly at preserving the power of the princes as the best available prop to British rule.

Wishing to investigate the nature of the power held by the princes, I took a trip through four "privately owned" states — Gwalior, Jaipur, Udaipur, Baroda. Conditions here are fundamentally different from those prevailing in territory known as British India. No English people are seen about, and that friction and irritation which everywhere are apparent where the British come in close contact with the Indians are absent in these states. I saw no sign of political ferment of any description except in Baroda, which is by far the most progressive and civilised state of the four. In Baroda, the populace is allowed to sympathise in every possible open manner with the revolutionary movement, but since there are no British at hand to suppress

it, the atmosphere is entirely peaceful and harmonious. Furthermore, the Gaekwar of Baroda has been a thorn in the flesh of the British for many years. He grew up as a boy, not as a prince, but as a tender of cows, which may account for the fact that he has a breezy, refreshing habit of asserting his independence. At the time of the coronation durbar in 1911, he appeared with a stick in his hand and dressed in a business suit, instead of loaded with velvets and jewels as required by etiquette. After having made his bow to the royal pair, instead of retiring by walking backward, he turned his back and walked away. This gave great offence. He was later obliged to apologize on pain of being deposed.

The most expensive type of English motor-car that is made offers to the typical Indian prince a temptation too strong to be resisted. He will buy them by the dozen, with special bodies inlaid with silver and gold, each costing from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. The typical prince has small use for these toys in India, for he prefers living in Europe, where he may often be seen travelling about from one centre of fashion to another, with armies of servants and mountains of baggage.¹

The Gaekwar of Baroda has an income of nine million dollars, but he limits himself to ten per cent of it for his own personal budget. That is what a population of two million pays annually for the benefit of being governed by a prince. But the Gaekwar is liberal-minded and has made a commendable effort to spread education among his people. His wife—to his credit be it said, he has but one—has written a book of substantial merit, entitled: “The Position of Women in India”.

¹ The following dispatch from London was published in the Indian press on February 10th, 1931: “One of the most ornate motor-cars ever built has just been shipped from Britain to India for the Maharajah of Patiala for use on hunting expeditions. The equipment includes windows constructed to prevent people from seeing in, though the occupants can see out; an Egyptian silver washbowl, silken damask curtains; a 225,000 candlepower searchlight, throwing its beam 1,000 yards ahead; solid silver-crested cutlery and old English chinaware. The car is mounted on an A. E. C. chassis and contains a gun-rack, a tank specially constructed to carry ice, an 18-gallon freshwater tank and a dining table”.

I had the pleasure to be taken through two schools for girls and women in Baroda. In one of these schools, the principal is an Englishwoman who has built up this school in a splendid manner over a period of twelve years. Today she is a little handicapped with her pupils owing to the fact that she cannot completely sympathise with the national demand for independence from Britain. But here, again, was a woman who commanded admiration for adherence to her duty in the pursuit of a high ideal. Over and over again, I say to myself: "The individual is not the system. Don't mix them up". This Englishwoman kindly took me from one class to another, and in the last room, after she had politely and quietly bade the girls "good-afternoon", they with one accord and with flashing eyes responded with a tremendous burst of "Bande Mataram", which means: "Hail to free India!"

The Gaekwar said once to his people: "You can only get the kind of constitution which you deserve to get." When asked if he wasn't afraid that his subjects would demand a republican government on the ground that they deserved to have one, he answered: "I don't mind. Let them understand their rights and try to get them".

I have been in some dark places, but in Baroda there is a pleasant sniff of freedom in the air. There are no English police-sargeants with lathis to work on the nerves of the natives, as well as on their backs. The next time I come to Baroda I expect to see the Statue of Liberty, holding aloft her effulgent torch.

But the picture in Gwalior, Jaipur and Udaipur was not so effulgent. Here are native states in which the Gandhi cap is not seen. Long ago, the Mahatma issued orders that on no account was political propaganda to be carried into native states. His advice was obviously good as applied to Baroda (for there the motto applies of "Let well enough alone"), but bad as applied to the others. Nationalism can only win when it stirs the whole people and abolishes the distinction between native states and British territory, as well as the distinction between Hindu and Mohamedan. This shielding of the reactionary native states is at present a fatal weakness in the nationalist tactics.

Two fakirs, or "holy men", of Jaipur.



He carried heavy iron chains and rings to show the public that he was a "prisoner of God".



He became abusive when he did not receive a tip as big as he wanted.

In India, the traveller passes rapidly from points of high civilization to cave-like regions pervaded by a kind of sub-human lethargy and stupor. Apparently it is the sight of the British, and direct contact with them, over many years, as at Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay, that has stirred the Indian into a thinking being, a politically potent being, in the modern sense of the word.

The princes are the veriest slaves of the British, but the poor wretches who live in the native states are slaves of the slaves.

What is the picture of life in these Rajput states? They present a scene of an absolutely dead and decayed civilization. In Gwalior I spent six hours, mostly devoted to climbing, in the hot sun, a mountain on the top of which is the famous fort. I could have made arrangements for an elephant to take me up, but I learned of it too late, which was a keen disappointment to me and also, I trust, to the elephant. The fort was amply supplied with guns and more than amply supplied with ammunition, while English instructions for the use of the batteries were elaborate and plentiful. How I ever got in there with a camera I don't understand. Here was a place kept up at great expense, and good for nothing except warfare. At the foot of the fort was the usual pageant of misery, scorbutic babies, men in gunny-sacks, women scratching up dried grass with their hands. The maharajah of Gwalior has a revenue of eight million dollars drawn from a population of three million people. He lives in a palace which glitters with beautiful things, all of which, however, are the product of European workshops, with the exception possibly of the rugs. The walls are hung with portraits of English royalties. The glass was Belgian, the hangings and furniture French or Italian. Here, again, was money sent out of the country to buy these expensive objects. They mean nothing but poverty to the people of Gwalior.

Some of the state officers of Gwalior, clerks and big men, were wearing Gandhi caps two months ago. Then the caps were prohibited in the palace compound. A woman lecturer came to Gwalior to preach the boycott of British goods. She left. Boys came from Agra to picket a school which was too pro-British to suit the

nationalists. They left. Having come to Gwalior to study the political situation and having found none to study, I left.

Jaipur is several shades darker than Gwalior, and Udaipur is the darkest spot on the Rajput map so far discovered. In Jaipur, the hotel manager said: "Here we have home-rule. Our maharajah has all the laws, rules and regulations in his own power. No Gandhi movement is wanted here". I left Jaipur in the conviction that here is just the place where it is wanted.

Home-rule here means that the people live according to the orders of the maharajah, just as they did five centuries ago. He receives a revenue of four and a-half million dollars from a population of two million people. How such sums are squeezed from starved and ragged people is a secret political process known only in India. A great part of this money is spent by the princes in Europe, so that it never gets back to the people living here. Wealth is taken out of the country on the one hand by the princes and on the other hand by the British. This is what the hotel man in Jaipur complacently called "home-rule".

In Jaipur I discarded definitely the argument of the Indian nationalists that the history of India, prior to the British occupation, was a halcyon era of freedom, peace and plenty. I discarded it with this important limitation, that the money in the olden days never was drained out of the country. Here in Jaipur, where there are no British to be seen, the stagnation of the people is more appalling than it is in British-controlled territory.

It is just this point which the nationalists fail to recognize. A free India could never exist embracing within its limits these chunks of stagnant and decaying humanity ruled over by princes.

Such facts explain why today, from an economic point of view, India is fighting for her life. But back of the economic problem is the religious problem. Lacking solidarity, split up into petty states, the poor people of India have never been one nation and have always been powerless to make a resistance to aggression either from the inside or the outside. Only when the Indian nationalists make a determined effort to dislodge the princes, who are today perhaps the main support of the British power, only

power of the maharajah, who wishes to remain a maharajah under British overlordship. The energies of India are today being devoted to boycotting and picketing British goods. No Mohamedan will have anything to do with these Hindu gods. The gods themselves become an obstacle to national solidarity. Why not devote a part of India's sacred energy to picketing the elephant god and the monkey god? Sooner or later, this way will have to be chosen.

Let us suppose that "His Highness", the maharajah, is holding his durbar in the private hall of audience. He sits in a gold chair and to his right and left sit the nobles, landlords and high-estates of Jaipur. The English resident, if he likes, takes a chair to the left.

The chief event in the durbar is the performance of the dancing-girls. They are the only females allowed to be present. They come into the hall of audience and kick their legs before the nobles and high-estates. As the brahmin put it: "Their good, historical songs and dances are all to praise and to welcome His Highness". Such appears to be the beginning and the end of the durbar. The girls are paid maintenance by the state and live in "private houses".

"I hear it said that these dance-girls are common prostitutes. Is that true?" I asked of the brahmin.

"They are not common, but have a selected clientel." Such is the ancient system of voluptuous pleasure, pomp and luxury pertaining to Indian royalty. Today, expensive motor-cars and gaudy furniture from Europe make the spectacle even less appetizing. If you question the system, you are told that is all right because it is "the ancient custom". But the more one travels in India the more one finds that everything is not "all right". The prince gets the whole revenue because he is lord of the whole state. He lives on a cushion and can do what he likes. Here is the root of the trouble in India. There is nowhere in India responsible government.

I asked the brahmin: "Do you understand the difference between an Englishman and an American?"

"Certainly. You are independent. The real cause of the trouble in India is that the people are not independent."

Pale blue tassels hang from the trees in the royal garden. The sun filters through flowers and ferns. You wander here, in the scented shade, and turn into a flower yourself. The peacock leads a wild, free life. Jaipur produces beautiful things—brasswork and rugs—but they are produced by the work of slaves. Visit the little boys in the carpet factory. They begin to work at eight years of age. At ten they are old men. The rugs that I saw them labor over are all for American orders. Has America any duty towards the carpet-boys of Amritsar and Jaipur? No nation today ought to profit by the slavery of another nation.

"Do you have child-marriage in Jaipur?" asked Dante of Virgil.

"Yes, but now the learned community is trying to avoid it. The peasants are opposed to any reform. In the same way, the learned Hindus and Moslems are trying to avoid the purdah custom. Our prince, who is nineteen, has but one wife. When he comes of age we expect he will take another.¹ If a prince marries

¹ The prince came of age on March 16th, 1931, and the following account of the ceremony was given in the press: "Gorgeously dressed nobles attired in brocades of gold on silks and velvets of crimson and orange and vivid green and pale blue, topped with that impressive and picturesque head-gear, the Rajput turban, took their seats in the Diwan-Khana of the City Palace, to watch their chieftain raised to the full status of a ruling chief. Over 300 Sirdars, glittering with family jewels—costly diamonds, emeralds, rubies and priceless strings of beautiful gleaming pearls—had assembled in the Diwan Khana, which is painted in blue and gold on a silver background. The space to the right was taken up by the viceroy's political officers in their smart white uniforms. The viceroy arrived carried in a Tanjam borne by bearers clad in scarlet red. Guns boomed the viceregal salute and the court yard resounded to the clatter of arms and to the solemn strains of the national anthem played by massed military bands. The maharajah walked up to receive the king-emperor's representative and then both took their seats on golden thrones of exquisite design. In the procession in the afternoon, the maharajah rode on a stately elephant in a howdah of silver and gold. Beautiful horses from the maharajah's stable followed, proudly tossing their heads as they were led on rein, seemingly conscious of their costly trappings which were studded with jewels. Next came a gorgeous four-in-hand, the gold and silver coach of state. The rear was brought up by a body of Sirdars, over a hundred strong, jewels glittering in the sun."

The day after this show took place, one Kundanlal was arrested and thrown into jail in Jaipur for distributing some leaflets urging the people to buy home-made Indian cloth.

a women out of his caste, she cannot count as his own wife, but only as one of his concubines. We do not have the system where people go to church, shake hands and then they are married. We have the Vedic system in which fireworship is the central feature. Then we place some gods nearby who are witnesses to the marriage. A prince may have several legitimate queens, but only his first-born man-child may inherit the throne. By our Hindu law, a widow may not marry again, but our learned people are now doing away with this system also."

The gentle brahmin led me to Amber, seven miles away, where among wild and lonely hills, crested with crumbling forts and walls, there is a palace, long disused, a place of enchantment. In the windswept galleries there was an echo of what India once was, a beauty that exists no more, butterflies and lilies inlaid in latticed chambers of white marble, glowing with the creamy color of ivory.

Here in the eleventh century Jaipur was founded with all the solemn rites of human sacrifice. The goddess Kali was brought from Bengal and settled in a temple attached to the palace. But the prince who had brought her got tired of looking every day for a man to sacrifice and Kali told him to sacrifice a goat instead of a man. When I rubbed my finger over the blunt and nicked edge of the big knife with which a goat is here dispatched each morning, I had more sympathy with the goats than I had with Kali.

Kali has two playmates made of brass, standing nearby. The playmates wanted to give us some flowers which were in their hands. But how could they? They were made of brass. An attending priest placed the flowers in our hands.

What better occasion could I have than here to take up with this brahmin a delicate question, much discussed of late—the question of immoralities practiced and connived at by the priests in Indian temples. Persons who spread charges of immorality against all India, on the mere strength of hearsay and gossip, and having no personal knowledge of the things they allege, do a grave injustice to India. All the greater would be the injustice

if these charges, unsubstantiated, are used to disgrace India in the eyes of the world at a moment when every outsider, and especially every American, with self-respect as a writer, ought to observe towards India the most scrupulous neutrality and fair play. Therefore I asked of the brahmin:

"What do you know of the custom of men whose wives are childless to send them to these temples to get children by the priests, under the guise of a divine intervention?"

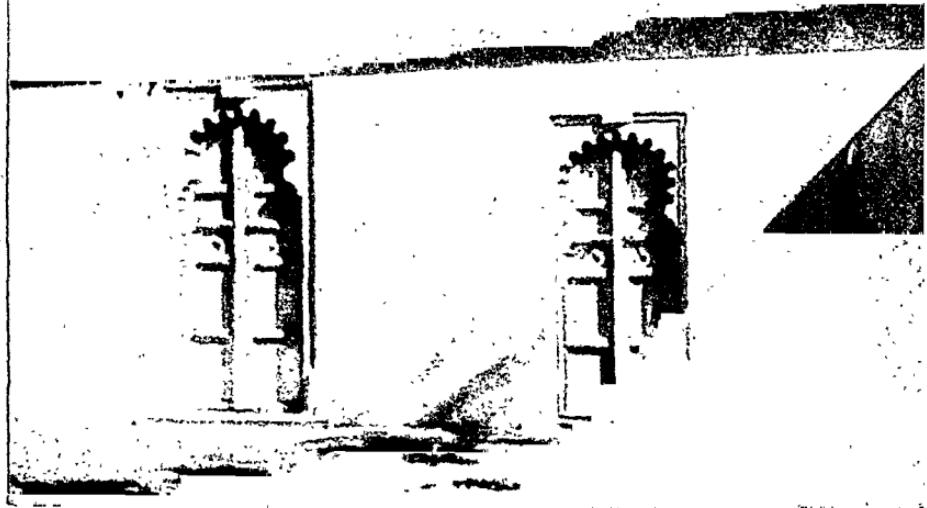
"That is all false, sir. It is true that childless women come to the temple to pray to the gods to give them children. I have been a *bona fide* resident of Jaipur for 62 years and I have never seen nor heard of the thing of which you speak. Do you think that any man, no matter how ignorant he is, would send his wife to a temple for such a purpose?"

Such was the testimony of an old man who seemed to know something. I give it for what it may be worth. In leaving me, he showed me the sacred thread which all brahmins wear around the neck, and begged me not to touch it. I may add, in justice to myself, that I did not have the slightest desire to do so.

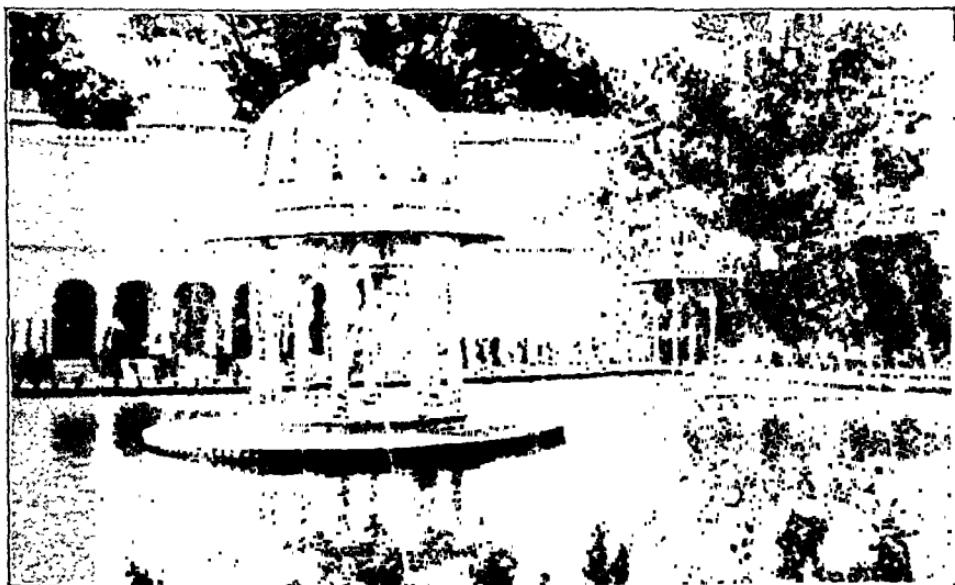
Having described Jaipur as "dead", I am left with no word with which to describe Udaipur. The royal house here is reputed to have descended from the sun. Murray's guide-book says that it is the "premier house of India in point of blue blood". Here prevails Vedic time, which is twenty-five minutes behind railroad time. My guide was Umballah, a slender, bounding lad of fifteen, who brought me to the verge of collapse by his continual springs and bounds. But I shall always remember him pleasantly for his excessive truthfulness, his crystaline lack of sophistication. He explained why Udaipur is today limping along on Vedic time.

"It is because, sir, in our city everything is behind. Our people are idle and lazy, and it is for this reason that His Highness wishes us to live by Vedic time."

Being lazy myself, I was grateful to His Highness for having preserved this good old Vedic time system, but Umballah, who was the reverse of lazy, reduced me to collapse by his springs and bounds.



A scene of pathos: Two of the six cells in the "slave-girls' " palace at Udaipur. Page 77.



The gates opened upon a scene of exquisite charm, a fountain, a lake, a gem of a palace. Page 76.

them in this garden. True enough, there were six rooms or cells each provided with a stout bolt on the outside. But that is not the India of today, writhing to cast off her chains, but the India of princes descended from the sun.

In the afternoon an elephant fight took place in honor of a visiting prince. The elephants were given wine to make them fight. Their feet were held back by chains, and they lunged at each other with a low wall between them. They engaged their trunks and tusks with terrible force.

Having done the slave-girls' garden and the elephant fight, I wanted to wind up the day with something uplifting, and I said to Umballah: "Let us go to see the place where the untouchables live". These are the outcastes of an Indian city who are not allowed to live with or touch the rest of the people. We came to a place outside the walls. A poor ass was lying in the road, *dying of sores and weakness and covered with flies*. Umballah called to the untouchables, but would not approach them. I asked them to stand in a row and I took their photograph. Then, as my custom is, I wanted to give them some money.

"Go up to them and give them the money, but don't touch them", said Umballah. I gave them the money, but whether or not I touched them is a secret which I do not propose to divulge.

Baroda, November 20th, 1930.

IX. — STARLIGHT.

The starlight is falling on a company of people—perhaps fifty—who are engaged in a song service. They are clothed in white and they sit on the sandy earth with their legs crossed. The children take the lead in the chanting, and in the dry air of the soft Indian night their voices are sweet and melodious. Something like moonlight shimmers on these dim white figures, although there is no light in the heaven but that of the stars. Round about are dark masses of trees, and under their branches is the glimmer of a river and beyond the river the lights of a city. At the end of the singing, a boy reads off names from a paper in the light of a lantern. There are brief responses from the others as he calls the names.

These are the followers of Mahatma Gandhi. The place is the ashram. Which ashram? In all the world today there is only one ashram, the home of Gandhi. The sandy terrace is the prayer-ground of the ashram. The river is the Sabarmati and the city beyond, Ahmedabad. The chants are recitations from the Bhagavad Gita. The boy calling names is asking how many yards of yarn have been spun that day. But the light, the strange etheric light, from whence does it come? There is no moon. This limpid brightness must come from regions far away, for surely there is a source of light, from beyond the stars.

To the outsider from the west this scene is most impressive. Many members of the ashram are not here. They have "gone to the war". They have gone forth "to the battle". The master, the leader, the great soul, is not here. He left months ago on his march to the sea to make salt in the name of freedom. The whole world knows that he is held a prisoner in Poona. His

followers who are also held prisoners by the thousand have been given specified terms in jail. But the leader is held without trial, without legal cause shown, for an indefinite period. It is a country without law and without specified rights.

When the westerner, unacquainted with the language of India, calls at the ashram, he will be fortunate if he has the good luck to be received by an Englishwoman who, in a quiet, unaffected way, seems to represent the absent leader. In the fierce conflict between the English and the Indians, here is one Englishwoman who has completely burnt all her racial bridges behind her, who has completely taken the side of India. In travelling in foreign lands I have occasionally met Englishwomen, pioneering, exploring, trying things out, all by themselves, and I have sometimes asked myself if the long and wonderful success of the British empire is not to some extent to be traced, in the last analysis, to a certain kind of daring, almost masculine, independence which is a trait of such women.

The woman I here refer to was there on the prayer-ground, veiled like the other women with a white cloth over the back of her head, and I perceived that she was the tallest of all the women. In the western world she was known as Madeleine Slade, the daughter of an English admiral. Today she is known by the Indian name of Mirabai.

So much I knew when, after a four-mile tonga trip from Ahmedabad over a dusty, cactus-lined road, I looked into the open door of her little house and found her sitting on the floor by her spinning-wheel. The room was bare, but full of sunlight.

"Is this Miss Slade"? I asked timidly, as I handed her a card of introduction given to me by an English journalist. She gave me a pleasant smile as she answered: "No. Miss Slade has been dead and buried five years." My timidity increased.

"Then I think you are the Miss Mirabai we have read so much about in the American papers?"

"Just leave off the Miss and you will get it right. We are just simple people here in the ashram. I love this simple life. The moment I read Romain Rolland's book about Gandhiji

my mind was made up. That was five years ago. I came here, and here I am."

She had got up from her mat and had politely spread a mat for me on the door-sill. I had long wanted to be in Gandhi's ashram, to sit on the floor just like that, and when I was sitting with Mirabai on the beautiful mat which she had with such beautiful politeness spread for me, a vision passed before me of the long, wasted years of my own life during which I had been addicted to the artificial habit of sitting in a chair.

I talked with her about castes and tribes, giving my opinion that these were holding India back, to which she replied:

"I understand what you mean by castes and tribes, but there is one thing I must say in this respect and that is that the Indian caste system, in spirit, is usually less offensive to me than the class system of England."

"Don't you think it is necessary to be a little exclusive at times?"

"Certainly, if it is for the advancement of a good object, something that is not merely personal."

I was invited to partake of "lunch" next day at the ashram at ten o'clock in the morning. This coincided with my breakfast time. At the ashram people get up at four, which does not synchronize with my system. But I forgot about my system and came to lunch, and saw the way communism, according to my ideal, ought to be run. There, again, sitting with the others on the floor of the big refectory, with our rice, tomatoes and fingers before us, I had a vision of the wasted years in which I had been a slave to the use of knives, forks and spoons. The life of communism must be simple and religious. Otherwise it will never operate. Luxury and communism don't go together.

With Mirabai, the simple life is not theory, but practice. Few things are in her hut—a spinning-wheel, a pot of water, some brass dishes, some bundles of letters. Her bed is placed outside under a tree. She has thrown into the discard the unlovely hats, unsightly dresses, uncomfortable shoes and all the complicated ways of the west, even the British empire itself. She has serenely



Mirabai, spinning in front of her hut at the ashram. Page 79.

washed and wiped her hands of the whole business. Her father was Admiral Sir Edmond Slade, commander-in-chief of the East India Station. She inherits the blood and genius of a captain and understands how to handle and organize a political movement. In addition to being simple, she is subtle and has executive ability. The young men crowd to the door of her hut and she teaches them and tells them what to do. Unlike western women, she suffers no painful embarrassment when questioned with regard to her age. It is sufficient to state here that she is in her thirties. "My whole soul is here. I am here for good." She is a woman who has made up her mind. Many men and women, either in their thirties or in their sixties, have never arrived at this happy point on any subject. Mirabai seems to have been fortunate. Anyway, she is happy.

Close to her hut stands Gandhi's house. It is not much more than a big veranda, looking out over the river, with a jasmine bush, a tree with a pink flower and some cotton plants before it. Here is the home, the cradle of a movement which is deeper than all existing movements, and which may have a wide and lasting influence upon human history.

Here the spirit of mercy extends to all life, including the life of the animals. The picture of the Indian cows is a revelation to me, they are so clean and look so happy. I studied Gandhi's cows. I have never seen in other countries cows of the peculiar beauty of the Indian cow. It seems to reside in the dove-gray coat, the almond-shaped eye, the expressive and delicate cut of the head.

Sitting in Mirabai's hut, I felt some pebbles dropping on my head. I looked up to the rafters and there was a lizard coolly dropping pebbles on my head. Another new and strange experience.

"How about the snakes? Haven't you got some here?" I queried.

"Plenty of them, and their bite is said to be deadly, more or less. But we don't rush at them and kill them, and the snakes seem to appreciate our politeness."

"Why do you have your bed under the tree raised two feet off the earth?"

"That is to prevent the snakes from becoming too familiar."

There at the ashram I had seen the Essenes, the Nazarenes of modern times, some glint of the old Gospel story, people pledged to a kind of sacred warfare, and in order to make the world understand their sincerity and their resolve for victory, adopting a kind of religious communism. The adjoining city of Ahmedabad is a gloomy chamber of horrors, a mess of modern capitalism, mills, slums, misery, disease. There in the heat of summer seven out of every ten infants under one year of age perish. I saw slums in which there is but one water-tap for two hundred people. All these mills are owned by Indians. I said to the secretary of the labor union: "This is a hell. How can it be changed?"

"I see no hope of change", he answered, "except in some kind of socialism. These mills are owned by Indians, but a capitalist is a capitalist all the world over, no matter what flag he lives under." A labor union has been running here for ten years, doing good things in the way of schools and hospitals, and Gandhi's help and interest has been back of it since the beginning. I was told that at every important crisis in the history of this labor union, Gandhi's help and guidance had been invaluable, and always of a practical nature. People who know Gandhi say that his one aim in life has been to destroy poverty. Go along the road that leads from Ahmedabad to the ashram. Here and there in the hot, soft, suffocating dust you will see a filthy quilt or heap of rags. Under each heap there is a human being, foodless, homeless, lost. Then you will understand Gandhi's aim. Against the whole social and political background, which pictures the economic distress of a primitive people caught between the grinding wheels of modern civilization, the visitor feels at Gandhi's ashram, with all its determined, unyielding force, that spirit of religion, of single-minded consecration which marks the similarity between the effort which is here so nobly made and the great historic struggle of primitive Christianity.

When the pleasant hours at the ashram came to an end, I plunged into the disagreeable business of investigating beatings in what is known as the Kaira district. In this and adjoining regions, nothing less than a civil war is in progress and the weapon used is tax-resistance. There is nothing particularly spectacular about tax-resistance, and from the standpoint of publicity it fails to command the worldwide attention which was given to the salt raids of last April. Whole villages revolt and refuse to pay the land revenue. What can a government do, face to face with such a situation? The only legal method that a government can adopt is to attach the property of the recalcitrant taxpayer and sell it at auction to pay the tax. But in Kaira district, where seven hundred thousand villagers are in rebellion, the government has found it necessary to resort to a more drastic method, of questionable legality, for breaking the rebellious spirit. It is the use of the club. Seventy-five thousand people, fearing the club, have abandoned their villages and are living in the fields of Baroda, where they find an asylum. As already pointed out, the Gaekwar of Baroda is friendly to the nationalist movement and the law is such that the police of the British territory cannot raid over into Baroda territory.

Mr. H. N. Brailsford, the English journalist, had gone through these villages a month previous to my visit, and he had found maltreatment of such a brutal character being inflicted on the villagers that he had reported his findings to Mr. Garrett, the English commissioner of the region, with headquarters at Ahmedabad. Mr. Garrett professed to be ignorant of any beatings, but agreed to go, and did go, with Mr. Brailsford to the places in question, where Mr. Brailsford so far convinced him of the truth of his findings that Mr. Garrett went from village to village telling the people that he had given the strictest orders that the beatings should stop, and begging those people who had crossed the Baroda line to return to their villages.

Mirabai had piloted Mr. Brailsford on that trip and she had promised to take me. But at the last moment there came a

note from her saying she could not go. This was my first disappointment. She sent a friend in her place. We hired an American car, of one of the humbler brands—six years old—which looked shaky and sounded noisy—but it was all I could get. Ahmedabad is backward on its supply of American motor-cars. At seven o'clock in the morning, when the car I had hired came before my room in the hotel, I noticed that its respiration was very irregular, but I tried to take a brave outlook. We rattled along for sixty miles, when the driving shaft of the car broke. I was not looking for this. I was looking for a breakdown somewhere else, in the pulmonary regions. This was my second disappointment. I was glad Mirabai was not there. The situation, though disappointing, suddenly became picturesque. The bushes and fields were full of friends, all wearing Gandhi caps. The Congress headquarters across the Baroda line was only three miles away. Messengers were sent in all directions. In ten minutes two bullock-carts were on hand, one to tow the poor old American car (it went to pieces in a noble cause) to the Congress headquarters, where I was invited to pass the night. We were getting into the second bullock-cart to push on to Ras when a man came along who had just been beaten by the police in Ras an hour before we met him. Here was a fresh case, just what I was looking for. He lifted up his shirt and showed us a red welt on his back, nine inches long, made with the club called a lathi. The welt was good luck for me, but bad for him. My luck was coming out all right. This man belonged to Ras, one of the abandoned villages. He had gone from the hut colony of refugees in the Baroda fields to look after his house in Ras, relying on the promise of Mr. Garrett that there would be no violence. The police had beaten him and shoved him out of the village.

We pushed on to Ras to interview the police. We thought that a little gentle interviewing might do them good. When these Indian police see a white man coming they scramble about to get their rifles so that they can present arms to the white man. Why had they beaten that man and pushed him out of the village? A look of blank ignorance covered their faces. They



Some of Gandhi's cows at the ashram. Page 8r.

knew nothing about the affair. All they knew what to do was to present arms to a "sahib".

From Ahmedabad to Ras, we had followed the same road over which Gandhi and his volunteers had marched to the sea. In this town he had halted, and here also Vallabai Patel was first arrested. His home is nearby.

A mile out of Ras, at a secret rendez-vous, we were met by the Congress car. To avoid capture by the police, this car is kept on the Baroda side of the line. Owing to the breakdown of my hired car, it was sent into British territory to bring me to the Congress headquarters, where I was the guest of the Congress committee overnight. Here is another anomaly of the situation. The Congress, declared illegal everywhere else, can here operate in safety. I felt most tremendously safe all night in this hospitable place, where, sitting on the floor with the comrades (I felt them to be such), I allowed my opinions to bubble forth confidentially, only to find them some days later published in a conspicuous place in a Bombay newspaper. I had brought for my lunch some cheese from the hotel, and a loaf of brown bread given to me by Mirabai. The comrades were much surprised to taste this cheese. They had never seen cheese before. It is apparently not known among the people of India.

The next day a local passenger bus was chartered and I visited nine villages, accompanied by a party. Many hundreds of people, hearing that I was an American newspaper writer, or something of that kind, assembled in each village to tell me their story. In each place, some little refreshment was offered. In one place, a garland of flowers was put around my neck.

The record of beatings, burnings and looting, alleged to be committed by the police, grew very monotonous. I saw plenty of burned houses, but the police kept out of sight.

In the village of Ode, a boy twenty years old had been shot dead by the police. At four o'clock in the morning, thirty policemen arrived and beat the people till eight. At nine o'clock, a police superintendent arrived with thirty fresh policemen. The people organized a procession to protest to the superintendent against

the beatings. They were answered by a volley of five shots, and the boy was shot through the head. The death was reported as an "accident".

The police are alleged to travel in bunches of thirty, to seize buses they find to carry them from village to village, to break into houses, drag men out and beat them in the street.

Where was Mr. Garrett? I found a man beaten two days before I saw him. One of his ribs was broken, and he was spitting blood. Probably another "accident". The property seized for non-payment of taxes — cows, buffalo, crops, furniture, land — is auctioned off to the policemen for insignificant sums.

Such is the civil war going on in Gujarat. These people have one hero, "Mahatmaji". With a little justice, kindness and humanity, they could have been so easily handled, for they are the gentlest, most tractable, most responsive people in the world. These people are a mystery. At times the patience with which they allow themselves to be beaten up like cattle becomes provoking. From one point of view they are weak and from another point of view they are strong. They are fighting violence with non-violence. Is this a finality or is it only a stepping-stone to some other method for gaining the object which they have in view, which is responsible self-government? If non-violence breaks down, it will not be their fault. Their hands will be clean. For months they have been showing the world that the combat they wage is with clean hands. "No taxation without representation." It makes one think of the Boston tea-party. They have told the world that they want peace and not blood. But they are being put to a severe test. The dirty work here is done by the Indian policemen.

The Indian policeman has been drilled to do his duty. Roughness and brutality are against his nature. At present he is a slave. An evil and poisonous influence goads him on to perpetrate the brutalities which have here been described. Having learned to obey orders and to do his duty, it is safe to say that no matter what political changes may come, no matter what regime may succeed to the one now established, he can be depended upon to

X. — THE LATHI CHARGE.

The fans were buzzing in the breakfast-room of the Taj Mahal hotel in Bombay. It is winter, but the fans buzz winter and summer. The average temperature the year around is not far from ninety. A couple of warships make a black blur against the tinsel surface of the harbor. Servants in white suits bring coffee, eggs, marmalade. A nice place to rest in, Bombay, if it were a little cooler. Who does the city belong to? The warships indicate that it belongs to Britain. So also the pomp and circumstance of yesterday, red carpets spread out, lines of soldiers, salutes of guns, when General Sir William Birdwood, retiring commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces, walked over the red carpet, under the triumphal arch, and embarked on the P. and O. liner for England.

But here is the Sunday edition of the *Bombay Chronicle* which I read as I finish my coffee. It seems to indicate that Bombay belongs to the Indians. Here is page after page of caricature and derision of Britain. In the *Chronicle*, there is not one picture of the military display which attended General Birdwood's exit. Neither was there any crowd gathered yesterday to drink in the sight of the red carpets and the soldiers. Red carpets and soldiers have ceased to intrigue the Indian masses. The leave-taking was a "frost". Here is a Sunday paper filled with pictures of picketers, dictators, tax-resisters. They are being knocked down in lathi charges. They are either going into or coming out of jail. Prominent among the pictures are those of women, or as Indian newspapers invariably refer to them, "ladies". It would be better style to call them women. It is dignified to be a woman — perhaps, in certain circumstances, more so than to be a "lady".

There are many ways in which Indian journalists misuse the English language; but they are learning something new every day and soon they will learn how to call a woman by her right name. A continual misuse is made of the word "European". In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the word European is used, perhaps euphemistically; to mean an Englishmen.

After travelling 4,500 miles to Kashmir and back, and zig-zagging in between, it is agreeable to rest in a room with a balcony, the marble floor of which is good to sleep on under the stars. The view looks out over house-tops to the southern sea, to the blue road that leads to Italy and the homeland beyond. There last night I stood watching the shifting scene of color, the pale acqua marine changing, fading, blending into a carmine sunset.

What did I learn from the railroad trip? I had purchased a round trip ticket entitling me to travel in first-class saloons. I travelled in places where, as I learned afterwards, this ticket gave me no right to travel, and in other places where it gave me a right to travel I was asked to pay my fare over again. A ticket good for 1,500 miles of travel, with stop-overs anywhere, is a piece of pasteboard two inches long by an inch wide. I could have travelled in many places, such was the lack of ticket supervision, without having any ticket at all. The station agents all seemed to differ as to what my ticket meant and what it didn't mean. I was passed on, anyway, as being a white man travelling in first-class saloons. Clothes, complexion, seemed everywhere to make such a great difference. The little brown boys in the stations would timidly peer in at the window, curious to have a look at all the comfort and luxury a "sahib" is surrounded by when he travels. Gatemen insisted on the third-class brown men showing or surrendering their tickets, but oftentimes I got through the gates, with my little piece of pasteboard and my white face, without any such formalities.

When I came back to Bombay, I asked the express agent about this slackness in the ticket department, to which he answered: "You are a white man, and if you wanted to cheat you could travel all over India without paying much money". In Lahore I was

invited to dinner by two Englishmen, and there was present an Indian who had formerly been a railroad official. A party of English officers, travelling on a train of which he had charge, had no tickets and refused to pay their fare. This Indian brought the train to a stop, and kept it there, until these gentlemen had paid their fare. The small number of people who travel first-class doesn't at all pay for the space allotted to first-class accommodation. How do these railroads pay dividends? They get the money from the freight traffic and the third-class passengers. Ninety-four per cent of all passengers travel third-class.

The figures for the passenger traffic on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway for the past year were: ninety-six and one-half per cent third-class; three per cent second-class; one-half of one per cent first-class.

The brown station-master or ticket-collector is, generally speaking, glad to avoid getting into an argument with a white man. On arrival in Bombay, I had got into a taxi to go to the hotel, when a subordinate of the station-master came out and wanted to discuss my ticket with me. He thought it had expired, and asked me to come back into the station and talk it over. I told him I was in a hurry, but gave him an appointment at the express company's office where I had bought the ticket. He never came. Such an episode would not happen in the Grand Central Station in New York.

It cannot be denied that the British occupants of India often treat the brown people with arrogance and roughness. This does not mean that other nations are paragons of gentleness and politeness in their dealings with other races. We are looking in India at the workings of a system. An Englishman is not rough and arrogant in his own country and to his own people. If the English in England do not understand the correct rules of politeness, no nation does. When an Englishman is polite, he *is* polite.

But in India he often thinks he must treat the Indian like a dog. He thinks that this is the only "kind" treatment the Indian can understand. I was in the Bombay post-office where a number of Indians were trying to buy stamps at a window, all reaching in

has been along the lines of British mentality. It has been cleverly directed, not to preparing the Indians for self-government, but to keeping them, under high-sounding phrases such as Dominion Status, always subservient to British overlordship. The Indians who have gone to England for their education return more or less soaked with British psychology, mannerisms, nomenclature. The only law practice they know is English law practice. A lawyer is not called a lawyer, but a "barrister" or "pleader". Many Indians carry the British title of Sir. I asked the editor of a newspaper which was furiously urging the boycott of British goods why his paper didn't boycott British titles carried by Indians. He answered: "Oh, the Indians who carry these titles would feel greatly insulted". The boycott movement therefore gives the impression of being shallow and superficial along many lines. Indian journalism is an extremely feeble affair, because it lacks the intellectual punch and audacity to shake itself free from this British hypnotism, and because there is no concerted strategy or team work among the journalists as a whole.

Such is the mania for education that Indians have made a fetish out of a British B.A. degree. An Indian who has won this degree often gets a swelled head. He prints it in all possible places and exposes it on every occasion. It never occurs to him to boycott it as a thing of British origin. Without much knowing what was happening to him, he has been turned into a lawyer, doctor, engineer or poet on the English model. Then he may possibly tumble into the political movement and begin slowly and painfully to unlearn much that he learned in Oxford, Cambridge or London.

England is pre-eminently the most conservative country in the world. Old institutions, swept away elsewhere, still flourish there. There has always been a clever playing at cards to preserve the monarchy and the aristocracy. The British have shown a genius for gradual reform, avoiding radical changes, effecting compromises at critical moments, for what is called in London "muddling through". Many English liberals have said: "The empire stands for liberty, and when it ceases to stand for liberty, the quicker it falls to pieces the better".



A girl of the tax-resisters, just out of prison, living in one of the refugee camps on Baroda territory. Page 83.



A man with a fresh welt, who felt better after the welt had been photographed.
Page 84.

But Indian psychology is fundamentally different from British psychology. The Indian does not understand "muddling through". Unlike the British, he does not get any pleasure out of it whatever. Whatever his present condition of subserviency is, he does not get "muddled up" in his thought, and gone for him, never to return, with all its seductive glamor, is the pleasant old game of compromise, co-operation and "round tables". He proposes to live henceforth, not by English principles, but by *his* principles.

Hence there is an element of vacillation and uncertainty on the part of the British in India today. Take, for instance, the Meerut Conspiracy case, where the government has taken nineteen months and spent two million dollars trying to prove a legal abstraction — that communism, while legal in England, is treason in India. How long would it have taken Mussolini to get rid of such an affair? Dictator that he is, he knows that he is responsible to the people of Italy, while the "heaven-born" bureaucracy at Meerut is not responsible to the people of India or anyone else.

Take the *Bombay Chronicle*. Its editor is jailed, but either Patrick Henry or Samuel Adams might well have been proud of the "sedition" with which its columns still continue to boil.

Take Gandhi's paper, *Young India*, suppressed last summer. It still announces its glad tidings weekly in a cyclostyle edition. Take the Congress headquarters in Bombay, seized and occupied by the police. The Congress issues a bulletin which is sold on the streets every day. Take the beatings of tax-resisters. Mr. Garrett the commissioner swears they are to stop. The orgy of beating and burning continues and Mr. Garrett disappears from the picture. While men are beaten to death with lathis in Bombay, the *Times of India* sends around straw ballots for everybody in the city to sign, bearing this question: "Are you in favor of Dominion Status being granted to India? Sign yes or no". Sign on the dotted line like an ass. But the Indians are no longer asses, except possibly one or two of those who are at the Round Table in London.

All kinds of ordinances, *ex parte* orders, sections and subsections are constantly being shuffled about to meet this or that emergency. Everywhere in the newspaper reports, the

arrestings and jailings are covered over with this improvised sloppy legalism. It is neither the government of a despotism nor that of a democracy. It is a disintegrating condition, something bordering on anarchy. It is a serious situation. The censorship of telegraphic news is such that the outside world knows nothing about the real conditions. No country in the world furnishes such dramatic and thrilling newspaper material as India, but the great newspapers of the west will not throw away their money to send correspondents here who will promptly be gagged when they arrive. The greatest human drama of the world is being enacted here. Boys and girls all over the country are seeing before their eyes jailings, beatings, shootings, destruction and confiscation of property. Secret and invisible forces are daily gathering volume under this surface of apparent Indian inertia and helplessness. While men are being bayoneted and beaten to death in Bombay, the English patrons of the Taj Mahal hotel dance, drink and eat. Make merry today, for tomorrow we die.

All this is like old Rome, which tried to put down the Christians. The horrible thing is the indifference, the apathy, the bleary insensibility of the British. They herd together in the Taj Mahal and drink, while a band plays bad music. It is a weird sight. What these people want is liquor and noise. Thinking is not in their line. Outside, on the street, is the starved Hindu with his black, agate-like, penetrating eye. He does the thinking. He is thinking how he is going to get the upper hand of this foreign octopus. The British feel safe so long as the police and the army remain "loyal".

Mr. Healy, the police commissioner, was too soft-hearted and he was removed. In his place was put Mr. Gerald Sydney Wilson, who is said to be "hard-boiled". He never hits, but directs operations through his sargeants. The English sargeants do the hitting. The Indian policemen hate the job and hit light. They don't beat except under compulsion. The sepoys often say to the crowd: "Run away. Why do you come here?" But if a sargeant sees a sepoy slacking, the latter is immediately dismissed.

On Gandhi Day, December 5th, I saw a lathi charge. I was

standing near the police station opposite the Maidan. The Maidan is an immense field or parade-ground, where the Congress meetings take place. A man was pointed out to me as Mr. Wilson. I do not know whether he was Mr. Wilson or not. He was dressed in white, with a revolver strapped around his waist. In his hand was a walking-stick and in his mouth a pipe. He was in charge of the sargeants, who were also dressed in white, with revolvers and black-leather puttees, and in their hands they carried lathis. Back of the sargeants stood several dozen black policemen, leaning, somewhat apathetically, against a railing. They wore yellow caps and dark blue sport uniforms and they carried lathis, but not revolvers.

Here is the play. Act First: Five o'clock p.m. Three women, dressed in orange, Gangaben Patel, Sumati Trevedi and Shantaben Patel arrive at the Maidan with tables. Several thousand people are there. Gangaben stands on a table and begins her speech: "Comrades, we have gathered here to celebrate Gandhi Day, the importance of which in our present struggle you all know". Sargeants arrive and arrest the three women. They are led across the field into the police station, three women dressed in orange, surrounded by sargeants and black police.

Act Two: The crowd, dispersed for a moment, gathers again for a second meeting. Then the sargeants break loose with a wild lathi charge. The crowd stampedes in every direction. The man with his pipe in his mouth directs operations. Fifty wounded.

Act Three: The wounded are brought in litters to the ambulances. Their clothes are soaked and spattered with blood.

Act Four: The Congress hospital, 8 p.m. More lathi charges and seventy cases brought in. One man is lying on a table with a cut three inches long on his head. He writhes with pain as the doctor sticks his needle through the flesh. On another table a man is lying whose nose has been smashed. The doctor has taken out the bridge of the nose and shows it to me wrapped in a piece of cotton. In a cot lies a legless beggar with his head cut open. Further on is a man with a fractured skull. These are all "stick cases". No bayonets used that day. Three hundred cases in two hospitals.

Act Five: Return to Taj Mahal hotel, where a dance is going on. Everybody in evening dress, eating, drinking, dancing, smiling, smoking, having a good time. They didn't know a thing about it, and didn't look as if they wanted to know. It made me sick to look at them, sicker than to look at the poor devils in the hospital.

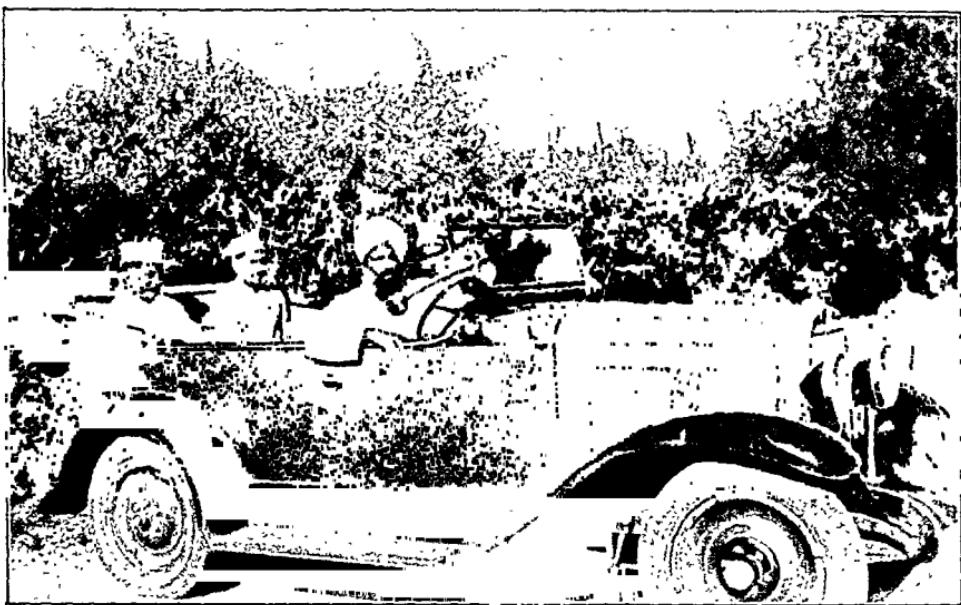
A week later came the case of Babu Gannu. He was a 25-year-old picketer of foreign cloth. There was nothing superficial or shallow about Babu Gannu. He meant business. Several Congress volunteers tried to persuade a driver of a truck loaded with foreign cloth not to move his truck. Three volunteers were arrested by English police sargeants while they were trying to obstruct the moving of the truck. Then Babu Gannu stretched himself on the ground in front of the wheels of the truck. The truck was put in motion, one wheel passing over Gannu's head, the other over his stomach. Reports vary as to who drove the truck. One report is that the sargeant drove the truck, another that the driver drove the truck under coercion from the sargeant. The government issued the following communique: "One Babu Gannu was walking in front of the truck shouting and jumping about and he apparently fell down in front of the truck and was run over. He was removed to hospital, where he died". It appears from this communique that a sargeant was on the truck at the time. The communique concludes: "The death was a pure accident". How do we know it was a pure accident? A boy was shot through the head at Ode by the police and it was reported as an "accident". An English soldier shot dead two children and wounded their mother in Peshawar and it was reported as an "accident".

Gannu had his funeral the next day. The procession wanted to burn his body on the sands. The people turned out by tens of thousands. The police (sargeants with their black helpers) turned out. The army turned out, British soldiers in trucks, with fixed bayonets. More lathi charges, and charges this time with fixed bayonets. I went to the hospital and saw two men who had been stuck in the back with bayonets, wounds an inch deep.

One of the men assaulted by the police was the young volunteer Bajpai. He lay a week in the hospital and then died. He went



Tax-resisters. They wanted to tell their story to an American newspaper writer.
Page 85.



The Congress car. Page 85. Govindbai Patel (extreme left on picture) was beaten up very roughly by the police in Borsad, January 21st, 1931, and was long confined to the hospital.

XI. — CHAMBERS OF THE GREAT ARE JAILS.

"As soon as we have discarded the awe of the British rule and cease to consider ourselves cheap as dirt, we shall be free." These words were spoken by Gandhi. I stood before the jail in Poona where he is a prisoner. The sunset was throwing a glaze of pink light over the sombre walls. It was a Sunday afternoon. Poona is outside the high-pressure area of which Bombay is the centre. The Mahratti people who live here are rather a luke-warm crowd. Races in India have been divided between fighting races and non-fighting races. Britain has recruited her troops from among the Pathans and the Mahrattis, both fighting races. She has wisely avoided trying to recruit her soldiers among those races which are congenital pacifists. The Mahrattis in Poona do not follow Gandhi. They do a little tepid boycotting of British goods, but they are not keen for civil disobedience. They have been useful to Britain as soldiers. Hence they are bad patriots, but good mercenaries. The general flatness of the Poona situation is depressing to one who comes from the patriotic sparkle of Bombay, where men die before the lathi charges. During the three weeks I was there, three young patriots offered up their lives to British violence, or, as the British would say, they were the victims of unfortunate accidents. Babu Gannu died under the wheels of a truck which was deliberately driven over his body by a British police sargeant. While attending his funeral, young Bajpai had death dealt out to him by the blows of a lathi. Laximidas was unfortunate enough accidentally to get in the way of a volley of bullets fired by the police. A second victim of this shooting-party has lately succumbed. To the British, these killings amount to

nothing. They are "hard-boiled". To read about such events would not be unattended by pain to soft-boiled people, assumed to be civilized, living in New York, Geneva, Berlin or Paris. To protect them from this unnecessary pain, a pure well-spring of truth has been established by the British at Rugby, England. News from India here passes through a filter of moral respectability and is then pumped on without charge to the ultimate consumers. Here is Rugby's official wireless about the murder of Laximidas: "There were outbreaks of hooliganism and a hostile mob heavily attacked the police picket, which was forced to fire, and several of the crowd were injured, one dying subsequently." All this is a part of England's great services to humanity referred to recently by Mr. Winston Churchill when he said: "Gandhism must be crushed". That sounded like the old Latin: *Carthago delenda est*. The British are afraid of poor, weak Gandhi, without a soldier back of him, much as the Romans were afraid of Hannibal. *Gandhi delendo est*.

Gandhi's days in prison are spent in the study of the old Hindu religious book called the "Bhagavad Gita". His newspaper and press have been confiscated, but he writes a letter once a week, interpreting the message of the Gita, and this letter, received by his friends in the ashram, is manifolded and sent out by mail to his devoted followers.

Gandhi is by birth a Hindu, and his parent religion was a branch of Hinduism called Vaishnavism, which has for its centre the worship of the god Vishnu. Growing up as a boy in Kathiawar, he became exposed to the influence of Jainism, a religion which is paramount in that province. Jainism teaches the doctrine of *ahimsa* or non-killing. The Jains avoid killing even the smallest forms of animal life. Gandhi's contact with Jainism was later strengthened by contact with Tolstoy, and through him with Christianity. Being a sincere man, whatever Gandhi preached he practised, and he began to see in Tolstoy's doctrine of passive resistance a solution for those political struggles which so many times in history have been solved by war and violent revolution. Later on, he seems to have come under the influence of the American

Thoreau, and from him he perhaps caught the now so pregnant phrase of "civil disobedience".

But unquestionably it was from Tolstoy that Gandhi caught the ancient spark of Christianity. Passive resistance involves two principles: passivity (in the sense of non-violence) and resistance. Hinduism has always been intensely individualistic, and Christianity has always been intensely social. Hinduism has always predisposed its followers to outward passivity, showing a way to the individual, by successive births and by indifference to outward circumstances, to attain to the blessed state of nirvana. Christianity, while laying emphasis on man's spiritual salvation, was, as to its quintessence, a message of democracy to the masses, a gospel preached unto the poor, a sharing of goods as well as a sharing of death and martyrdom. It came forward with an extremely aggressive economic, social and political program. Under the leadership of that great genius, Paul of Tarsus, it rapidly organized itself into a militant institution, which took the name of church, or ecclesia, a name borrowed from the political vocabulary of the Greeks. The church, organized by Paul in the shape of small republics, immediately came into deadly conflict with the then existing Roman state, and thereby showed that its program, while non-violent, was that of "resistance" to all established institutions inconsistent with its own teachings and discipline. It had nothing to do with nationalism, for all nations, colors, languages and creeds came within its bosom. In fact, the church resisted nationalism.

While Gandhi calls himself a Hindu, his Hinduism is not orthodox. Shut up in a prison, he turns back with a kind of natural affection to the religion of his childhood, and he seeks there to find a pathway for his people. It is a mark of the depth and sincerity of his character that under long-continued suppression of an extremely brutal character he is with gentleness of spirit ever searching to lead his people into harmony with some eternal, universal religion or principle of truth. It is as a mark of respect for this spiritual fearlessness, this moral uprightness, that his people have given to him, and to him alone, the title of Mahatma,

recognizing in him one of those rare and great souls who can never be crushed or silenced by the powers of this world.

He starts with his native scripture, the Bhagavad Gita, and now he seeks, so it would seem, to read into this book the old teachings of the Gospels which in earlier years were revealed to him by Tolstoy.

So far as Gandhi is today chiefly interested in "resistance" and less in passivity, his principles are more taken from the Gospels than from the Gita. Through the years, he has been growing more and more a champion of the masses. But he remains tied up still to certain fundamental tenets of Hinduism. Believing in the Gita, which he is now preaching, he cannot consistently preach the total abolition of the four castes. He would like perhaps to have the four castes in their purity (probably at some former time they had a good *raison d'être*), allowing members of different castes to eat with each other and to intermarry with each other, and of course doing away with the curse of untouchability. But yet the Gospels can know nothing of class or caste. There seems to be here an irreconcilable difference between the Christian system and the Hindu system. Which current of thought will finally gain the victory in Gandhi's mind?

"As soon as we have discarded the awe of the British rule and cease to consider ourselves as cheap as dirt, we shall be free", said Gandhi. I have been over a large part of India and I am convinced of the extraordinary intelligence and will power of her people. I doubt if any other people in the world have today as much power to "carry on" as these people have. They are behind the west in only one respect. They do not seem to be convinced on the question of social equality. I doubt very much if the British ever would have been able to hold one inch of Indian soil had the Indians in the beginning been penetrated with the spirit of social equality. Mentality being as it is in India, what is the outlook for social equality? How can the idea of social equality be put into people who have been taught to believe that they have been born into castes? The brahmin looks upon the untouchable as "cheap as dirt", and brahminism is the very apex of the Hindu system.

Then there is the question of nationalism or internationalism. The Indians are pounding at the door of nationalism, while such minds in the west as possess significance are focussing their thoughts on creating a league of peoples, an "international", a world state, a United States of the world, a cosmopolis, a citizenship of the world. All this, vague as it may be, is an unerring sign that the Christian mentality is doing its work. The peoples of the west, sick of flags and wars, are turning back to that internationalism marked out for them nineteen centuries ago by that early church for which even the radicals among them still continue to have respect. That church had said: "Spread the gospel. Go and tell all peoples. The kingdom of heaven is at hand". Telling all peoples means internationalism. Well, tell them what?

India, hammering on nationalism, trying to hoist a new flag among the eighty or ninety already decorating the map of the world, presents the appearance of trying to "catch up" with the west. She talks about "independence day" and framing a constitution very much as Thomas Jefferson or John Hancock might have discussed those subjects a hundred and fifty years ago. America has inspired India. Let America go on inspiring India, and let India help America so that the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor does not fall into the sea.

Must India leap the hurdle of nationalism before she can "catch up" with the cosmopolitanism of the west? Can we see Gandhi as the president of an Indian republic, surrounded by prancing diplomats in full dress, with armies and navies manoeuvring in response to his pressing an electric button in the presidential palace in Delhi? No. Gandhi controls the world best from a prison. He has fulfilled that line of Emerson: "Chambers of the great are jails". He makes England's statesmen look contemptible.

Or, putting nationalism to one side, there is another possible vista for India. She will throw this struggle for nationalism suddenly into the arena of internationalism. She will throw her car into higher gear. She will rally those firm, determined souls of all countries, those Jeffersons, Rousseaus, Mazzinis of the present, who don't need to catch up with anybody, and she will challenge

them to found with her the league of free peoples, the world state, labor's world state, the social, peaceful, human international of the future. The battle for freedom, the emancipation of labor, is not limited to India. It is a worldwide battle. Today, there exists in India the kernel for a world state. It is called the All-India Congress. It can become the World Congress, the cornerstone of the league of peoples. That is one thing that can happen in India. But these questions are not settled on paper. The people, so helpless today, tomorrow or next day will have found their power.

In Poona, on a hill-top, is a temple to the goddess Parvati. She is made of gold and holds on her knee her husband Shiva, who is made of silver. A young Hindu with a Gandhi cap spoke to me on the way up to the temple. Now that is just the joy of being in India, to have people come up and speak to you on the road. It is so human and the caste business doesn't come in the way at all. I don't believe there was much difference between that man's religion and my own. We might be separated by a few fossils. He tried to get me admitted to the temple, but to no avail. I was not a Hindu. The brahmin priest would not admit me. This priest had on his forehead three upright painted stripes, branching upwards from the nose. The two outside stripes were painted white, the middle one being red. These stripes, which look like sticks, are the mark of the brahmin caste. These three-stick people abound in the south of India. There, on the top of the hill, I seemed to be face to face with the great unyielding wall of Hindu exclusiveness, a wall which reaches from Kashmir to Madras. I don't understand brahminism or caste. Perhaps, I am an inferior person. But to me brahminism is a nuisance and caste is a nuisance. They are a delusion, a sickness of the human brain. A man is told a million times that he is a brahmin or that he is an untouchable. It is a lie, but the lie is told to him so many times that finally he believes it. Caste rigidity is particularly strong in the south. The brahmin of the north is a patriot. The brahmin of the south is chiefly interested in maintaining the supremacy of his caste. Of course, there are

exceptions. Many of them are manly types. But many of them look to me like hemaphrodites.

As I stood on the hill-top, it flashed over me that so long as this petrified mass of Hindu exclusiveness remains unshaken, small is the hope of any mass movement in India towards democracy. The Indians, in fact, do not talk about democracy. They have had a great deal of slop handed out to them from the west under the name of democracy. But still there is such a thing as democracy. Nobody has yet put democracy up on a shelf so that it will not from time to time tumble off from the shelf. What is a revolution made out of? A mere explosion of force does not constitute a revolution. Neither can a revolution be accomplished by millions of people lying on the ground and letting policemen club the life out of them. When the French wanted to make a revolution, they stormed the Bastille. When the Americans wanted to make a revolution, they organised "Minute Men" and laid up muskets and powder. Those revolutions were made out of something. The powder that made them go was the powder of social equality. Back of them and underneath them were the words of Jefferson: "All men are created equal". Back of these words was something else — far, far back.

Force or no force, war or no war, no revolution can be achieved today which is not based on the same dynamic principle. To the principle of equality should be added that of fraternity. Caste is one thing, fraternity is another thing, and they do not mix. The west has become corrupt and cynical through materialism. India is true and simple and she will understand the truth of these statements and find the power to put them into practice.

England governs India, priding herself on the "impartiality" with which she sits as a judiciary over the squabbles of "inferior races". The greatest British virtue has ever been the self-righteousness, the heroic self-denial, the silent uncomplaining suffering with which England has carried the "white man's burden". She has shrewdly invested capital in India, but in order to insure profits she has always been an unselfish martyr

to giving India "law and order", to crushing out hooliganism and Gandhism.

But today the old superiority complex of John Bull seems to be getting very weak in its joints. Things seem to be slipping backward and not forward. There is the terrible debt which must be paid to Uncle Sam. There is the navy to be kept in the pink of condition. There is the helpless army of the unemployed, like innocent birdlings, opening their mouths for doles. Can England "catch up" with the onward march of events without cutting down her overload of moral superiority and without submitting some of her choice social and political institutions to treatment of a surgical nature ? The feudal system is very picturesque, but also very expensive. There is in England a fine moral disdain for the bolshevik methods of Russia, and admittedly some of those methods are unpleasant.

Both the American and French revolutions were regarded in England as very vulgar affairs. Nevertheless, that fact did not discourage Sam Adams, Washington, Mirabeau and Danton. Could those revolutions have been handled in a different, more Christian, less vulgar method from the raw way in which they were handled ? When we ask ourselves, could their results have been obtained by submission to blows just as well as by the policy of giving a few blows, we must take into consideration that those revolutions were the working out of principles which were deeply imbedded in the mentality of the American and French peoples. They were acts of religious conviction. There was no cheap hypocrisy about them whatever. A river will find its way to the sea by one channel or by another channel. Violence and war were against the Christian religion, but the historic church had so far sold out its soul to the English and French monarchies that such champions of the masses as Jefferson and Rousseau found themselves driven to the brink of atheism. But the humbugging of the priests and bishops could not alter the religious mentality of the masses, who understood very well the plain meaning of the Gospels, as fundamental charters of liberty. On the one hand, the religion of those peoples condemned bloodshed and warfare, but,

on the other hand, it insisted on liberty, equality and fraternity. The Civil War in the United States was an event of the same order—a war for a principle.

Here we are contrasting the Hindu mentality with the Christian mentality, without any desire to disparage the one or the other. These peoples are really just of the same nature. Both have been made and developed by the same cosmic law. The economic or political slave who fights his way out of slavery will make a religion out of the whole affair and he will hand that religion down to his descendants. He in turn had some kind of religion, some kernel of truth, handed down to him from his ancestors, and it is with the help of that religion, feeble and mythical as it may be, that he will take his bearings. To it he will link up his own work, add to it whatever soul-force he has. That is what Gandhi is doing today. He is trying to reach his people through their own language and through the books which they understand. Every man who fights for an idea must fight with the weapon which he can use the best. That may be called "pragmatism", but after all there is some truth in pragmatism. Not many people have ever read Plato. He is high above the level of the masses. But Plato has been handed down over tens of centuries simply because the world cannot get on without philosophy. Plato had a conception of a republic, and that has lived. The conception of a republic will go on living for many thousands of years to come. Tyranny, injustice, the enslavement of labor by capital, the enslavement of one race by another, are all things which involve bloodshed and violence. When such men as Garibaldi, Danton, Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln resorted to warfare to do away with bloody systems, history has not written them down as unmitigated monsters. Their way might not have been the best way, but it was better than no way at all. The world had to move forward and they helped it to move forward. That, too, is the lesson of the Gita.

Today we are looking to India. Can India take up the work of these men whose lustrous names have been mentioned? Can India carry forward the sacred torch? Will India really qualify herself for carrying forward the sacred torch? Will she strip

herself naked and challenge the tyrant to do battle with her ? For many years, missionaries have been trying to convert India to Christianity. The best way to arrive at the desired result is not to try to convert anybody into anything. The best way is to stand back of India and help her arm to hold aloft the sacred torch of liberty, equality, fraternity, for that will give the angels joy in heaven. It will bring peace; justice and progress to the earth.

Looking at the inside of his prison (provided for him by Christians) has probably been an ugly experience for Gandhi. Looking at the outside of it was an ugly one for me. I did not see the Mahatma, but I felt him. With the exception of the walk up the hill with the young white-capped Hindu, all my experiences in Poona were ugly, and particularly the last.

Here is a true story. The Madras Mail reached Poona at two o'clock in the morning. I had been sleeping in the waiting-room of the station and wanted to get inside the train so as to go on sleeping as quickly as possible. A coolie took my luggage to a first-class saloon, the door of which was locked. I asked the guard to unlock the door, but the door, we found, had been bolted on the inside by a passenger who, like myself, wanted to sleep and had gone to bed in one of the berths, there being four berths in the saloon. The other three berths, as we saw through the window, were unoccupied. The guard pounded on the door, but the man inside refused to open. "Hurry up", shouted the guard, "there is a passenger here who wants to get in". Then an answer came: "I am not going to open and I don't give a damn". The accent of the voice indicated that we had to do with a member of the superior race. I had a certain sympathy with him. He felt perhaps that India was slipping out of the hands of the superior race and he proposed to hang on to the last. "If you don't open, I will make you pay for the whole compartment", menaced the guard. This made the situation worse, for a snarl came back: "I don't give a damn and you can all go to hell".

The guard was an Englishman, big and somewhat flabby. "I never had a case like this before", he said weakly. The man inside shut up like an oyster and the guard grew more and more

flabby. The man inside won the battle. The door was never opened. It was a picture of India as a whole. India is a farm, a castle, belonging to the superior race. My state of mind remained pragmatic, with the happy result that my own entrainment was effected elsewhere, in a saloon to myself, next to the engine, where there was neither smoke, dust nor swearing.

The next morning, the "go-to-hell" Briton left the train. He was going I know not where, but I was going to Madras. As he ate breakfast in the dining-car, I feasted my eyes on him, knowing him to be superior. We were in the station where he was to get off, and he wanted the train to wait till he had finished his breakfast. But since he could not eat and hold up the engineer at the same time, he submitted to having his coffee, toast and eggs carried into the waiting-room of the station.

That incident closed, I found a pleasant change of scenery in the newspaper—something new from the United States—a speech by Mr. Silas H. Strawn, before the United States Chamber of Commerce, as follows:

"We are better off in the United States than the people in the rest of the world. But we are suffering today because there is great production and little consumption. One of the causes of the present business depression is the fact that China and India have destroyed their buying capacity by internal disputes and wars. The result is that people in those countries are starving today. I think that if these countries were stable they would be able to consume all we produce and thereby eliminate the economic crisis from which we are suffering in the United States today."

Golden words of wisdom. How can we hold India "stable" so that her people can consume some of our American goods? England is trying to hold India stable so that India will consume British goods. I wish that Mr. Strawn had been with me in the Deccan so that he could get an insight into the real lives and problems of these people. The old theory of trade imperialism was to hold primitive peoples stable so that capitalistic nations could fill them up with goods. That was a nice system, but today the primitives are upsetting the apple-cart. The United States

Chamber of Commerce ought to watch the silent changes which are taking place. This Chamber ought to spend a little time studying the question of commerce. The members of the New York Stock Exchange and of the New York Chamber of Commerce must not think that they know everything about commerce, although they are Americans. They probably spend too much time studying commerce in Wall Street and not enough time studying commerce in Asia.

The per capita income of the people of India is calculated to be four cents per day. How far would that go, buying American goods, to relieve the industrial crisis in the United States, even supposing that the Indians were more friendly to buying American goods than to buying German, Japanese or other goods? What becomes of the money of the people of India? If Mr. Strawn will visit the Deccan he will find millions of dollars in the shape of gold and silver coin and bank-notes hoarded up in subterranean caves belonging to the Nizam of Hyderabad. This system of bullion hoarding is said to be practised by every independent prince in India. How do they get this money? They squeeze it out of their subjects the way water is squeezed out of a sponge. But what goes into the caves and jars and silver elephants of the princes is only a bagatelle to what goes into the pockets of the British. Mr. Strawn says that the Indians have destroyed their buying capacity by "internal disputes". Let him consider the case of the viceroy of India who receives a salary of \$100,000, which is paid into a bank in London and which he cannot touch until the end of his five-year tenure of office. What does the viceroy live on? He gets \$500,000 a year to live on; that is, to keep the wolf away from the door, to keep up the show, while he is viceroy.¹

¹ Mr. Robert Berneys, writing in the *London News Chronicle*, gives a picture of how some of this money is spent. "I saw what a great show government still is in India. Lord Irwin is by nature a simple man and the pomp and ceremony of the viceregal court have been cut down by one half since Lord Reading's dazzling reign. For all that, there is still the atmosphere of the grand finale of a musical comedy about the viceroy's house. There is a gorgeous mounted bodyguard at the gates arrayed in white buck-skin breeches and long, double-breasted, scarlet coats. If the viceroy drives

Gandhi, a man who for brain power will rank well with any viceroy likely to come to India, can live on less money than this. Gandhi can live on almost nothing, and he has done more for India than all the viceroys and commanders-in-chief who ever have come or ever will come to India. Here is \$600,000 a year paid to the political figure-head of the poorest country on earth. How does that compare with the salary paid to the president of the richest nation on earth, a man who is not supposed to be in any sense of the word in the same category with "figure-heads"? Take the Meerut Conspiracy case, which has been skilfully kept dribbling along so that the English state attorney has already got his hand into the pockets of the Indian taxpayers to the extent of over \$200,000. That is only one little game being played in a corner, among thousands of other bigger games. Everything in India is carried on on the same magnificent scale. It is truly a game worthy of kings and princes, with slaves to pay the bills.

Come to India, Mr. Strawn, and learn a few facts. Get a picture of the Indian's buying capacity from beneath the piece of matting which is all he has to shelter his family from the burning heat of the sun on the Deccan plain.

There are bread-lines in New York and much suffering. But real misery the working-classes of the west do not know as compared

out on state business, it is with a squadron of cavalry as an escort. A band plays every night outside his window as he dresses for dinner. He entertains on a gigantic scale. Three or four times a week in the season, he gives a dinner party to over a hundred guests at a time. I was invited to what was regarded as an informal lunch party at the viceroy's house. We were all shepherded into a drawing-room to wait for the arrival of Lord and Lady Irwin. Suddenly there was a hush, the doors were thrown open, and the viceregal party had arrived. An avenue was made for them, the women curtseyed and the men bowed, and we solemnly proceeded after our host and hostess into the dining-room."

In addition to all this, there is the enormous expense to the people of India involved in having the entire English personnel of the Delhi government shifted twice each year between Delhi and Simla, the breezes in Simla being fresh and cool. To facilitate the transportation of the viceroy and his army of officials, a railroad has been built over the mountains, which passes through 100 tunnels cut in the rock. Why are the Indians poor?

to India. If it should ever become a question in the future of India and America dealing with each other on a big scale, we can put down one fact as absolutely certain. India's buying power will increase in exact ratio to America's helping power. The Indian peasant is not a cold-blooded calculating capitalist. There is nothing wrong with his heart. You can deal with him satisfactorily so long as your heart is as good as his is. The motto of trade imperialism as practised in the past was: "Get everything and give nothing". Take, for instance, the shameless opium trade. Take the liquor-shop business today being forced on the Indians by the lathi blows of English police sargeants. Getting money and giving death. Can the United States Chamber of Commerce invent a better system ?¹

On what system would Mr. Strawn propose to keep India stable ? On the old system of trade imperialism or on some better system yet to be devised ? England has been "dumping" into India for years, but now Humpty Dumpty has fallen off the wall and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot, etc. So let us quit dumping and begin to help somebody. The Chamber of Commerce can also take a few minutes to consider the question of high tariffs and protection in connection with getting our high-priced articles into India in competition with Germany and Japan. America enjoys today certain financial advantages. She is in a position to extend credit. We helped plenty of people in Russia after the war. We felt big and generous then. Why cannot we go on feeling big and generous ? We can help India by the extension of credit, with good-will and square dealing for everybody—yes, after certain changes have taken place in India.

Britain has lost in India a customer which she never will regain. The desire for gain brought her here and kept her here. Now the end has come. If her method of unmitigated greed is today

¹ The following story illustrates the ludicrous ignorance of many Americans on the subject of India. The biggest newsgency in the United States sent the following cable to its correspondent in India: "Send over story showing effect on world trade and American business depression when Indian peasants quit fighting and begin earning".

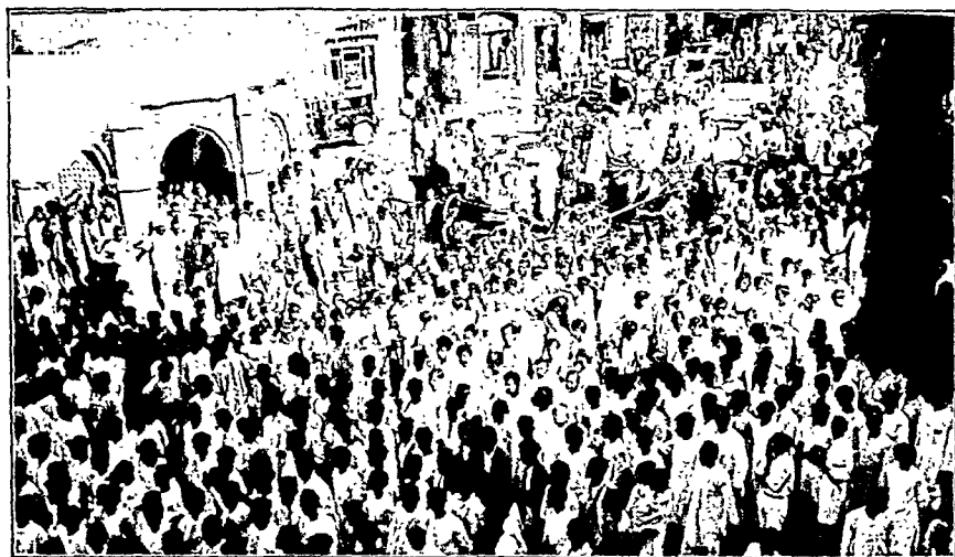
on the point of collapse, she has nobody to blame but herself. She cannot blame Gandhi. She will have ample time in the future to meditate on this, as well as on a few other stern facts. With her irritation of the Afridis, with her huge military expenditure on the frontier, with her highly paid civil service in the poorest country on earth, with her reckless extravagance on such useless projects as the New Delhi capital and the Bombay development fiasco, with her pageants of red carpets and soldiers, Britain has brought India to the point of revolution. By massacre, burning, clubbing and shooting she has earned the undying hate of the people of India. She built railroads only the better to get the money out of the country, only the better to get British goods into the country, only the better to transport her tax-gatherers, governors and troops through the country. For one hundred and fifty years, one forty-fourth part of the human race, living in England, has been bleeding one-sixth part of the human race living in India, and now the end has come.

But Mr. Strawn says that American business men might sell some goods over here. They have a good chance, as good as anybody. But let them come knowing that no regime will be "stable" in India which is not just to both sides. It will be no use for them to come unless they can bring a new system that is better than the old one and unless they come with the idea to help and not to bleed the people of the country.

The only regret I had in leaving Hyderabad in the Deccan was that I didn't see revolution. The people in the Deccan and generally throughout southern India are tame beyond description, and that is why I spent a good deal of time in Hyderabad and in Mysore with lions and tigers. Tameness does not give one much to write about. I spent hours trying to describe the tameness of Bangalore, a British cantonment, which was as tame and well-behaved as Trafalgar Square on Sunday morning at nine o'clock. Since being in India, I have had the privilege of meeting a number of "untouchables", but the lion I met in Hyderabad was the king of them all. I don't know how it came about, but I went to the zoo with one of those impromptu friends that spring up out of the



Funeral of Babu Gannu, who was crushed to death by a truck driven by a British police sergeant. Page 96.



The men are bareheaded.

ground wherever I go, and the keeper of the Nizam's zoo, wanting to be polite to me, gave me access to the biggest of his lions. True, it was a qualified access—an access greater than what was accorded to the public, but less than what would have given the lion complete satisfaction. The only African lion that I ever saw that was not an untouchable was the lion in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion". Nothing is more thrilling than the roar of a lion if you can get within four inches of the end of his nose and look into his jaws while the roar is coming out. I did that. Lions, of course, come from Africa. There is a low-caste lion produced in the Indian province of Kathiawar. But the high-caste lion comes from Africa. The Shaw lion came from Africa. The lions that ate up the Christians in Rome came from Africa. The British lion does not have his habitat in the British Isles in spite of all that has been written and said about that lion being British. The panther is full of guile and tricks. He is a sneak. The lion is incapable of thinking out a trick, but when it comes to sheer dash and bravery, there is no animal that is his equal. The lions I saw had been breeding. I did not see that, but I saw the results. I learned in the Deccan, what I did not know before, that a lioness can be a mother only once in two years, and I believe I am scientific in stating that she can have only two at a time. A female rabbit, assisted by a male rabbit, can put a lioness to shame. All that is a matter of natural history, and I don't pretend to have discovered it myself. But when a lioness gives birth to a child, that child is a lion and never a rabbit. Some Persian poet has said that humility is a virtue only for the strong. That applies to lions, but not to rabbits. Pacifism is no virtue for rabbits, but celibacy might do them some good.

Now it came about that Mrs. Sarojini Naidu (born Sarojini Chattopadhyaya) was arrested and put into the same vile jail with Gandhi in Poona. That jail was therefore in my eyes doubly monstrous. At Sabarmati, I had caught a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse of Gandhi's home and domestic interests, but I had no idea whatever as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Naidu's house and home. From Poona, a magnetic needle seemed to guide my

course, and passing over several hundred miles, I found myself at Hyderabad face to face not only with Mrs. Naidu's home and hearth, but face to face with her pretty, clever and patriotic daughter, Miss Lotus Naidu.

In Hyderabad, I had to watch my step on account of a police agent who was in the hotel. After wandering about vaguely, I put up for the night in a Parsee hotel. I told the landlord I was looking for news to send to America, whereupon he whispered to me two interesting facts: first, that a police agent was standing close to us and, second, that Miss Naidu was living in the immediate neighbourhood. A police agent is called a "C.I.D. man", which means that he is a member of the Criminal Investigation Department. The more patriotic you are in India the more criminal you are. The C.I.D. men may be English or Indian. This particular specimen was Indian. Why he was a C.I.D. man, I can't imagine. I suppose he was getting money out of it. He was not doing it for patriotism. He looked as if he were trying to find somebody, but was not succeeding. Perhaps he did not want to succeed. Perhaps he was beginning to feel patriotic. I wrote a note, under his nose, requesting permission to visit on the following day the patriotic home of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. The permission was graciously granted. I saw Miss Naidu and also three other truth lovers, but I did not see revolution. One of the lion cubs from the zoo had been presented to Miss Naidu. She had given him the name of Revolution, a name which seemed to contain some sort of mysterious significance. Revolution (whom I missed) had at the end of two months fallen into a course of action which had disqualified him from being a pet even in a household where conservatism had long ago ceased to be respectable.

But the animals of India! No picture of India is complete without them—the wild life of the jungle, the beautiful birds, the camels, the elephants, the monkeys which sit in rows by the side of the railroad track and look as if they were listening to a sermon in church. They study. They watch the train and the people at the windows—the people who have gone ahead on the upward path, who have got rid of their tails and don't climb trees any

more. There has been great mental trouble and distress in some of the southern states of the American Union over the monkey question and the evolution question. People have been arrested in some of the southern states for hinting to children that there could be a link between man and monkey, although no monkeys live in those states at all except a few who have made laws making it a crime to teach evolution to school-children. I have seen monkeys in India, and I am not afraid to go to any jungle in the south and state openly that while man is not a monkey, a monkey is an embryonic human, and I will take monkeys from India to confirm what I say. The monkeys know.

In Mysore, Govinda drove me in his American motor-car. We circled among parks and gardens full of the crimson poinsettia, and strange rich orange-coloured blossoms, and masses of white, pink and violet lilies diffusing perfume. We looked over the maharajah's horses, carriages, silver-mounted harness for state occasions, and then we settled down on a shady piece of lawn in the midst of a nursery of young lions, panthers and tigers. The charm of being in India is that you are made welcome anywhere and everywhere. These young animals were funny fellows and each one welcomed me with an incipient growl. The lion was all growl, paws and teeth. He had "dash" written all over him. The panther was all spots and whiskers. I am proud to have stroked them all, especially the two tiger cubs, who could do nothing but crouch and spit disdain, for these are the first tigers ever known to have been bred in captivity. A kangaroo demonstrated by opening a little door in her stomach and baby kangaroo put his head out of the door. Crocodile and hippopotamus opened their jaws. The most ugly creature was the weird, growling, horrid, man-killing mandril with a vermillion snout and hind-quarters painted with all the vivid colors of the rainbow. The most beautiful creature was the white peacock, a rare bird, of marvellous plumage, pure white, all style, grace, line, distinction, elegance—nature's last word in the art of toilettes for birds of good figure. Such is an Indian zoo, teeming with life fresh from rivers, mountains and jungles.

I find myself under some constraint in speaking about the Nizam of Hyderabad and the maharajah of Mysore. How far is a discussion of individuals germane to a discussion of the system which they represent? The states which these princes rule (or rather which they do not rule) struck me in a certain superficial way as the best "set up" of all the native states I have seen, so far as the regions immediately adjacent to the palaces of the princes are concerned. Hyderabad is said to be "progressive". But the progress does not reach down very deep. There is the same poverty, misery, illiteracy, beggary that exists everywhere else. This is partly obscured by a certain whitewash of progress—hard roads, a few sewers and costly parks. A great deal of money has been well spent in the construction of vast tanks for irrigation purposes. There is a certain ripple of the Gandhi movement to be seen, whereas in Jaipur, Udaipur and Gwalior anything of that kind was totally suppressed. In those Rajput states, the spectacle was chiefly that of princely ostentation, tending in spots to be vulgar, and resting on a subsoil of undrained squalor and subservience to the British raj.

Mysore seems to have a clean style, owing possibly to the fact that it seems to have a clean prince. Money has been spent on a princely scale, but with good taste. The gardens and roads are marvellous. Of the prince of Mysore, in his motor-car, I obtained passing glimpses. I ventured to bow to him once, according to the custom of the country, and received a bow and a smile in return. Smiles exert a very subtle influence. The individual and the system are different and they should not be mixed up. Many a good man has been spoiled by a bad system. Everywhere yawns the chasm between the splendid wealth of the prince and the biting poverty of the peasant. A prince can mitigate this disagreeable contrast by a pleasant smile and also by a good life. The thing I liked about the prince of Mysore was his smile. I was not looking for it. We may recall that Buddha was once a prince. He decided that it was more important to lead a good life than to be a prince. Buddha went off into the woods and never tried to change the system. That is just the difference between the teaching of

Buddha and the teaching of a certain other good and great man who five hundred years later succeeded in upsetting the entire machinery of the Roman Empire, in order to lay a foundation for the modern system of democracy. India has lived in a state of seclusion and passivity, teaching submission to despotism, and by a system of reincarnations trying to reach some kind of final perfection and emancipation in a shadowy place called nirvana. Century after century of this living in a dream-world left the docile children of Hindustan an easy prey for any military blackguard that came along. Shri Krishna set up a caste called the chatreeya caste and appointed that all princes of Hindustan should be taken from this caste. The Hindus therefore looked to Brahma, Shiva, Vishnu, or whatever their gods may be, to send them "good princes" from the chatreeya caste. But the fiction of the "good prince", potent for many centuries, is today more or less played out. In calculating how they are going to perpetuate their rule, most of the Hindu princes are not counting on this sweetening factor of the "good life".

Neither does the hope for the reappearance of the "good life" become any brighter when we turn to a study of the Mohamedan princes. The Koran has fixed the number of wives a Mohamedan may have at four. Concubines are barred out. When we stop to meditate on this number "four" and ask questions about it, it may strike us as somewhat dogmatic. But it is a waste of time to dogmatise about a dogma, and the number four having been fixed, it establishes a limit which, from the standpoint of any normal westerner, would seem to be sufficiently generous.

Why try to upset the laws of the Koran? And yet there are Mohamedan princes in India who have found it extremely difficult to keep within the limits of orthodoxy. I have in mind one who has set his limit at four multiplied by ten, with abolition also, as I am told, of all the customary nuptial sacraments.

The prince of Mysore is a Hindu. He has never crossed the seas—the Black Waters—and never proposes to cross them—sign of an orthodox, old-fashioned prince. In a simply furnished bedroom in a modest place called a palace on top of a mountain,

to which he is fond of retreating for religious purposes, I noticed certain interesting objects: a photograph of the founder of the theosophical movement and a photograph of the founder of the Bahai movement—good signs. He is said to be passionately interested in music, and there I saw his violin—another good sign. With his violin, he can bring Europe to Mysore. In a more elaborate palace, I saw two fine specimens of the Gandhi spinning-wheel, which, under the present strained circumstances, can be put down as another good sign. Strange how a man who has any personality at all can make it felt by little signs stuck up here and there in the places he frequents. This man is said to have abjured the pleasures of the world. So in India, as everywhere else, there are all sorts and conditions of men. We are born and we die, and whether we are prince or peasant, the thing that we are, and all that we can take with us, is our character and our deeds. That may sound like Indian philosophy, but I have nothing whatever to say against Indian philosophy. Men like Vivekananda have straightened out western philosophers on a good many difficult points.

The only decent thing the Round Table Conference did was to die. It went to join Dyarchy. Until last year in India the political fight was only for home-rule, otherwise called Dominion Status. But Dominion Status came into the world in a still-born condition. Long before the demise of the Round Table, the fight for independence had set in, and today the whole situation is changed. Reading the writing on the wall, the British are trying as a last resort to entrench themselves in the native states so that, when driven out from British India, they may, in the hour of trial, make their forts and cantonments already established in the native states a basis of operations from which to attempt a reconquest of the lost territory. The same strategy was pursued at the time of the sepoy trouble in 1857, and also recently in Ireland, in the case of Ulster. Native states in India are camouflaged Ulsters. These things are all quietly planned out in Westminster, for they mean life or death to the empire. Therefore the plan is to keep the people in the native states in a torpid condition, and up to the

present the Congress movement has made little or no effort to break up this torpor. It is a game of the fox against the lamb. In the native states there are no British police sargeants with lathis, and waging the war in these territories would seem to be pursuing the line of least resistance.

Why is there no movement in the native states as advanced as in British India ? First, because there are in the native states no English walking about to step on the toes of the native population. Secondly, most of these states are in backward areas, commercially and industrially. The British first occupied the most fertile and, commercially speaking, the most lucrative parts of India. They did not penetrate into regions incapable of using or paying for British goods. Thirdly, the puppet native princes delude their illiterate masses into the belief that they are enjoying home-rule and that therefore there is nothing to fight for. In Bangalore, a British sanctuary, I asked an Indian college professor whom I met in a students' union why it was there was no agitation in Bangalore. His job, of course, was under the British thumb. He was immensely smooth and suave, with an immaculate silver-threaded turban and oily manners. " You see ", he answered with a blown-up air, " there is really no need for any agitation here. We are enjoying complete home-rule. "

Native-state rule is a mere smoke-screen to protect British rule. The British agents dictate to the princes at every point¹. If the nationalists aim their first blow against a native ruler, they will only alienate the sympathies of the co-religionists of the ruler. It would be merely a fight against a puppet. Civil disobedience merely against a puppet is of no use. If the blow is aimed at British commerce, it goes over the head of the ruler and strikes at the real enemy, and so in these southern states some as yet feeble attempt is being made to boycott British merchandise. Meanwhile the British work in these places by fomenting communal

¹ No traveller or foreigner, journalist or otherwise, is allowed to have a conversation with a maharajah without first obtaining permission from the local British agent. Such are the " ruling " princes.

feeling. This word "communal" has nothing to do with "communism". It relates to the friction between the two religious "communities" of Hindus and Moslems. The British as soon as they take control of a native state divide up the jobs on a "communal" basis, as dividing up public offices in America would be between Catholics and Protestants. They suppress the nationalist papers, while they subsidize the communal papers. Thus they feed the communal issue, balancing one side against the other. Naturally, the one thing for the Indians to do is to get rid of the communal issue. But how? How is a man going to stop being a Hindu or stop being a Mohamedan? That is where the rub comes. The Indians have not yet got to the point where they see the necessity of choosing between their old decayed religions and a new patriotism.

The rule in the native states is despotic. In British India, there is at least some semblance of law to protect ordinary reformers. The moment any mild agitation of an anti-British nature is undertaken in a native state, the British resident forces the native ruler to take action. The machinery of despotism is ready to his hand to nip the agitation. England has had henchmen among the Indians everywhere ready to her use. By these arts she has been able, with only a handful of her own race in India, to hold down three hundred and twenty million people. But the quality of Englishmen in India has deteriorated. In the old days, England sent out some of her best material to India, men who really tried to understand India, but today the machine is being run by second or third-rate people, something on the tommy type. It is a system that has fallen into decadence. That it has any real resisting strength is very doubtful. Every Indian today in the employ of the British government hates his job. He is secretly sympathising with the nationalists.

In Hyderabad there are three sets of people: Hindu communalists, Moslem communalists and nationalists. To the last of these parties the communalist issue is of no importance. Ninety-five per cent of the people are illiterate and the per capita daily income is five cents. The Nizam's personnel budget is not included in this

calculation. The Nizam receives from his five-cents-per-day subjects, exclusive of the public revenue, an annual personal income of \$4,000,000 to help him get through the life struggle. Year after year, it is packed away in the bowels of silver elephants kept in mysterious subterranean cellars.

What is holding these people down? Is it the British, is it the princes, or is it their own ignorance and superstition? In Russia we have seen what the people did with the superstitions which the Russian monarchy, through the hands of the supine priests, had been handing out to the people under the label of religion. England can say in India, as Louis Fourteenth said in France: "After me, the deluge".

Six million people live in the state of Mysore. They pay an annual revenue of \$13,000,000. The personal budget of the prince is \$900,000. In entertaining the following personages, he spent the following sums: Prince of Wales, \$900,000; the Nizam, \$185,000; the viceroy, \$111,000.

The guest palace is for the viceroy and British commander-in-chief when they come to Mysore, which is rarely. Otherwise, it is never used. Cost of guest palace \$2,000,000, a Valhalla of polished marble, good enough for any French king before the Reign of Terror finished off the French Bourbons.

The maharajah has 120 carriages, 140 carriage horses, 20 race horses, 80 motors, 20 baggage trucks, with 100 chauffeurs, all for palace service.

The relatives of the maharajah are pensioned by the state—fifty near relatives and fifty distant relatives. Each gets from the state \$9,000 a year and a house to live in.

Such are a few of the items paid for by six million peasants, who get a per-capita income of four to five cents a day.

Govinda, my excellent driver, was himself growing slightly sick of the system. I have to thank Providence for giving Govinda to me that day I was in Mysore. He belongs to the Tamil people. All brahmins live in one quarter together—the three-stick people. Nobody but a brahmin can go into the brahminical theatre. From Brahmin Street through Mohamedan Street and Tamil Street.

Then we went outside to see the "worst caste", the pariahs. Underneath them are "worse" people still, sweepers, untouchables. Should a brahmin come near the shadow of an untouchable, he shouts out to the latter to keep away. If a brahmin gets caught in the shadow of an untouchable, he must immediately take a bath. Untouchable has to be very careful how he moves about with his shadow. How a brahmin manages to take a bath without washing off the three-stick design on his forehead, I have yet to discover. Perhaps he never washes his face.

"But some of these brahmins", said Govinda, "are bloody blackguards. They are drinking King George brandy and White Horse whisky against the rules of their caste." A sign of the breakdown of the system.

There is cow-worship in Mysore, a part of the state religion. The prince worships the state cow daily. Last August, he worshipped the cow, the horse and the elephant, ten days running, in the palace. I saw the state cow in her stable, with her own private bull and her calf near by. The keeper of the cow, when I came in, began to manipulate the tail of the animal and stroke the flesh beneath the tail. With a kind of religious pride, he patted the animal's private parts and said: "That is God".

I did not get into an argument with him on the subject. We have here a problem of backward evolution, the sex factor which is mixed up with the worship of the god Shiva, something which is probably mixed up in the religion of all primitive peoples. We are dealing here in Mysore with a community which only put an end to human sacrifice not longer ago than the middle of the eighteenth century. Evolution goes slow.

It all hangs together with despotism, monarchy, one-man rule. The portrait of the prince is placed in the temple next to the portraits of the gods. Here the three-stick brahmin priest told me about Hanuman, the "biggest god", who lived 5,000 years back. That was in the days of the giants. The giants had ten heads and twenty hands, etc.

But how about prostitution? I told Govinda to take me to the houses of some of the dancing-girls. We arrived at a place where

there were some old women, which didn't exactly seem to be what I was looking for, but in the next place there was a young girl who obviously belonged to the *demi-monde* of Mysore.. She was somewhat sad-looking but not unattractive, with none of the intriguing ways which characterize women engaged in the same line of business in the west. Govinda did the best he could to find dancing-girls for me, but the results were not brilliant, and not knowing the language I was deprived of the pleasure of talking with the one young woman whom I saw and who was somewhat shy and retreating. In Udaipur, I passed a group of dancing-girls who were marching through the town with music and who had some perfume on their clothes. Before leaving India, I hope to get closer to the dancing-girl question, but so far I have not found that the smell of immorality is so pungent in India as it is on a Paris boulevard or in the Moulin Rouge, as I recollect that place years back.

The sex question is not an unattractive question to discuss, provided it is discussed in the right way. Some writers have gone into it and stirred up a row about the horrible, shocking immorality which exists in India. I do not get anywhere exactly that exaggerated impression. No progress is to be made by arguing that the occidental system of prostitution is superior to the oriental system, or *vice versa*. I have no *parti pris* on the subject. In the west, there is a white-slave traffic. In the east, there is a brown-slave traffic. You may take your choice.

A writer could pass through India and hang up all kinds of disgusting pictures with regard to what goes on in the country. That could be done anywhere.

The point in India is to put the blame where the blame belongs for keeping the people in an appalling state of ignorance. The blame for cow-worship, and things of that kind, rests with those who are robbing the Indian people. A book could be made which, by pandering to the morbid, *blasé* appetites of a certain class of western readers, might result in much notoriety as well as profit to its author. Such a book could very cleverly camouflage the real criminals now operating in India.

In fact, such a book was written. A writer came from America to India and wrote a book in which all the rotten spots in Hinduism, real or fanciful, were pointed out. The writer spent much time in getting permission from authorities in London to make the "investigations". The necessary avenues were opened in the most friendly way, so that on arriving in India things could be sifted to the very bottom. Once in India, the filtering system was put in operation. All the good things were filtered out from all the bad things. All the normal things were filtered out from all the abnormal things. It was a scrupulous job and a finely purified poison was obtained.

A series of *tableaux* was presented, more or less filthy because designed with the purpose of shocking and disgusting the public opinion of the west against the people of India. Forms of perversion are described page after page in such a way as to make a mass of uncritical-minded readers believe that one-sixth part of the human race living in India are moral idiots. Of actual personal knowledge of the things alleged there is not a trace. The "investigations" turn out to be based on such gossip and hearsay as anybody can pick up gratis in hotels, railway stations or in such advertisements in newspapers as deal with sex pathology and secret vices. When such sources ran dry, old sex materials were rehashed out of a reservoir compiled over a hundred years ago by a French-Catholic missionary to India, named Du Bois, who seems to have devoted more time to collecting subnormal sex data than to preaching the Gospel.

The book by the American was received in England with the greatest enthusiasm and appreciation. It came in the nick of time. It was distributed free to all the members of the British parliament, at the expense of the government. Its exposures and revelations were discussed in every drawing-room. The superiority complex of John Bull derived a comfortable feeling from knowing how terribly rotten, depraved and degenerate the people of India really were. It was also comforting to know that India's rottenness had been exposed by the pen of an American, a "neutral", a member of a sister-nation for whose opinion nothing but the highest respect could be felt in England.

As for the morbid section of society on both sides of the Atlantic (people whose interest in morbid subjects outweighs their interest in political subjects), the book came as a new spice, a new thriller. Morbid people in one part of the world always like to know what morbid people on the other side of the world are doing. Hence the book was one of the best sellers. Nothing runs so fast or sells so well as this kind of scandal, when it is skilfully covered over with a veil of respectability.

The people in India do not get enough to eat to make them fit to enter into a sex competition with people who have more to eat and drink than they need. There is nothing in India which can hold a candle to the sex epidemic which today, in countries well supplied with beef, pudding and beer, is ravaging the bookstalls, theatres, movie-palaces, night clubs, day clubs, apothecary-shops and centres for the distribution of birth-control apparatus.

The modern Babylon is not located in India. What is depressing here is not the sex sickness which afflicts idle and effete aristocracies and their entourage. It is the absence, so it seems to me, in the religion of the common, lowly people, of any great human reality.

Madras, January 15th, 1931.

XII. — HELP OF THE HELPLESS.

"The American Madura Mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of Boston, Mass., U.S.A."

Those words gave me a little glad feeling when I read them at the head of a leaflet which I picked up in the tourist office in Madras, for they brought back memories of a far, far distant childhood. I can remember as a child living in a house organized on a strict patriarchal and religious basis. Family prayers were held every morning in the week. Sunday saw two trips in a carriage to "meeting", with a Sunday-school session in between. The religion was Congregationalism, one hundred per cent orthodox. The patriarch was always talking about "the American Board of Foreign Missions". That language went over my head, but one day the wife of the patriarch, whose name was "Grandma", showed me a little tin box with a slit in it and asked me if I would like to put some money into the box. She said the money was going to be used to help build a ship called the "Morning Star" and this ship was going to sail to India "to carry the Gospel to the heathen". That was fifty years ago.

I started for Madura to see how the work was getting on. A nice, fresh, young Englishman was in the same compartment, a tea-planter going to Ceylon. Nothing serious happened, except that we didn't get breakfast on time. The dining-car had an accident. The company ought to have had a spare dining-car ready to hitch on, said the young tea-planter. I did not know that this oversight was an "outrage" until he told me. However, the company did the best it could and telegraphed ahead to have breakfast pushed in to us further on. After we had had coffee, sausages, eggs, potatoes, toast and marmalade pushed in we felt better.

What a tremendous experience for me at the Madura mission ! How it brought back childhood, to be there under the very battlements of heathenism ! The American mission (Congregationalist, with headquarters in Boston) was started here in Madura ninety-six years ago by missionaries coming from Ceylon. To them it was like the " spreading of the table of the Lord in this moral wilderness, the erecting of the Gospel standard upon the most fortified places of the enemy ".

I discovered that there were two branches to the mission—one, three miles out, at a place called Pasumalai, the other at Eastgate. I discovered also that there was a cleavage, deep and serious, between these two branches. It related to the affair of a young missionary, R. R. Keithahn, who last summer was forced to resign from this mission by order of the British authorities. He had shown too much sympathy with the Gandhi movement.

At Pasumalai I found that the opinion was, on the whole, adverse to Keithahn. The attitude there might be called pro-British. One lady missionary told me that she thought American missionaries in Madura ought to be " loyal to the British ". She said that Keithahn had had a Gandhi flag hanging up in his bungalow. He had worn kuddar cloth (the white home-spun cloth of the Gandhi movement). An English Quaker named Reginald Reynolds, a friend of Gandhi, had stayed overnight in Keithahn's bungalow. Gandhi sympathisers had come to the bungalow in the evening. Reynolds had given an informal talk and answered questions. The next day Keithahn had accompanied Reynolds to the railway-station. Other Gandhi sympathisers had come there and put garlands around Reynolds' neck, according to Indian custom.

Another missionary talked in the following way: " Keithahn was warm-hearted, impulsive, thoroughly Christian, not overstrong on judgment and balance. He identified himself with some of the leaders of the nationalist cause and in association with Indian teachers, students and others expressed strongly pro-Gandhi opinions. The other members of the mission tried to dissuade him from this course of action. He compromised the mission, which is in

partnership with the government, for we are getting grants from the government for medical and educational work to the extent of \$100,000 a year. For ninety-six years the mission has been established here, congregationalists one after the other, running true to type. In that time there has never been one hitch with the British government. The question is whether an American missionary can go into politics. Jesus Christ himself never got into trouble with the Romans. He kept away from that. The Jews put him to death". The missionary who gave this interview was born in Scotland, but had grown up in North Dakota.

From a New Yorker, I had the following point of view:

"Keithahn was just a young fellow who felt his oats and was perhaps unwise in many things he did. His reception of Reynolds was rather too conspicuous. Supporting Gandhi was all right until it came to the question of civil disobedience. Then it came to a question of law and order. As American missionaries here in India, we feel we must be on the side of law and order."

Here was the old struggle between the world and the church, old as the time of Constantine the Great. It is an old quarrel, this quarrel between the world and the church. The world has one idea of law and order, the church another. Here in Madura we had the world interfering with the church, telling the church what it had to do, think and say.

From Pasumalai I went to the Eastgate mission. A woman dressed in white received me. My luggage was in the taxi-car, for I had found no place to sleep in Madura.

"Why don't you bring your luggage in here and stay overnight? We put up people here, especially people who come from Boston. That's what we are here for." I accepted.

"May I ask your name?" I said.

"Miss Anna Otto. You can spell both those names backwards or forwards and you will get the same result." I tried it, and I don't see now how I am going to break myself of the habit of spelling that name backwards. It certainly is an unforgettable name for me.



The lady of Adyar — Mrs. Annie Besant. Page 133.

"I have just come from Pasumalai where I have been discussing with the friends there the Keithahn case. I want to hear all about it."

"Down here at Eastgate you can hear all about it from the opposite side of the case. We have an altogether different slant on the affair from the people at Pasumalai."

I then observed that Miss Otto had a very bad finger, from which she had removed a bandage.

"How did you get that finger?" I asked.

"Infection from the hospital."

I began to put things together. There were two women living in this bungalow, Miss Otto and Dr. (Miss) Roberts. The latter is a Canadian. They run together an hospital for women and children. Whenever they need a new building a man named Lawson builts it. He is a missionary architect. They all work together. Dr. Roberts is the surgeon; Lawson is the architect; Miss Otto is the midwife. She actually with her own hands brings Indian babies into the world. I got the whole picture, little by little. I said to Miss Otto:

"I supposed that the job of a missionary was to convert the heathen." She gave me something of a snub when she answered:

"I suppose that the great founder of Christianity did a good deal of healing while he was on earth. Besides, missionaries don't talk nowadays about converting the heathen, at least Keithahn didn't. We have Indian biblewomen who teach the Bible. But my job just now is obstetrics."

At this point, a Hindu came up and said that his wife had just had a baby and the mother had caught some infection and was suffering from fever. Miss Otto turned on him with a rebuke:

"Didn't we tell you to bring your wife to the hospital before the baby came, so that she could be properly taken care of? You refused to listen. Now you have had your lesson and I trust you are wiser. Bring your wife to the hospital at once."

My luggage was sent to my room, and Miss Otto told me I would have to get my supper at the station because she and

Miss Roberts had a dinner engagement. I got through supper at the station as soon as possible and returned to my room, where I waited anxiously for Miss Otto to come back from the dinner engagement.

The lady did not come, so far as I could hear from my room, and I began to grow restless. Was I to be left there, completely forgotten? Of course it was different from what I was accustomed to. It was not an hotel. It was a bungalow occupied by two ladies to whom I was an absolute stranger. Would it be proper for me to go out from my room? Anyway, I could listen in my room. I listened and listened and then I heard laughter, joking, the sound of many voices coming from the floor below. Was I expected to keep in my room?

What did it all mean? I crept downstairs timidly to reconnoitre and caught a glimpse of many people sitting on the floor eating rice with their fingers. Miss Otto, Dr. Roberts and Lawson were there sitting on the floor with about twenty young Indian women. They were having a rice banquet. That was the dinner engagement. Lawson had just finished building the new dispensary and this banquet was in honor of the occasion. Music and singing followed. The Indian girls had bunches of white jasmine tied into their glossy black hair. They sang sweetly, each one in turn. Lawson played "Swanee River" on the accordeon. Then we went to see the hospital and new dispensary. There was a room full of Indian mothers who had just had babies. I saw it through an open door. Then we went into a room full of curious boxes with copper mosquito-netting tacked over them. Miss Otto put her hand into a box and brought out an object in white cloth and said to me: "What do you think of that?" It was an Indian baby, twenty-four hours old.

"Don't the mothers want their babies?" I asked.

"They certainly do. They want to have them in bed with them all the time, but they can't have them. They can have them only at nursing time."

The next morning I got down to studying the Keithahn case. Mr. G. Chinniah came to see me. He is an Indian Christian and he

works in the office of the American mission, in the Eastgate compound. I wrote down his testimony as follows:

"Keithahn came here five years ago as a missionary. He was last stationed at Pasumalai as principal of the high school. Many Americans who come here as missionaries cannot be said to be efficient in their profession at the start. Keithahn was from the first an earnest, willing, painstaking and loving teacher. He won the affection of almost all the Indians that he came in contact with. He classed himself as one of the Indians. He said once to an Indian who was chaffing him on this subject: 'If I cannot sympathise with the Indians in their aspirations, what is the use of my being in India?' In October 1929, he was seen wearing kuddar shirt and trousers. I never saw him wear the Gandhi cap. He did not wear the kuddar in Indian fashion, but in American fashion, trousers and shirt. Women missionaries have also used kuddar. He did not wear the kuddar continually, but changed it off for other clothes. When Reynolds passed through Madura, he stayed one night at Keithahn's bungalow. Reynolds was the Englishman who carried a message from Gandhi to the viceroy. After this visit, Mr. J. F. Hall, the British authority here, served notice on the mission secretary that Keithahn must leave India. A picture of Gandhi had always hung in the office of the mission. After the Keithahn affair this picture was removed."

After Keithahn's departure, the collector, Mr. Hall, asked the missionaries to sign a pledge or document of some kind, the effect of which was to repudiate Keithahn. I understand that some of the missionaries refused to sign it. Only Americans were asked to sign, not those missionaries who are British subjects. The old struggle between the world and the church.

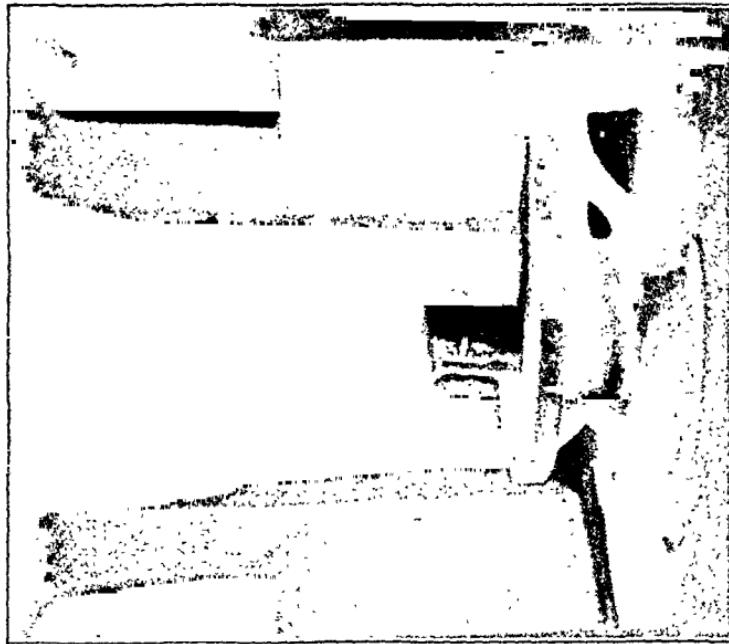
The last thing Miss Otto showed me was The Birds' Nest, a house for foundlings. This isn't run by the mission. It seemed to be one of Miss Otto's side hobbies. She explained the reason for the Birds' Nest this way: "When somebody leaves a kitten on your doorstep, you can drown the kitten. But when somebody leaves a baby on your doorstep, you cannot drown the baby."

Lying in my bed on the open porch that night I spent in the bungalow, I heard a song being sung by Indian girls somewhere below. The words were in Tamil, but I recognised the tune:

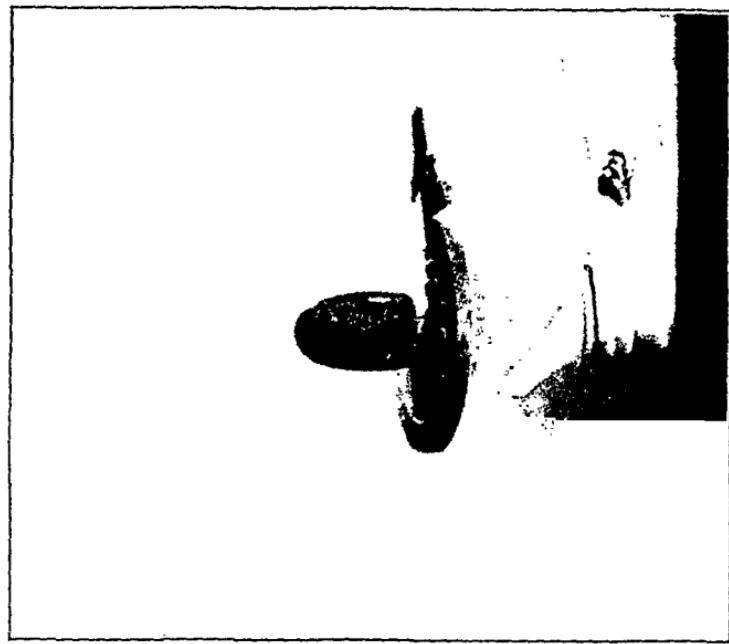
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh ! abide with me.

"Help of the helpless" seemed to be the keynote of the Eastgate mission. Help of the helpless, too, must have been the idea in the mind of Keithahn.

Madras, January 21st, 1931.



Two lingams, found in small temples in Lucknow. Page 143. In the picture to the left, the little objects which look like eggs, lying on the flat surface of the lingam, are cakes offered to the god.



XIII. — THE LADY OF ADYAR.

Mrs. Annie Besant is the president of the Theosophical Society which has its international headquarters at Adyar, seven miles from Madras. She is a woman who for fifty years has stimulated the thought of thousands of people all over the world. Where is her equal among women in English history ? Theosophy has for its motto: "There is no religion higher than truth". The great object of theosophy is "to form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color".

A few days ago Mrs. Besant, now in her eighty-fourth year, went to Trichinopoly (pronounced Tritchinopoly) to preside at the meeting of the Humanitarian Conference, where she said: "The freedom of India is a work to which I have given some fifty years of my life. May I live until Indians rule India. No nation can hold a high position among the nations of the world until she is free".

I was in Madura when I read those words in the paper, and I headed straight for Trichinopoly in the hope of seeing Mrs. Besant presiding at the conference. I had seen her only once in life. It was in a sleeping-car going from Kansas City to Denver in 1897. She was travelling west with the Countess Wachtmeister and Miss Wilson. I sat, by some interesting accident, on the opposite side of the aisle. I was going west in those days as a young man to make my fortune, which I never made.

I reached Trichinopoly at 9 p.m., hoping that I had got there in time to see Mrs. Besant preside at the conference. As I opened the door of the compartment to get out, there was standing there before me, waiting for me to get out, so that she could get in, a little old lady with snow-white hair. It was Mrs. Besant. With

her was another lady, helping her to get into the car. It was Miss Wilson. It did seem a little "occult".

The third time that I saw Mrs. Besant was at Adyar, on the porch, where the cool breeze blows in from the Bay of Bengal and where, beyond the palms, the eye, weary of India's waterless, muddy landscape, catches the fresh blue sea and white surf breaking over a bar of yellow sand. There was the spirit of the sea, ever tossing, restless, rebellious, like man's soul, reaching out to all peoples. There was the little old lady with white hair, crowned with the distinction of a life spent in rebelling against wrong, injustice, hypocrisy—a spirit, boundless as the sea, that had reached out to all peoples, a champion of those who are defamed and oppressed, simple, kindly, charming, wanting to talk, leading me about and explaining the pictures hanging on the walls, pointing out the views, giving me the whole story of Adyar from the days of Colonel Olcott down. It was indeed a sacred place and a sacred moment.

I have spoken elsewhere of a certain type of Englishwoman, a kind that travels, explores, pioneers, tries things out, casting aside conventions, clad in an armour of daring, almost masculine, independence. Well, I have met a few of this kind in India. I can count them on the fingers of one hand.

These are the great moments of life when forces like the surge of the sea catch hold of us, lift us from off the earth and make us realize one great, dread truth—the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity. That exists, and that alone exists. Everything else is pollution, intrigue, decay and death.

Thinking of the advanced age of the lady of Adyar, I had made a resolve not to stay longer than fifteen minutes. But it was no use to count the time. Time was abolished. Age was abolished. Everything was abolished except the one blinding, dazzling fact that the nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood is in the world, here and now.

That day in Trichinopoly, I went to the Hindu temple where Mrs. Besant had presided over the Humanitarian Conference. The conference had adjourned, and the chairs used by the dele-

gates were piled up ready for removal. But something else was left there—a lesson, a sermon. This temple is the largest in India, and the place where I saw the chairs piled up was just in front of what is called the Hall of 1,000 Pillars. It is a dark, cave-like place, a gloomy wilderness of columns, pilasters, monoliths, with weirdly chiselled figures representing animals, gods and men. Any Christian missionary, of three generations back, would have had a cold shudder to look at such a place. He would have called it the home of the devil, the stronghold of "heathenism", the most wicked place on earth. Here, surrounded by all this dim "wickedness" and "heathenism", with painted gods and idols frowning and glowering at her from all sides, the little old English lady with white hair had stood up before her Hindu audience and told them that India must be free.

"You see", said Mrs. Besant to me at Adyar, "what I like about Hinduism is its freedom from all heresies. It leaves you free to look for God, explain and understand God in your own way. That is a great help. You don't get that everywhere in England and America. Think of the choice collection of heresies that Christianity has produced. And yet, after all, it has to be so. Think what a heretic Jesus was. He never persecuted, but was persecuted. And yet Christians ever since have gone on persecuting people who didn't believe just the way they believed. So strange. Nobody in Hinduism cares what you believe or what you think. Isn't it better to draw men together by good-will, by tolerance, by aiming high? Get at every religion by unveiling its secret. That is all there is in theosophy.

"I have spent my life along this line. I began young to search. I have been a theosophist since I was 42, and now I am 83. My brother-in-law, Walter Besant, once told me that I had a "fatal facility". It is easy for me to talk, to speak, to write. But I knew the danger of all this facility, the danger of falling into superficiality, and I have always struggled against it.

"I had many changes in my younger days. I couldn't get through the wall of sham and hypocrisy that was surrounding me on all sides in the name of religion. I followed for a time that

great man, Charles Bradlaugh. I took up socialism, the kind represented by the Fabian Society. I know the horrors of English poverty. One of the advantages that the poor Indian people have is the blessed warmth of the sun. None of that terrible suffering from the cold that the English poor are exposed to.

"So I turned and turned till I found what I wanted. One day, William T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, put into my hands Madame Blavatsky's book called the "Secret Doctrine", and Stead said to me: "You are mad enough to be able to write a review of that book". After I read the book, I asked for an introduction to Madame Blavatsky. That book made me a theosophist, and in 1891 I came to India. Your own countryman, Colonel Olcott, made and established this institution at Adyar. Didn't you know that he was a builder and architect? From here I have gone back and forward between Europe, America, India. I can't give it up, although I am old. I keep on going.

"And you who are an American, don't you know that Emerson was a theosophist? He had the first translation of the Bhagavad Gita that ever went into the United States. Bradlaugh once said to me (Bradlaugh and Stead were both Christians):

"'If I only had two books in the world, I would choose Emerson's Essays and the Bhagavad Gita.' Where are you falling to in America, from Emerson's Essays down to such a shameful book as 'Mother India'?"

I asked Mrs. Besant if she had any objection to talking about politics.

"Certainly not. Here in India the most amazing thing is the political awakening of the women. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. I have the feeling about India that I want to keep all these Indian people together. If Britain could only help. Gandhi is the most profoundly Christian man I know. But I can't understand his doctrine of civil disobedience. We have to obey some laws. There must be law somewhere. We cannot disobey all laws in general. That would mean mere anarchy. Where is there any sure guidance in this matter? Then, I cannot understand Gandhi's doctrine of non-resistance. I talked it out with him very

fully. His theory is that you must lie down and suffer oppression without resisting it by force. I think that a nation has a perfect right to fight for its freedom. But if you go in for force, you must calculate very carefully what your chances are for succeeding. You have no right to engulf poor, helpless, disorganized, disarmed masses in useless bloodshed and death. You may not agree with me on this, I mean on the question of resistance, but you must make some allowance for my Irish blood. My mother, you see, was a Morris, belonging to one of the oldest Irish families. I have that feeling in my blood about freedom that is peculiar to the Irish. If England could only make people love her instead of hating her. It is strange that England has such an intense feeling of color superiority. You hear Englishmen in office in India talking about Indian gentlemen as "niggers". Very extraordinary. The Englishman thinks that he is God's elect. So sad. I hope that Britain will not do in India what she generally does, put off the right action until it is too late. Britain has been somehow very blind—a great pity. She shows unhappily her worst side in India. So many Indians say that when they go to England they form quite a different opinion of the English character. India changes the Englishman."

The fifteen minutes which I had set myself in the beginning had stretched out into one hour and a-half. With an immense effort of will-power, I pulled myself to saying good-bye.

"I will come downstairs and take you to the door," she said. I begged her not to do so, but she insisted on coming. We walked down the stairs very slowly. We passed the library where all the priceless manuscripts of Ceylon, Thibet and India are collected, guarded, studied, catalogued, copied. We entered the great hall that Colonel Olcott had either built, designed or remodeled. A soft, pink light was filtering through a lattice made of tilework. We lingered there, looking at the walls where each of the great religions of man, living or dead, are symbolised in fresco or bar-relief. That was her work. For fifty years she had been at it. She was still working, going, organizing, keeping her eye on everything.

"Now why don't you walk out through the palms to see our banian tree, one of the greatest in India ? If you keep on walking, you will come to the sea. It is not so far."

I went away. I went to the sea. It was indeed a sacred place and a sacred moment.

Madras, January 23rd, 1931.

XIV. — THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT KATHERINE.

It is very easy to get things wrong in India. It is very easy to paint a wrong picture. When I first read Miss Katherine Mayo's book "Mother India", I had never been in India, and I imagined from that book that India must be a very dirty place. But now that I have travelled 6,000 miles in India, I no longer take Miss Mayo seriously. Without trying to be pro or anti anybody or anything, it is my opinion that the Indians, considering what they have to fight against, are as clean as or cleaner than any other people I know anything about. Miss Mayo has given a wrong impression. What her motives were for doing this, I don't investigate. I have no desire to impeach her motives. There are some things in her book, notably her examination of hospital records, that show some serious and honest investigation. She found some things in hospital records that were not very agreeable, but disagreeable things can be found in the records of big hospitals almost anywhere. Why not investigate a few hospitals somewhere else to see how they compare with Indian hospitals? Miss Mayo's opposition to child-marriage and untouchability, while respectable, is not particularly original. Mahatma Gandhi had discovered that these things were objectionable some considerable time before "Mother India" enlightened the world on the subject.

First, let us take up the question of latrines. Miss Mayo gives the impression that Indians live like animals, or worse than animals.

On page 373 of Miss Mayo's book is the following paragraph:

"As Mr. Gandhi has shown, Hindus, anywhere, dispense with latrines, but are not, beyond that, always greatly concerned as to what they use. In one town, I found from the municipal chairman that latrines had been built obediently to the health officer's specification and desire; but the people, he said, were leaving them strictly alone, preferring to do as they had always done, using roads, alleys, gutters and their own floors."

Such a picture would give anyone the idea that India must be a very unpleasant place to walk around in. I have travelled from Kashmir to Madras, poking into every conceivable place, and I have never once seen human excrement in any road, alley, house or other place where it would be unseemly for it to be left¹. The most revolting place I have seen in India was the latrine in the Delhi Jail, an institution under the control of the British. The stench of that place, in the hot sun, was sickening. Here human beings are crowded together like cattle in a pen. To escape from such a place, would not any decent human being prefer to go out into a field? Happy the people who have fields to go to. How the dwellers in crowded cities keep themselves as clean as they do is incredible. How they manage to live at all is a mystery. Year after year, starved down to the bone, their money is taken away from them to support useless princes or parasites in Britain, and yet they don't know that they are being fleeced. Since they have always lived in the same destitute condition, they think it must be normal. They try to get such sad happiness out of life as they can. They are used to starving. Britain has well trained them for that. For the almost universal lack of a flushing-system of sanitation, nobody can hold the Indians to blame. The money that could be used to build a modern American water-closet for the common man is used to fight Afridis, to build forts, to pay for red carpets,

¹ I will admit that after travelling a distance of 10,018 miles in India, at the end of my six months' stay in the country, I did see, in Karachi, a little boy about five years old easing himself at the side of an un frequented road.



Fig. 1. A high-contrast photograph of a group of people gathered outdoors.



Fig. 2. A high-contrast photograph of a group of people gathered outdoors, similar to the one above but with more visible individual figures.

durbars, tiger-hunts and viceregal capitals that cost eighty million dollars. It is not necessary to be pro or anti anybody, but just to look at the cold facts as they are.

The cow is an animal that produces a good deal of manure. In India the cow is seen everywhere, in streets, alleys, temples, house-yards, and yet I am continually amazed by the entire absence of this kind of animal waste. Where it goes to I don't know. I never see it. I believe it is gathered up and made into cakes for fuel or other useful purposes. The cows, living in the open air all the time and not locked up in sheds, are universally clean.

Then Miss Mayo thinks she sees another terrible blemish in Indian character in the domain of morals. She thinks the Indians are too much preoccupied with sex. She sees sex everywhere. It is her nightmare. She sees here a Moloch which is devouring the Indians, body and soul. She says, page 25:

"So far are they" (the Indians) "from seeing good and evil as we see good and evil" (note the tone of moral superiority) "that the mother, high caste or low caste, will practice upon her children—the girl 'to make her sleep well', the boy 'to make him manly'—an abuse which the boy at least is apt to continue daily for the rest of his life."

Has Miss Mayo seen all this? Has she been right in the houses where the thing was done? If not, how does she dare to speak with such sweeping generality? She intimates mysteriously that she has heard it from "highest medical authority". But who is her highest medical authority? Is it British or Indian? Opinions in India differ according to complexions. Highest medical authority that is not definitely named and quoted is generally a very cheap proposition.

Then she goes deeper into the matter on page 22:

"Shiva, one of the greatest of the Hindu deities, is represented on highroad shrines, in the temples, on the little altar of the home, or in personal amulets, by the image of the male generative organ, in which shape he receives the daily sacrifices of the devout. The followers of Vishnu, multitudinous in the south, from their

childhood wear painted upon their foreheads the sign of the function of generation."

Then on page 24: "Even though the sex symbols themselves were not present, there are the sculptures and paintings on temple walls and temple chariots, on palace doors and street wall frescoes, realistically demonstrating every conceivable aspect and humor of sex contact; there are the eternal songs on the lips of the women of the household; there is, in brief, the occupation and preoccupation of the whole human world within the child's vision, to predispose thought."

I have been in temples in Sirinagar, Peshawar, Amritsar, Gwalior, Jaipur, Udaipur, Poona, Madras, Mysore, Madura, Trichinopoly and Tanjore—I have examined many highway shrines—I have been in palaces in Gwalior, Jaipur, Udaipur, Mysore, Baroda, Madura and Tanjore, and I have not seen any sculpture or painting or fresco on any temple wall, chariot, palace door or street wall that demonstrates, realistically or otherwise, any aspect of sex contact. Would Miss Mayo, for the help of earnest investigators like myself, furnish information as to where she found her sex-contact materials? India is a big place to investigate in and time is valuable.

Then there are the "eternal songs on the lips of the women of the household", predisposing their children to evil thoughts. One naturally assumes that Miss Mayo knows all about it. She writes in that style. She must have heard the songs sung by the women in their own native languages and in the presence of the children. Either Miss Mayo may understand all the native languages of India, or perhaps the women stopped singing long enough to translate some of the songs into English for Miss Mayo's benefit. From what source does Miss Mayo obtain her knowledge? Somebody told her, obviously. But who told her, and what knowledge, free from all evil prejudice; did the person have who told her? What does Miss Mayo know about it anyway?

Then we are told that Shiva is represented by the "image of the male generative organ". This seems to be the foundation from which Miss Mayo deduces the pornographic pictures which

she saw, or fancied she saw, in the temples, and the evil songs which she heard, or thought she heard, the women "eternally" singing to their children.

Neither Miss Mayo nor anybody else would know that the stone image in question is meant to represent the part of the human body referred to, unless by the statement of others. The stone in question bears little or no resemblance to any part of the human body. The resemblance to the human organ referred to, if any, is so remote that it could never possibly occur to any casual observer. The relics of phallic worship found in Greece and Asia Minor bear a distinct realistic resemblance to the human organ in question. Nothing of that kind exists in India. The Hindu stone that we are talking about is called a lingam, and the only means we have of knowing that these lingams are meant to represent the part of the human body in question is the universal tradition of the people of Hindustan themselves.

Miss Mayo tells us that this stone is a "sex symbol". What does a sex symbol mean? Does it mean a sex-contact symbol, does it mean a sex-control symbol, does it mean a reproduction symbol, does it mean a promiscuity symbol, does it mean a marriage symbol? To say that the lingam is a "sex symbol" does not get us very far ahead. Some explanation has to be made, for it is obvious that the problem goes to the very root of Hindu civilization itself. Lingam-worship may today be indefensible, not necessarily because it is immoral, but merely because it is senseless.

These lingams were not made yesterday. When or why they were invented nobody knows. Therefore, we are entitled to do a little guess-work on the subject. The lingams are identified with Shiva. They are also identified with his wife Parvati, as I shall show. Somebody stole Shiva's wife and he had great trouble getting his wife back again. Those were early days when the sanctity of a man's wife was not as well recognised and established as it is today. Shiva, vague as it all is, never had but one wife. Neither is he said to have been a loose or

dissolute man. Miss Mayo says that the followers of Vishnu, multitudinous in the south, wear painted upon their foreheads the sign of the function of generation. But Miss Mayo has got this a little mixed up. The sign she refers to consists of three strokes branching upwards from the nose. The two outside strokes, white or yellow, made of sandal-wood paste, represent Vishnu. The inside stroke, always red, represents Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu. One sect of Vishnu followers leaves out the middle stroke entirely. These designs have nothing to do with any sex symbology. They are merely philosophical signs. Men who wear the three strokes are sometimes called "three-stick people" or "one hundred eleven" people.

The lingam relates to Shiva and his wife Parvati. Vishnu and his wife Lakshmi do not come into the problem at all.

In the great temple in Tanjore there are 212 lingams, stretched along in arcades, all over a thousand years old, each one cut differently, but none bearing any resemblance, from the standpoint of sculptural realism, to the part of the body in question. Obviously, it was the purpose of the stone-cutters to avoid any such resemblance. I had with me here as a guide an old man of 76 years, half European, half Indian, a Roman Catholic, very intelligent, simple and frank, willing to tell me everything he knew. These guides spend their lives among temples, lingams, idols and all the rest of Hindu paraphernalia. The old man pointed out the lingams and showed me that they were all made in conjunction with a flat piece of stone which he said represented the sex organ of Parvati. As in the case of the lingam, the traveller has to stretch his imagination considerably in order to see the resemblance. But the resemblance is there. It is unmistakeable. So here we have an instance of obvious sex contact, the first that I have seen in India. But it is sex contact limited to a man and his wife. Parvati has her shrine near by.

Why should we get a symbol of this kind connected with a man and his wife, and what exactly does it mean?

Science knows very little about the workings of the human mind as that mind is constituted today. The human mind is



The sun god at Konarak. Page 157.

an interesting machine which we do not know much about today, and what science knows about its workings as it existed thousands of years ago is practically nothing at all. Men like Darwin tell us that man is a creature of evolution. Evolution is not only a physical but a psychic law. That being true, then the stages of man's evolution cannot be measured in terms of decency or indecency. If we were looking around today for a symbol to represent the "holy estate of matrimony", many people would object to choosing a lingam, on the ground of its not being decent. But we are dealing with a bygone age, when the marriage institution was only beginning to come into existence, and when the people, much simpler and ruder and probably more "physical" in their thought-habits than we are, were looking around for a symbol to represent it.

So let us get rid of the idea that the lingam was invented yesterday as a means of poisoning the minds of youth with thoughts of promiscuous sexuality, which seems to be the thesis sustained by Miss Mayo. The only indecorum known to science is an attitude of high-browed moral superiority in dealing with problems of anthropology.

Having guessed our way along so far, let us nail down a few facts to mark the road. The lingam is a sacred object. There is something moral connected with it. It is a hang-over from a prehistoric time. No idea of promiscuity is attached to it. It is not an emblem of sex, just for the sake of sex. All Sannyasins in India (men who renounce sex) are worshippers of Shiva. The whole drift of Hindu religion and philosophy is to escape from the endless cycle of births and deaths. Therefore, we cannot say that the lingam is an emblem of reproduction just for the sake of reproduction. Hindu pundits may tell us this, but as soon as they say it, they find themselves in contradiction. How many hundreds or thousands of years it took man to emerge from a state of promiscuity into the married state we do not know. What we know is that marriage is the oldest institution of man¹. The transition from the

¹ This has been conclusively established by the great anthropologist, Professor Westermarck.

promiscuity of beasts into marriage was not made without a tremendous moral effort and without employing all kinds of religious symbols. Marriage for the early man involved sex, but it was a state that was above him and man always regards as sacred the state that is just above him. To say that the lingam is a sex symbol is no more true than to say that it was the marriage symbol of primitive man, as that man existed in India. Therefore it represents, by force of tradition, a moral struggle, and like everything else which marks a step forward in the battle of man's evolution is viewed with veneration.

The lingam, by symbolizing the marriage relation between man and woman, represented a taboo on promiscuity. Why blame India for all this, which at one time or another has existed in all countries and among all peoples? If this interpretation is true, then no such thing as "phallic worship" ever existed. People who think they see "sex-worship" in these old symbols may have some kind of a mental disease. They may need to take a cure of some kind. One of the baneful results of puritanism is that it has rendered many people incapable of looking on life as it is, and as it has been, whenever the word sex is mentioned, without a feeling of uncontrollable terror. They say: "Don't touch the question at all. Don't examine it. All discussion as to what a lingam may mean must be bad. Such discussions produce evil suggestions. Avoid them, expurgate, or pass them over as quickly as possible". Such is the result of a puritanism which in the west has become a disease. It makes wrecks by the thousands because it destroys in its victims the moral capacity for discriminating between what is pure and what is impure.

A writer ought not to write just for the purpose of showing his independence, or his contempt for what the conventional world may think. Certainly not. A writer has some sort of responsibility to the world into which he sends his opinions, and he is responsible for the kind of way in which he says them—up to a certain point—up to the point where he does not suppress the facts. I heard Professor Westermarck once say: "The only indecorum known to science is the suppression of truth".

This seems to be the only rational explanation which can be made of the lingam. It has nothing to do with reproduction, because nature takes care of reproduction and no religious symbols are needed to encourage or promote it. It has no meaning even to the people who worship it today. It is a part of the whole dead husk of Hinduism, a hang-over from some obsolete period of man's evolution. It is a stumbling-block to the progress of India and constitutes a part, and a heavy part, of the brown man's burden. Miss Mayo has sought to read into this symbol some morbid significance, a positive potency for evil, which does not exist. The symbol itself is entirely senseless even to the Indians.

When I was in northern India looking around for signs of immoralities practised in connection with the temples, I was assured that temple immorality was confined to southern India. I expected to find, therefore, southern India a kind of Sodom and Gomorrah. I had read Miss Mayo's descriptions, and expected to find every temple in the south not much more than a house of assignation, with girl prostitutes gaily plying their business inside the sacred precincts.

There is a class of girls in the south called *devadassis* who come from a certain caste called the dancing-girl caste. They ultimately become immoral. Shortly before puberty, they are brought into a temple and dedicated to some god. They are not dedicated to prostitution, and if they take to prostitution later it has nothing to do with the priests or the temples or with their being dedicated to the god. Miss Mayo calls these girls " prostitutes of the gods ". This is false. The institution of the *devadassis* is an ancient institution, religious in origin, which has degenerated into immorality, but this immorality is not connected with the temple, nor is it sanctioned by religion. The primary original function of these girls was to serve the gods. Skilled dancing and singing was a part of this religious business. There are many prostitutes who are not *devadassis*. The *devadassis* are only a small percentage of the number of prostitutes. But it is upon these *devadassis* that the charges of temple immorality are based. In Madras, a movement

is on foot to abolish this dancing-girl business by law.¹ Needless to say, that has nothing to do with abolishing prostitution in general.

"How is it about the dancing girls?" I said to my guide in Tanjore. "Do they have any connection with this temple?"

"You see that platform over there? The dancing girls come here for thirteen days in the month of May and dance on that platform. That is the festival of Shiva. The temple authorities pay them for this dancing. It is a religious ceremony."

"I want to know whether the girls are connected with this temple in the capacity of prostitutes. Is prostitution going on inside the temple or are the priests using these girls for prostitutes?"

"Nothing of the kind. These girls are immoral girls and they live in their own private houses. It is the custom to employ these girls to dance at marriage ceremonies and other events of that kind. They never come inside the temple except to dance. Then they are paid for their dancing and that is all there is to it. If a priest wants to go to a prostitute, I suppose he can go like anybody else, but I don't remember to have heard of it."

As showing how Christian mentality gets mixed up on the question of Hindu immorality, here is a story told me by an American Christian Congregationalist missionary in Madura:

"There is a temple not far from here where once a year all the men and women gather together. Somebody throws a cloth into the air, which is a sign for each man to seize any women he wants, and he sleeps with that woman for one night, the next following night."

Quite a quaint, picturesque custom, I thought. I asked the missionary where the temple was. He didn't know. I asked him what day in the year the ceremony took place? He didn't know that. Was it the priest who threw the cloth up into the air? He didn't know that. He had heard about it and there was not the slightest doubt that it was all true. I wonder. In India,

¹ A law has just been passed in Cochin (southern India) suppressing the *devadassis* as an institution. These laws are passed by the Hindus themselves, not by the English.

where the job of some missionaries appears to be to damn Hinduism in order to make proselytes to Christianity, the best attitude to observe, until facts are proved, is that of skepticism.

Miss Mayo tells a story almost as good (or bad) on page 30:

"In case, however, of the continued failure of the wife—any wife—to give him a child, the Hindu husband has a last recourse; he may send his wife on a pilgrimage to a temple, bearing gifts. And, it is affirmed, some castes habitually save time by doing this on the first night after the marriage. At the temple, by day, a woman must beseech the god for a son and at night she must sleep within the sacred precincts. Morning come, she has a tale to tell the priest of what befell her under the veil of darkness. ' Give praise, O daughter of honour ', replies the priest. ' It was the god ! ' "

I went into this matter with my old Roman Catholic guide at Tanjore. A kindly person he was, dressed in seedy clothes, walking with a stick and having a little gold cross hanging from his watch-chain.

" You have been here a long time ? " I asked.

" Yes, all my life. "

" What do you know about women coming here to pray for children ? "

" Barren women come to take vows before these lingams. You see these stones have some oil on them, and there is one with some flowers on it. A woman who wants a child will bring some oil and flowers and offer them as a sacrifice to Shiva and Parvati. I have not seen so many women coming here as in former years. There are not so many barren women now. That is the only way I can explain it. "

" Have you heard the stories about these women staying here overnight and sleeping with the priests for the purpose of getting children ? "

" Oh yes, I have heard those stories. But that is all fabulous, all exaggeration, all pure rubbish. These priests are simple men for whom anything like that would be a sin. "

Let us suppose that a woman who thinks she is barren goes to the temple to pray to the god to take away her barrenness. The

woman may be superstitious, but the chances are she is not an idiot. She thinks that by votive offerings and a sincere prayer the god may be prevailed upon to do something miraculous, that is to say, to remove her barrenness. That is what takes place in the woman's mind. If the god hears her prayer and removes her barrenness, she knows that she can have a child just as well by her husband as by the priest. And, as a matter of fact, for all that Miss Mayo or I know, this kind of praying may produce a psychological change in the woman which enables her thereafter to bear a child by her husband. That ought to be looked into by psychologists. But a woman who goes into a temple determined to commit an act of immorality in the temple, either with a priest or with some other rascal, knows that her praying to the lingam is a mere piece of humbug. Miss Mayo's theory assumes that both the wife and her husband are imbeciles. Again, we always come back to the same question: What does good Miss Mayo know about it anyway? When she knows something, when she has some proof, we shall all be delighted to listen. Unless she can prove what she says, her accusations are pure fake. In any law court she would be laughed at. Arguing against her is like trying to prove a negative, which after all is a waste of time.

We may end this discussion by quoting one more text from the gospel according to saint Katherine, to be found on page 25:

"In many parts of the country, north and south, the little boy, his mind so prepared, is likely, if physically attractive, to be drafted for the satisfaction of grown men, or to be regularly attached to a temple, in the capacity of prostitute. Neither parent as a rule sees any harm in this, but is rather flattered that the son has been found pleasing."

Here a healthy new subject is opened up—homo-sexualism. Miss Mayo says: "in many parts of the country, north and south". That sounds "scientific", especially to anybody reading it in the United States who isn't exactly sure where India is on the map. Homo-sexualism has been going on a long time. In his epistle to the Romans, Paul the Apostle gave us a picture of homo-sexualism as it existed in his day. Just now it seems to be coming back into

fashionable circles in western countries. Novels are written about it. Plays are constructed on it. Pictures are painted about it. Less than a year ago, I was in a club in New York—quite a respectable club, frequented by “advanced” people—where there was an exhibition of pictures being held. The masterpiece of the collection, the biggest canvas, represented two naked women engaged in the act of homo-sexualism. I wondered why the police didn’t see it. There are many things in New York that the police never see. They are “advancing” with the others.

That doesn’t prove anything about India. Miss Mayo is dealing with India. She is not responsible for New York. But then, to deal with India you must have facts. You must know what you are talking about, unless you are satisfied to have only fools for an audience. Can Miss Mayo tabulate for us a list of all or any of the poor, pathetic, little-boy prostitutes which she knows to have been “drafted” to serve as prostitutes in Indian temples? Can Miss Mayo give any proof or verification whatever? Is that asking too much? If she can do this, she will show, what she has not yet shown, that she is capable of dealing with facts. She has been filled up with stories at second and third hand¹. The people who told these stories were people, obviously, whose skins were white. Opinions in India differ according to complexions. Legends and fables heard in English hotels are one thing. Facts are another. The greatest thing in the world is to be neutral, and to search for truth based on facts.

Madras, January 26th, 1931.

¹ I came in contact with stories of this kind in hotels and railroad trains all over India, and always, I am sorry to say, from the British. No facts, but mere flimsy gossip, hearsay, a mass of diseased race-prejudice, spread about by people whose moral own make-up oftentimes seemed to be extremely dubious.

XV. — THE TEMPLE AT KONARAK.

I learned of the release of Mahatmaji from Poona jail while I was in Madras. According to the newspapers, Lord Irwin had wished to show to Gandhi "a great act of clemency". From London, the centre of the British empire, was flashed the glad news that Lord Irwin had done a "great act of statesmanship". Gandhi, set free, would now have a chance to repent of his past actions. But from another point of view it looked as if Lord Irwin was like a man who had attempted to cross a glacier, had fallen into a crevasse and was now asking Mr. Gandhi kindly to pull him out of the crevasse.

I whirled northward towards Allahabad in the hope of getting a chance of seeing the man whom the British empire to-day fears more than any other man on earth, stopping by the way only long enough to gather up a few odds and ends essential to passing a final verdict on some points raised by Miss Katherine Mayo in her truth-destructive book "Mother India". Ninety-five per cent of all that is published today in newspapers and magazines is nothing but trash—stuff published today and forgotten tomorrow. Newspapers are written down to the level of the mob. The pulpit is more or less gagged by the commercial interests of those who sit in the pews. The result is that the greatest factor capable of shaping public opinion remains, as it has always been, the book. No book about India has been written which has more profoundly affected public opinion the world over than Miss Mayo's "Mother India". One reason for the success of the book is that the writer has discussed questions of public and private morality with a reckless and daring freedom,

which is precisely the way in which such questions ought to be discussed. Her method is to fascinate her readers by calling a spade a spade. By calling spades spades, she persuades her readers that India is a plague-spot on the face of the earth and that what India needs is not a political revolution but a moral revolution. If her thesis is true, Gandhi is simply wasting his time. The mass of educated Indians are so much in earnest about finding out what India really needs that in no country has "Mother India" been read on a wider scale than in India itself. India is *par excellence* the country of the open mind. India has lost everything, is a lost country, and therefore Indians run no danger in keeping their minds open on the vital question of getting back some of the things they have lost. The attack of Miss Mayo against the morality of India is of such a deadly and uncompromising nature that the neutral-minded world has to decide whether India is shameful or the attacks of Miss Mayo are shameful. It has to be one thing or the other. Indians have attempted to answer Miss Mayo, but Indians are not clever at the art of self-vindication. The British rulers and the Christian missionaries have taught the Indians that the one thing they must never try to do is to vindicate themselves. It will be much more comfortable for them just quietly to accept their own position of inferiority. Freedom and equality and respectability will come to them some day, but gradually and by the slow process of evolution. This bluff has worked so successfully in India that Indians no longer have any capacity left for understanding sarcasm. Some Indians came to an editor of a newspaper in Lahore, who was an Englishman, and said to him: "Don't use sarcasm in your paper. We cannot understand it".

It is for this reason that Indians have shown themselves entirely incapable of defending themselves with success against the attacks of Miss Mayo. Their efforts have not been along the right line. One book was written in the belief that "Mother India" could be demolished by slinging mud at the United States, and another book was written along the line of slinging mud at Europe.

A good judge is not interested in mud-slinging. He wants

to know facts. The way to answer Miss Mayo is to take up any little question of fact in her book and go to the bottom of it. Miss Mayo obviously claims no immunity from counter-attacks on the ground of her being a member of the gentler sex, and that is one point decidedly in her favor. She goes into a battle in which the only weapons are pen and paper. "Spades are spades" for her, no matter whether she is a man or woman. Let us therefore continue to investigate a little question of fact which she brings out on page 24:

"Even though the sex symbols themselves were not present, there are the sculptures and paintings on temple walls and temple chariots, on palace doors and street-wall frescoes, realistically demonstrating every conceivable aspect and humor of sex contact; there are the eternal songs on the lips of the women of the household: there is, in brief, the occupation and pre-occupation of the whole human world within the child's vision, to predispose thought."

Now, the eternal songs on the lips of the women are obviously hard to investigate for anybody not knowing the native languages. Also hard of investigation is the sexual abuse which, according to Miss Mayo, page 25, the Indian mother, high or low caste, practises upon her children. But as concerns the "sculptures on temple walls", etc., we have here a question of fact which can be brought down to a very nice point of verification.

What Miss Mayo alleges is that sex-contact pictures are so universal in India that they cannot escape the "young child's vision".

Having travelled from one end of India to the other and not having seen any of these sex-contact pictures, I questioned two learned and well-travelled Hindus in Madras upon the subject. They told me that such pictures did exist in three places in India, in the temple of Juggernaut at Puri, in the temple at Konarak and in the Nepalese temple in Benares. To ascertain to what an extent these pictures would affect a child's vision required a visit to those places. Every wayside shrine in India is counted as a temple, so that there are in India hundreds of thousands of

structures that pass as temples. If, out of that number, three had sex-contact pictures, the situation would not seem to be serious for the youth of India, but still these three would offer a loophole for Miss Mayo to get out of her difficulty.

My Hindu friends in Madras told me that in one of the upper niches of the exterior of the temple in Puri there are some of these pictures. I went to Puri and found that no non-Hindu is allowed to enter even so much as the outer gates of that temple. It is not likely that Miss Mayo was ever admitted there. I next visited the temple at Konarak, which one reaches by a 62-mile drive from Puri in a motor-car.

Of all the mysteries of India, the temple at Konarak is perhaps the greatest. It is located in a lonely, uninhabited place, miles outside of any possibility of its coming within the vision of any young child in India. No human being has anything to do with it. No pilgrim comes to it. No priest officiates in it. Birds and jackals may occasionally look at it. It is a ruin of some dead age. It is covered with Miss Mayo's "sex-contact" pictures, but it has no more to do with the life of modern India than the ruined temples at Baalbek have to do with the people living in the modern cities of Damascus and Beyrut. Originally built on the shore of the Bay of Bengal, the sea has receded and now this immense pyramid of stone is surrounded for two miles on all sides by a belt of sea-sand which makes it approachable only on foot. No motor-car can get within two miles of it. When it was built or by whom is not known. It is made to represent the chariot of the sun god. It may be 2,000 years old. There is something exotic about it, something suggesting Assyria or Baalbek, something that is not of India. At the base there are immense chariot wheels carved in stone. You are made to feel that this chariot can fly off the earth. It is not anchored to the ground. You are invited to get into the chariot, to sit with the sun god, to fly off the earth to those regions above which are the home of the sun god. The interior cavity has been filled up by the British government to prevent the walls from falling in. But the lesson is on the outside. "Get into my chariot and leave this corruptible

earth", says the sun god. "Take a bath in the sea, wash away your sins and then fly away with me." Hence the temple was built by the sea.

Here we have a connection with Persia, with Mazda, Mithra and Zoroastrianism. The sun god has little or no place in Hindu religion. At some remote age, he was carried from the west to the east across India, perhaps by the Parsees or their ancestors. The temple is covered with pictures which are shocking to modern standards of taste, and yet the whole thing is the noblest monument of antiquity which exists in India today. Other Indian temples, compared to it, sink into insignificance. How is this wonderful effect produced?

The first impression one receives from the lower sculptures which surround the whole structure to the height of the eye is that they are disgusting. Every form of human beastliness is realistically and powerfully represented. Nothing was too bad to be chiseled into the stone. Man looks at these pictures and then the sun god says to him: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" The sun god put the pictures here because the sun god wanted man to become disgusted with himself. The artistic and moral result is completely successful. The pictures represent animalism in every conceivable form. But on closer examination there appears to be a regular alternation between good and bad pictures. The whole human mind was here to be exposed, the good thoughts as well as the bad thoughts. These intermediary figures, generally in the form of a woman with folded hands, clothed, and with the lower part of the body in the shape of a serpent, appear to represent some kind of a counteracting influence. More research would be necessary to determine just what these intermediate figures mean. Then there are hideous dragons, with opened jaws, placed at regular intervals, ready to devour the men and women engaged in unnatural lusts.

The longer one studies and meditates upon this strange jumble, the clearer it becomes that it conveyed a great moral lesson to the people living at the time when it was made. That obscenity was put here just for the sake of obscenity is an impos-

sible hypothesis. It probably symbolized the drawing up of man from levels of animalism into some realm of purity and glory which was the dwelling-place of the sun god. This explanation is strengthened by the bas-relief of the sun god which is placed on a higher level, remote from all the sex pictures. Here we have a piece of art that surpasses anything I have seen in India. It represents a higher religious and moral conception than anything else I have seen. Indian sculpture in temples is generally coarse and repulsive. From a moral point of view, Indian sculpture is completely innocent, but sculptured women with bulging breasts and enormous hips do not correspond to Grecian standards of beauty. I have asked Indians if they thought these bulging women were immoral. They answered that on account of their breasts being uncovered they might perhaps be considered as immoral. Now, here is a singular thing to be noted between the standards of the east and west. Indian women never uncover their breasts or their legs to the extent that is done by women in the west. To an Indian, the manner in which some western women dress is simply shocking. These differences between east and west are mere matters of custom or fashion.

But now we are considering this picture of the sun god, which is the finest thing in India. He is represented standing erect and rigid with a kilt around his waist. Nothing could be more effective than the extreme simplicity of this marvellous picture in pale green stone—no moulding of flesh or muscles, no detail, no attempt at realism. Nothing can touch him, nothing can move him, because he is deity itself. Humanity must come to his feet and worship him. There is no other alternative, except complete destruction. Humanity is represented at his feet in the form of a man and woman, kneeling. Their faces are turned upwards and their eyes are fixed upon his countenance. But he pays no attention to them. His glance is straight ahead, neither to the right nor the left. The man and woman can choose to go with him or to leave him. If they have sinned, let them go and clean themselves. There is the sea. So today this tradition of washing away of sins is still carried on at Puri. One mile from the temple

of Juggernaut is the "Door of Paradise", where thousands of pilgrims can be seen bathing in the surf and washing away their sins. The first temple was built at Konarak, but then the sea went back; Konarak was abandoned and a second temple was built at Puri, close to the sea. Today the temple at Puri is called the temple of Juggernaut, the "lord of the universe", but Juggernaut is probably only another name for the sun god of Konarak.

The bas-relief of the sun god is made on a hard, green stone called chlorite. So different is it from the rest of the building that the visitor will say that it is an innovation put into the temple yesterday. Nothing of the kind. The bas-relief is as old as the temple itself. Here is a stone that has faced the weather for perhaps two thousand years and yet every cut of the chisel is as perfect and delicate as if it were made yesterday. The bulk of the temple with the mass of other figures is made of some inferior stone which has become much oxidized and pitted. So the very stones would seem to have been selected for the purpose of preaching the difference between the corruptible and the incorruptible. The temple must have been built by some ruler of fabulous wealth, for immense stones, resembling those of Baalbek, though smaller, were hauled a distance of 80 miles over swamps, rivers and sand-beds and placed in what was apparently a wilderness.

Few people visit Konarak. It is a difficult place to get to. Has Miss Mayo ever visited Konarak?

So far was the British government from considering that this temple was a menace to public morals that it went to great expense to preserve it as a priceless relic of antiquity.

Then we come to the so-called Nepalese temple in Benares. In this city I had as a guide a sagacious, pious, old Mohamedan whose name was Hajji. At the beginning of our relations he was a strong supporter of the British rule, but that was only at the beginning, and of course he wanted to know what my own feelings were. Before the British came to India it was not safe to travel from one city to another, but now, said Hajji, you can throw silver

or gold in the road and nobody would touch it. This might be true, provided the British had left anybody in Benares with any gold or silver to make the experiment with. Hajji was in the depths of poverty himself. He was a Hajji because he had made a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca, and I discovered that he was clever at getting money out of tourists in order that he and his wife might make a second pilgrimage. I felt that I was almost as good as a Hajji, because I had finally reached the holy city of Benares. Hajji had laid out for me an elaborate two days' program in Benares, but after I had seen the chief object of interest, the Monkey Temple, I decided that I could assimilate Benares in three or four hours, much to Hajji's disappointment. There were no sex pictures in the Monkey Temple. While the all-important thing for Hajji was to make a second pilgrimage to Mecca, the all-important thing for me was to find sex pictures in Benares, so I said to him:

“ How many temples are there in Benares ? ”

“ Your honor, there are ten thousand temples in Benares, counting all the little shrines. ”

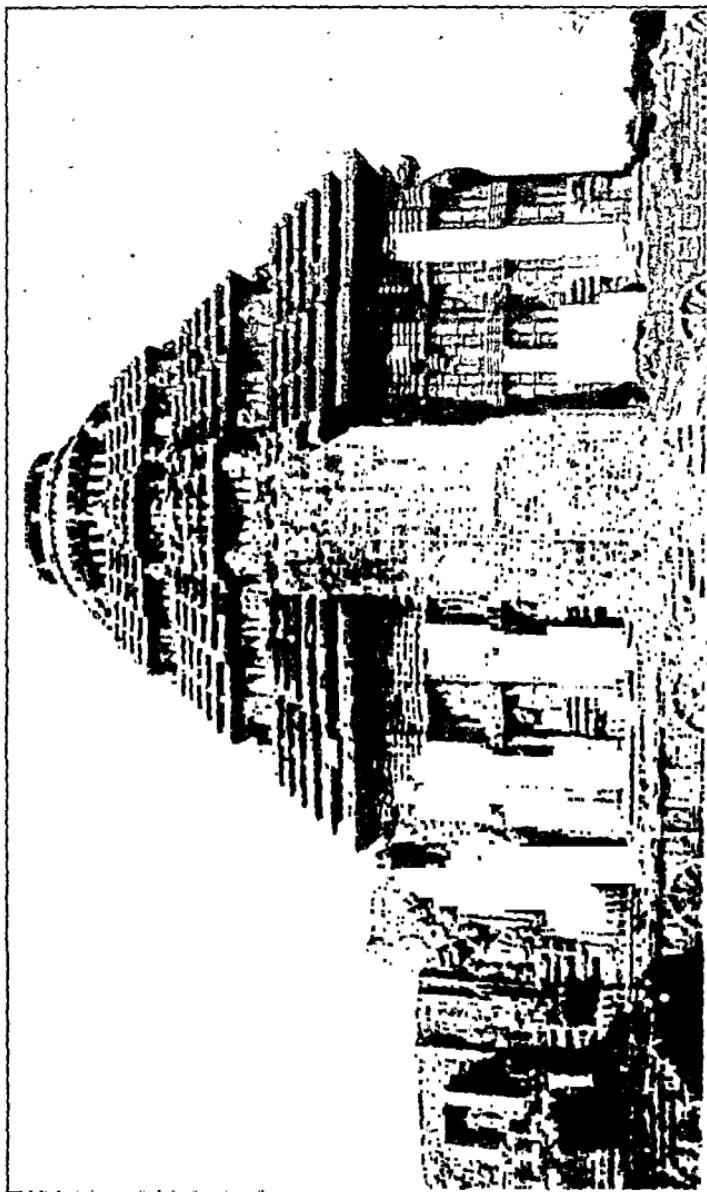
“ Are there any sex-contact pictures on any of these temples ? Do you understand what I mean ? ”

“ Yes, your honor, I understand exactly what your honor means. There is only one temple in Benares that has these pictures. It is the Nepalese temple, the only temple in India that has these pictures. I was keeping this temple for your honor to see in the morning when the sun is on the pictures and the people are bathing in the Ganges. ”

I wanted to face the worst without delay, to bring the investigations to an end, to get on to more important matters at Allahabad connected with Gandhi and the All-India Congress.

As a holy city, Benares is a bitter disappointment. It is one of the seven sacred cities of the Hindus and is a great centre for the worship of Shiva. Having travelled from one end of India to the other, I have failed to find anything edifying or ennobling in the worship of Shiva or any other Hindu god. The Hindus have a great capacity for devotion, for forgetting the physical,

tangible, mechanical, material side of life, for centering their thoughts upon some higher object than that of mere material comfort, but these senseless lingams and repulsive idols are unworthy of their worship and devotion. These stones and idols represent so much religious starvation. They are the husks, the hang-overs from an age that is so remote in the past that it has ceased completely to have any human reality or meaning to the modern men of India. Millions of Hindus are staggering under this crushing incubus of rancid, sour, decayed, religious atavism. Many sincere and devout Christians, convinced of the great human realities still indwelling in their own religious tradition, have hoped and prayed that the Hindus could be brought within the fold of the church. But if the church is to remain in its present subordinate position, completely overshadowed by the all-mighty state, that is a dream which will never be realized. The church, in tutelage to imperialistic and military states, has nothing to offer to the Hindu, except more subjection and more slavery. The effort to bring Christianity into India has been an appalling failure. Trade follows the flag. First came the troops, then the flag, then the trade, then the cross. In Allahabad there is a "Church of England Soldiers' Institute", with two brass cannon standing in front of it. That tells the story. That is the way Christianity came to India—at the tail of the procession. Christianity never came into any country—to stay—by way of the back-door. Looking at the whole scene in India, the religious and material starvation, the sects and castes and races, the truth comes home with terrible force that nothing but a revolution can ever do India any good. Should a revolution ever come, it will probably make a clean sweep of every idol in India. It will be justifiable, provided it makes a thorough job, and really unites all religions and races into one living nation. Other races and nations have been obliged to pass through revolutions of one kind or another, and it is not clear that India will be spared what others have had to face. One can say this without wishing England any ill-will in the world. Russia has waked up. China has waked up. India will wake up and see a new world.



The temple of Konarak. To the left, the bas-relief of the sun god. Page 155.

At the Nepalese temple, the only live things were a cow standing in its urine, and a vacuous-eyed boy with a long pole ready to point out the obscene pictures to any occasional tourist. I gathered that these pictures had been more especially an object of interest to travellers than to the natives. They were curiosities because of their rarity. They attracted people who had tips to give. The temple is a squalid, insignificant affair with a wooden roof supported by sixteen wooden props and upon these props the pictures are cut. They could be classed as art, with the carvings on an Alaskan totem. Here we have again decent pictures put in regular alternation with indecent pictures. That being the case, we cannot say that the whole effect is indecent. The decency of the thing depends upon the motive with which it was made. The temple was built 200 years ago by a maharajah of Nepal and is intended for the edification of mongol pilgrims from Nepal. The bottom picture on each prop represents a scene from some lower world of sensualism. Above this scene comes a decent picture of a man playing a musical instrument sitting next to a woman engaged in prayer. Above this scene comes a picture of a goddess, possibly representing a heavenly state. The whole thing could be interpreted as a cosmogony representing heaven, earth and hell.

This seems to conclude the list of sex-contact pictures which can be seen in India. Hajji supplied me with a series of photographs representing all the indecent pictures, but with all the decent pictures carefully left out. He received four rupees for the set, which I hope will be applied to his second pilgrimage to Mecca.

Murray's *Handbook to India* speaks of the Nepalese temple as follows:

"It is a picturesque object, but disfigured with indecent carvings: they do not catch the eye, and if the attendant can be discouraged from pointing them out, nobody need keep away on their account. This does not represent in the least the Hindu temples", etc.

I am perfectly free to admit that to look at the Nepalese temple is an unpleasant experience. To Anthony Comstock it would

have been unspeakably dreadful. I am too much of a puritan myself ever to believe that the highest form of ethical culture is to be arrived at by the method of which the Nepalese temple in Benares is such a shining example. The highest form of ethical culture, so far as I am concerned, was expressed by the immortal Emerson, and if the Nepalese temple were to be placed in any Massachusetts village, such as Concord, Sudbury, Bedford, Harvard or Hollis, the innovation would produce a revolution almost certain to be accomplished by bloodshed.

I am sorry to have given the Nepalese temple so much undeserved advertisement, and should not have referred to it had it not been necessary to do so in connection with Miss Mayo's widely diffused misrepresentations of India, her people, their customs and good repute.

Indecent pictures on palace doors, chariots and street walls, according to my investigation and information, nowhere exist in India. So far as temples are concerned, two temples, possibly three, out of many thousands, come in question, but the sculptures I have described on two of these temples — the third not being accessible to non-Hindus — are not in a position ever to come within the vision of any young child. There is nothing in Miss Mayo's sweeping charges. They are pure fabrication.

We may leave at this point the sex-contact controversy, in the hope that it may be buried, never again to be reopened.

Allahabad, February 13th, 1931.

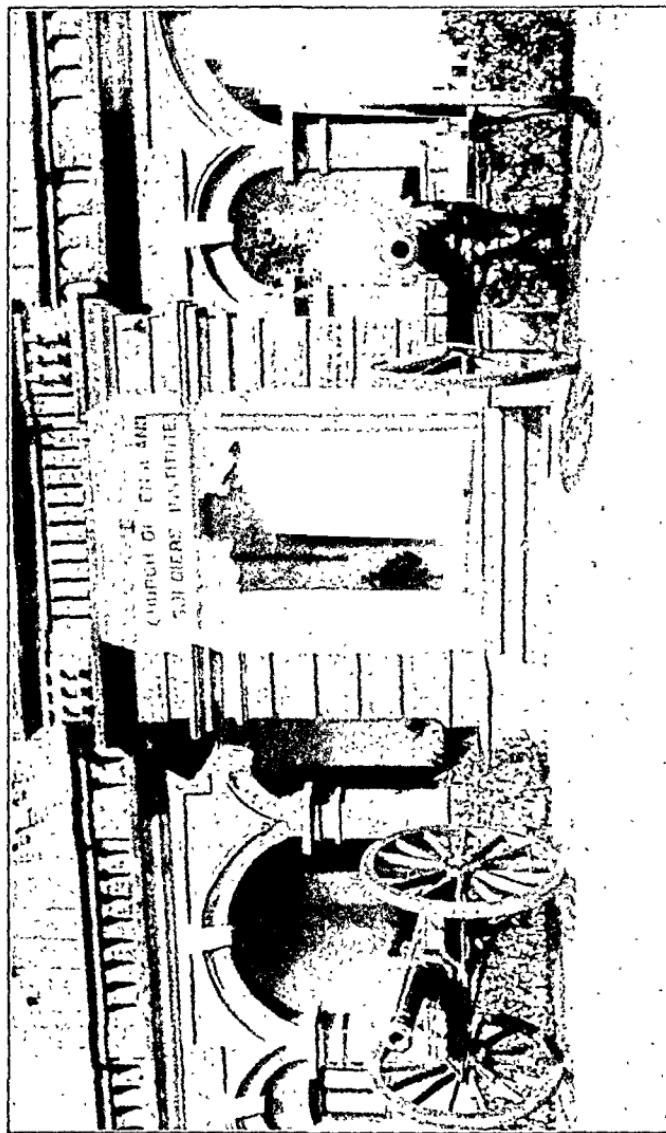
XVI. — THE KALI-GHAT BABY.

A sword descended on the neck of a little black kid. The head fell to one side, while from the twitching body the heart continued to pump out upon the pavement a puddle of vermillion-colored blood. This was a sacrifice to the goddess Kali in her temple in Calcutta. Thousands of flies swooped down upon the blood, entirely covering it with their black bodies. Then hungry dogs came and lapped up the blood. Lastly, a woman came and with a cloth mopped up the blood which was thereafter to be used, as I was told, for the preservation of meat up till nightfall.

Other little black kids were being decked out with marigolds. I know nothing more pathetic than the bleat of a kid, with shaking legs and loaded with garlands, being pushed up to the block to be offered as a sacrifice to Kali. The sun is hot, the flies and beggars are plentiful, the air is heavy with the scent of past and present sacrifices. Forty kids are decapitated here daily. The heads are boiled in a cauldron and go to charity. The bodies are removed and eaten by those who offer the sacrifice. I cannot see any difference between what goes on here and what goes on in a Chicago slaughter-house, except that in Chicago Kali has been entirely forgotten. I saw three kids sacrificed, could have seen forty had I waited, but not loving the sight as much as Kali, I turned away. Kali is a goddess and a mother to the Hindu, but to me she is a nightmare. I have a great sympathy with the Mohamedans in India who have to live in close proximity to Kali's temples. If you go to Kali's temple to see a cross-section of Hindu culture and religion, suddenly there before you is a cross-section of a goat's neck. Kali keeps people's minds in a state of terror. First she gloated in human sacrifice. Now she gloats in

the blood of goats. Kali's religion is a religion of fear. She must be propitiated.

Gandhi says that one religion is as good as another. From one point of view that seems to be reasonable. But a religion of fear is not as good as a religion of love. Of course, we have to remember that religion and idealism are not the same thing. When idealism takes a body, puts itself into a system, is adopted by large numbers of people, then it often becomes a religion with an ethical basis. If one religion is as good as another, how could there have been any progress in the world? Christianity put down Paganism on the ground that Christianity was better than Paganism. I am asking myself constantly this question: if the Hindus are to break their chains and to live under institutions as free as any which exist in America or Europe, are they going to continue to have this terrible fear of the blood-thirsty Kali? Will Kali and her sacrifices be carried into the new era? Will her idols be less objectionable to Mohamedans, Parsees, Sikhs and Christians under a socialist republic than they are today under the British raj? The beautiful faces of the Hindus are in tragic contrast to the ugly faces of their idols. Intelligent Hindus like Gandhi and Malaviya can easily see that ninety per cent of Hinduism is obsolete, and it would be a great help if they would frankly state that fact to their people. The Mohamedan community is afraid of "Hindu Raj", and with a certain justice. The All-India Hindu Mahasaba is an orthodox organization which lays particular stress on protecting the "Hindu community". In America, when we speak of a "community centre", it means a centre for all races, classes, bloods, colors and religions. That is the Christian idea of a community. In India, the meaning of "community" is exactly the reverse. As a nationalist, Malaviya seeks the expulsion of the British power, but as a leader of the Hindu Mahasaba he seeks the preservation of Hindus as a people and of their culture. The Mahasaba derives encouragement from a book written by an American entitled "Hinduism invades America". Here is an instance of sloppy terminology. Vivekananda has invaded America just as Emerson has invaded India. Hinduism as I have



Christianizing India, in the wrong way. Page 160.

seen it in India means largely idolatry, caste, untouchability, Kali-worship, lingam-worship. That is what it means for the millions of the common people. All these things are chained together. Gandhi says that untouchability is a curse. But if that is true, untouchability is only a part of a whole system that is a curse. Untouchables are today trying to force their way into Hindu temples. But the very temples with their idols which have made these people untouchables are also a curse. It is the root of the curse which should be destroyed.

I cannot see the political problem in India apart from the religious problem. The religions of India are not sufficiently harmonious to support the political fabric which the people of India are trying to build. Without some kind of general religious unity and purpose among the people of India they will not be able to maintain a self-governing state. They may have to pass first through a state of chaos. Materialistic and religiously cynical as the peoples of the west may have become, they are living under states which are stable, strong and firmly knit together and which have at one time or another passed through periods of revolution which have been chaotic. Chaos is a factor in evolution. Christianity itself has always presupposed a certain amount of chaos. When idols fall there is a chaos. Christianity is like a volcano which from time to time is capable of making a terrible explosion. The Christian peoples had a will-power to evolve along a certain line, and if they live under states which today hold together it is because they are the product and outgrowth of one and the same religious purpose. Their religious color is practically everywhere the same. Can democracy come in India as in the west ? If so, then caste must go, untouchability must go, princes must go, monarchy must go, with all the paraphernalia of idols and temples which have kept these things in place. The criticism which I have heard made of Gandhi by many Hindus is that he does not hit caste, brahminism and untouchability with a sledgehammer. He is brave in attacking the oppression which comes from without, but timid in attacking the oppression which springs from within.

What the educated Hindu generally does not recognize is that there are things in the Hindu cult as practised by the masses which tend to irritate, offend and disgust all non-Hindus. As a nationalist, he demands the fundamental rights of the people, including "religious neutrality on the part of the state" and "the free profession and practice of religion, subject to public order and morality".

But in this free state who is to make this code of morality which is to be a standard for all the citizens? The Christian has one code, the Moslem another, the Hindu another. Which morality is to prevail, or is there to be a new code for all? The free republic dreamed of by the Indian nationalist will not stand, so long as one citizen is allowed by his religion to have four wives while a citizen living in the next house is allowed by his religion to have only one wife. Indian nationalists are trying to arrive at a formula for "Hindu-Moslem unity" which is to be based on a fixed ratio of votes allotted to each community in the new constitution, but no matter what the ratio is, what guarantee of peace will there be so long as the Hindu worships the cow and the Moslem eats the cow? How are men in India to be fellow-citizens with each other in a free republic so long as in each railroad station there is a pump marked "Drinking-water for Moslems" and another pump marked "Drinking-water for Hindus"? An Englishman confided to me that it was the easiest thing in the world to produce a communal riot. Hooligans and criminals can be hired to do it. For money paid to him, a Hindu criminal will kill a pig and throw it into a Mohamedan mosque. A Moslem criminal for money will slaughter a cow and leave it in front of a Hindu temple. These acts will immediately produce the bloodiest riots. The Englishman told me that the British do not as a matter of fact foment these riots for it is not in their interest that Hindus and Moslems should exterminate each other. That, of course, is very kind on the part of the British. It probably would not be safe to assert positively that the British have always practised in India this loving kindness, and that they have always strained every nerve to promote unity and brotherhood between Hindu and Moslem,

or to assert that the British are maintaining army and police in India not so much to uphold the empire as to prevent Hindu and Moslem from hacking each other to pieces. Queer things happen in India. The British underground system of checks and balances is marvelous. Here are millions of people living in the grossest, the blackest ignorance. It is a question in the last analysis for the British of holding them down by bayonets. The offset to fratracidal riots would be the public school, where touchable and untouchable, Moslem and Hindu, would be educated together. But school-houses cost money. Warren Hastings and Lord Clive never came to India to build school-houses, and what today irritates the British chiefly is not their inability to spread education among the masses so much as their inability to get British cotton goods into the country.

What the Indian nationalist wants is a free and independent republic guaranteeing to the citizen all those fundamental rights of man and of the citizen which are the characteristics of Christian states. How is such a state going to be made to stand upright on a basis of Mohamedan polygamy and Hindu idolatry? But today the untouchables are on the march, the white-capped volunteers are on the march, the Moslem red-shirts of Peshawar are on the march, the Hindu and Mohamedan and Parsee women are on the march, and they are all going somewhere and they are all going to do something. They will swing their sledge-hammers at the right time and they will work out their own redemption, just as man has always done from the beginning of history.

The British came to India two hundred years ago and with the bulldog tenacity which characterizes their race they have stayed in India ever since. They have made India swallow big chunks of British civilization. At the time of Warren Hastings and Lord Clive, their chief centre of operations was Calcutta. Those early Englishmen fought up hill and down hill. They traded, intrigued, transferred the money of the princes into their own pockets, stood up under the fierce heat, enriched the East India company, licked the French, faced danger and disease, built forts and churches, drank whisky—in a word, behaved just like healthy English-

men have always claimed a right to behave under similar circumstances. Among those early Englishman, there was many a fine man like Sir Henry Lawrence who tried to serve India, a man who put down suttee, who befriended poor prisoners against the despotism of the princes and who was killed at the siegc of Lucknow. I know no Indian who is not willing to take off his hat to Englishmen of that type. Then there is an inscription given by Edward Thompson in his book, "The Reconstruction of India", as follows:

"To the Memory of Augustus Cleveland, Esq., who, without bloodshed or the terror of authority, accomplished the entire subjection of the lawless and savage inhabitants of the Jungle-terry of Paharmahal, who had long infested the neighboring lands by their predatory invasions, and attached them to civilized life by a conquest over their minds—the most permanent as the only rational mode of dominion."

What a splendid ideal for any man to live up to! Lawrence and Cleveland were real sahibs.

Whenever a person in the United States speaks of a negro as a "nigger", we know exactly where to pigeon-hole that person in the social register. Think of people of that calibre entrusted with the government of India or any other country! They are not fit to be entrusted with the government of dogs, to say nothing of governing men. And yet there are Englishmen of that type holding offices of power in India. An Indian said to an Englishman: "There was a time when you sent us sahibs, now you send us coolies".

I spent twelve hours in Calcutta and my guide was Sam Kahn of a Pathan family in Allahabad. He showed me the Black Hole of Calcutta, now no longer a hole but merely a location marked by a monument bearing the names of the British officers and soldiers who perished here in 1756. Two days prior to my visit, Subbas Chandra Bose, the Lord Mayor of Calcutta, had been beaten in front of this monument by the police because he was leading a procession with a national flag in his hand. What a disgraceful way to treat a Lord Mayor! Later, I met Mr. Bose in Karachi

and he showed me his hand, a bone in which had been broken by these police rowdies.

In the immense public park called the Maidan stands a marble memorial to Queen Victoria erected at a cost of three million dollars. On the top of it is a revolving figure of Victory, sixteen feet high and weighing three tons. Scattered through the park are equestrian statues of British military heroes. Nowhere in India does one see such an imposing display of British grandiosity as in Calcutta. Nowhere in Calcutta did I see any monument or statue raised to the honor of India. Everything was for the British, nothing for the Indians. It was fantastic, appalling, unbelievable. In Murray's guide-book, I counted a list of 31 statues to English lords, generals, governors, kings and queens. Throughout India, one sees ghostly white marble statues raised to the ruling king-emperor, all paid for by the Indians. But the whiteness of the statues only makes the black hopelessness of the situation seem more appalling. There are monuments in Calcutta and Lucknow which the Indians have paid for and which are there to tell them that since the days of Clive and Hastings they have been rebels and mutineers. But for the Indians in Calcutta there is the Central Jail. That would seem to be their proper monument. As I passed its walls, behind which the Lord Mayor of Calcutta and his comrades were presumably confined, they inspired in my breast no emotion other than one of complete gratitude at being safely on the outside of them.

Six miles out from Calcutta, on the bank of the Ganges, a few monks called swamis have established a mission to the memory of Rama Krishna and his disciple Vivekananda. These two men succeeded in bringing to the attention of the western world much that is most pure, beautiful and spiritual in Hindu religion and philosophy. No Hindu, other than Gandhi, ever made upon the west so great an impression as Vivekananda. His appearance at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, as an exponent of Hinduism, came as a shock to the smug self-sufficiency of certain Christian pundits who took the view that God had established Christianity to be the one and only true religion. There was

something free and glorious about Vivekananda, a person gleaming with light, a scoffer at all dogmas, an orator with a marvelous style, a star of the first magnitude. He brought the best there was in Hinduism to America. But where has it all gone to ? His followers, as I met them in Madras and Calcutta, seemed to be lost in a dream, and without any plan of action in connection with the political movement which now is seething in the soul of India.

The basic fact about a man is always his religion. It is the substance of which the man is only the shadow. Vivekananda's theory was the main idea of Hinduism, a system of "yoga" involving concentration, deep breathing and other forms of self-discipline, by the practice of which a man would ultimately get to nirvana or heaven. The earth is a poor place to live in, but one has to come back to it again and again. This is the theory of transmigration of souls which Gandhi and Vivekananda tell us is a fundamental tenet of Hinduism. Of course, when one gets to heaven one isn't sure exactly how long one is going to stay there before one comes down again. All these ideas about how to breathe, how to transmigrate and how to reincarnate have left the Hindu mind badly mixed up on the question of getting social and political conditions straightened out on the earth. Hinduism keeps us fasting, drawing long breaths and passing over the great divide not once but many times. The great aim is to get up to heaven and to stay there for good. The great aim of Christianity was expressed in the words: "Thy kingdom come on earth as in heaven". That meant war. "I come to bring not peace but a sword".

Why worry about heaven or nirvana or the immortality of the soul ? We ought to live for the great Now. Emerson was once asked whether he believed in the immortality of the soul. He answered that he was not sure about it, but he was sure that after he died everything was going to be all right.

When I looked at the little temple raised to the memory of Vivekananda on the bank of the Ganges, it brought back an early chapter in my own life when Vivekananda had been my *guru*. I was living in a bustling materialistic city of the far west. Everybody in the city was working to get rich, and I felt that if I didn't

stop working I might become too rich. Christian Science, New Thought and Theosophy were being boomed in the city and they made me feel that I was in a real danger of being swallowed up by materialism. Through theosophy, I came in touch with Vivekananda. I poured over his books and kept looking at his picture. I wanted to become a yogi like him. I practised deep breathing and went into the silence, hours on end. I ate nothing but coarse graham muffins without any yeast or salt in them, which had to be specially made for me. I took long fasts, which upset the nerves of those who were obliged to live in the same house with me. If I had kept on I might have become a mahatma, but I gave it up. I slipped back into materialism.

Many westerners think that Buddhism is widespread in India. This is false. Buddhism, though it started in India, was driven out long ago by the brahmins, because it assailed caste. Buddha probably came in some ways nearer to Christ than any other teacher who ever lived in India. Being a prince, he renounced everything in order to establish human equality. He made the one great effort in India for a casteless democracy. So far as straightforward morality and high-living is concerned, there is nothing in the world that can beat Buddhism. It is today strong in Burma and Ceylon, and if it could now press into India from those directions, and if some new kind of Christianity (with the missionaries left out) could press in from the west, that perhaps might be a solution for India's religious problems.

The Jain temple in Calcutta was built by a rich jeweller who is represented, in a statue, wearing on his finger an emerald as big as an egg. Looking over this flashy place, which resembled a casket filled with somewhat commonplace jewellery, I came to the conclusion that it was not a temple at all in the strict sense of the word but a kind of Jain club for the upper classes only. My Moslem guide, Sam Kahn, was here extremely helpful. There was a large space for the dancing-girls. Some of these girls are very rich and they have an exclusive clientel of rajahs and nawabs. According to Sam, one night's expense with one of these girls is one thousand rupees. They had been raising their tariff lately.

These girls are said to be even more fussy and snobbish and exclusive about their clientel than the girls in Jaipur. They come from up-country—Delhi, Agra, Patna, Allahabad, Jaipur. They are not dedicated to the gods as in South India. No need for that here. The poor common people have no right to come in to see the dance in this temple, which is reserved for gilt-edged Jain society. A cheaper set of girls is provided for the common people. Sam says that the Kali-Ghat temple is for the poor and rich together.

There are many reasons why it is much more diplomatic for the British in India to call themselves "Europeans" rather than to call themselves British. Indians have also adopted this terminology, obviously taking the cue from the British themselves. The Indians take the cue from the British in so many matters. That is the source of not a few of their troubles. The simple Indian ties his own hands for the accommodation of the subtle Briton. Calcutta is the headquarters of a very powerful organization known as the "European Association", which has branches in the principal Indian cities. The doings of this association are constantly being reported in the press. I was told that less than one per cent of its membership is made up of non-British Europeans. Its main purpose is the protection of British trade interests in India. Its secondary object is to keep an open eye on the political situation, to keep watch on the doings of British officials in India with a view to seeing that they do not yield too much to Indian demands. All the firm-heads of Calcutta are said to be members of the European Association. Any non-British European might well have a right to object to this misuse of the word European, by which all "Europeans", in the eyes of the poor ignorant Indians, are now being made responsible for the lathi charges, which are always led by the "European" police-sargeants. If a war should break out, it would be telegraphed to Europe that the Indians are rising up to massacre the "Europeans". To represent any war that might take place in India as a "race-war" would, of course, be an enormous benefit to the British. Even Gandhi in his autobiography constantly refers to the British in South Africa and India as "Europeans".



Gandhi, spinning on the balcony of Motilal Nehru's house, Allahabad.

In Madras a young Hindu who was doing some typewriting for me told me he wanted to lay off work Saturday afternoon in order to go with his chum to see a cricket match between an Indian team and a "European" team. I invited him and his chum to have tea and then I asked them who was in the European team. They said it was composed of Britishers and Anglo-Indians. The term Anglo-Indian is the name given to that large number of people in India who are the result of cross-breeding between the British and the native population. Just at this time in Madras the picketing of British-cloth shops was being started in a very aggressive manner. Many Indians were being knocked down by the "European" police-sargeants and carried off to jail. My two young Indian friends were ardent nationalists, hoping for the success of this picketing.

"How is it", I said to them, "that you can spend your money and time in going to see a British team play a game of cricket when British police-sargeants are knocking down your countrymen in the streets of Madras?"

They admitted that it was a little inconsistent, but they had never seen the point before. Then I said to them: "Why do you insist on calling the British people in India Europeans?"

"Isn't an Englishman a European?" one of the boys asked, with an offended air.

"Certainly", I said, "but every European is not an Englishman, and sometimes I get the impression from reading Indian newspapers that the Indians want to fight all the races and peoples in Europe as well as in America."

I had almost forgotten to speak of a little event which took place in Kali's temple and which brought back abruptly one of those slightly disagreeable spectres or spooks which wink at the reader from the pages of Miss Mayo's "Mother India". What I allude to is the picture which Miss Mayo paints of the manner in which barren women among the Hindus get babies. I am not an Indian and I am not a woman, and yet what Miss Mayo has said on this delicate subject has caused me more distress and sorrow than anything else I have had to think about since being in India.

What Miss Mayo says is this: When a Hindu husband does not have a child by his wife he has this last recourse:

He may send his wife to a temple. Here the woman must pray to the god for a son. At night she must sleep within the temple. Morning come, she tells the priest what happened to her in the dark. The priest says to her: "It was the god".

The inference from Miss Mayo's book, as I recall it, was that the priest, pretending to be the god, had illicit relations with the woman in the dark inside the temple. I do not recall Miss Mayo's exact words, because I threw her book out of the car window somewhere between Madras and Puri. I threw it in a place where I thought nobody would find it, and that was the only act of violence I have committed since being in India. But I do recall (how can I ever sponge it out from my memory !) her saying or hinting that, with a view to the sexual strain imposed upon the priests, "young and lusty" men were almost always chosen for the priesthood, or something to that effect.

When I went into Kali-Ghat temple it made me think of "Mother India", because Miss Mayo starts off with an entrancing description of Kali-Ghat temple and all the horrors she saw there. Sam was with me. I had been looking over a couple of lingams and also the elephant-headed god Ganapati. At this point a priest joined himself to us as a guide. He said he was a partner in the temple. Very ill-advisedly I told him that I was writing a book about India and thereafter he kept begging and nagging me to put his name into the book. Sam did not like this priest and wanted to shake him, but I was having all along a strange feeling that some kind of a truth was going to be revealed to me there in the temple and I decided not to shake the priest. I can see no useful purpose in publishing his name, although Miss Mayo published, if I recall correctly, the name of the priest who took her through this temple. Perhaps it was the same priest. While we were watching the goats sacrificed, the priest said: "We regard Kali as our mother, and the reason we sacrifice these he-goats is because we wish to show to our mother Kali that in this manner we kill our own evil passions".

I did not care for this explanation and neither did Sam. It was too rough on the goats. Close by were 180 priests sitting still, trying to gain mental power by concentrating their minds on Kali and offering her yellow marigolds. Then our brahmin guide launched out into theology and said:

“We believe Almighty God takes three forms—”

Right there I shut him off short and sharp, because I am firmly convinced that Almighty God takes only one form and have no time to listen to other theories upon the subject. Another turn and we stood before another scene — a collection of women sitting under a tree. One of these women had a baby in her arms and a barber was shaving the hair off the baby's head. I could not see the woman's face because it was half hidden by one of those *saris* which Indian women wear, but I could see that her joy at having the baby was something quite wonderful. She was obviously a mother completely entranced and overcome by the joy of having a baby. It made me think of younger days when my own relation to babies was closer than it is today.

How did this woman get her baby? Our good priest told us that barren women came to this tree to pray for babies. There was something peculiar about this particular tree, a barren tree that did not bear fruit. What business was it of mine how this woman came by the baby? Yet an irresistible yearning came over me to pry into the matter. Here was a woman and a baby and a temple and 180 priests concentrating on Kali. There might be something in Miss Mayo's theory after all. I mentioned Miss Mayo's name to the priest, but he did not seem ever to have heard the name. Lucky man. The woman's *sari* partly fell off from her head and I saw that her face was touching, beautiful, almost Raphaelesque. I said to the priest in a casual manner:

“Does anybody stay in the temple at night?”

“Nobody is allowed to remain in the temple at night after half-past ten except eight temple guards who are employed by the temple community.”

I was very careful to look all over the temple and there was absolutely no place where any woman could stay overnight,

nothing but a bare open pavement everywhere. No woman could stay in that temple overnight except under the most trying circumstances. I said to the priest:

"Tell me something about barren women coming here to pray for children."

"A childless woman may come from any part of India to this temple. She always comes with her husband, and if for any reason her husband cannot come she comes with some member of her husband's family. In the early morning she and her husband take a bath in the Ganges. The woman picks up a stone from the river-bank, comes straight to the temple with her husband and ties the stone to one of the branches of this cactus tree. Then they pray here together to the goddess Kali."

"Do the priests take any part in this ceremony?" I asked.

"None whatever. After they pray, they leave the temple immediately and go back to their home. They must not eat or drink before they have done this praying and therefore they come and are away from here before noon. Months later, perhaps years later, if a child comes, the man and wife bring the child to this tree. The baby's hair is shaved off and placed at the foot of the tree. The woman takes off any stone from the tree and throws it into the Ganges."

I said to the priest:

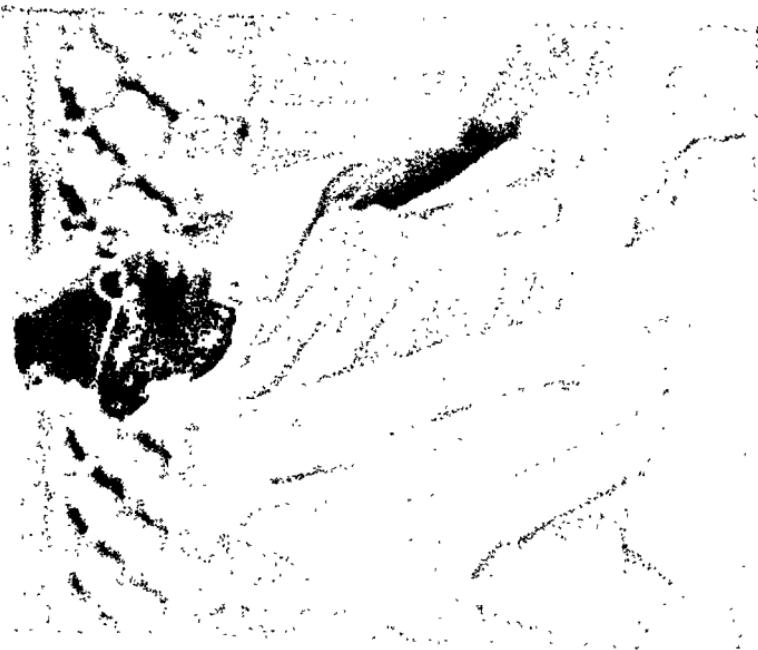
"Do you think that coming to this tree and praying helps these women to get children?"

"Why not? Faith is the foundation of all things."

Are there not cases recorded in the Bible where barren women prayed and babies came? I seem to recall cases of that kind either in the Old or the New Testament. Here there seemed to be a similar case. But I wanted to go further, to be sure that there was no trick about it, to be sure that this little scene could not have been arranged for my benefit. I asked:

"Do you think the mother of that baby will let me take her photograph with the baby in her arms?"

The priest spoke to the woman, who became so much overcome with fear both of me and my camera that I saw it would be



impossible to take her picture. A sensation was however created among the bystanders, which brought to light suddenly the real hero of the occasion, the baby's father, a good-looking young man who was standing near the woman.

" You don't mean to say that that man is the baby's father ? " I gasped to the priest.

" Certainly, that man is the baby's father."

" Will he let me take his picture with the baby in his arms ? " I joyfully pleaded.

This created a tremendous discussion on the part of all present. The young man was at first shy, but after long persuasion the mother placed the baby in the arms of its father and I took the picture, one of my great triumphs in India. A small present in money offered to the father he refused to take until the gentle pressure of the bystanders induced him to accept it as a gift for the child. They were people from Allahabad of the bania caste, the man being a rice-merchant. They had been married fourteen years and were without child. Then they came once to this temple to pray for a child, and there was the child and both father and mother were happy.

Later on, in Lucknow, I found the following custom to prevail. Married couples, on the first auspicious date within the first week after marriage, go to the Kali temple to offer worship. On the way to the temple, or more often when they arrive there, they tie some parts of their garments together. It is understood that the object of the prayer is that the union shall be harmonious and fruitful in every way, inclusive of the blessing of children. A child having been born, a suitable time thereafter—sometimes as long as five years—the parents repair to the temple with the child. The hair of the child is cut in the temple and thrown into the nearest river. In Lucknow as in Calcutta, so I was told, the priest has nothing to do with any of these proceedings. These old customs are dying out. But so long as they last they will have a beauty of their own, for any fair-minded person can see that they reflect the real purity of the Hindu people.

XVII. — THE THROB OF KARACHI.

The All-India Congress is a joint-stock company in which Mahatma Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi holds all the shares. It was in Allahabad where I first saw him. He was stationed there with his working committee of the Congress in the house of Pandit Motilal Nehru, a large fine house, simple and charming, surrounded by handsome, spacious grounds. Allahabad is a straggling city of immense distances, and when I arrived there I knew nobody. I was wondering which way to turn when by good luck I fell into the arms of D. P. Sinha, attorney for the Meerut "conspiracy" boys. He welcomed me with joy and took me at once to tea at the Gandhi headquarters. Here under the trees I was introduced to the leaders who were gathered there—the political leaders of three hundred and fifty million people. I saw Gandhi an hour later, on a marble ballustraded balcony over the *porte-cochère* of the house, the place where he held his evening prayer. It was just the same experience that I had had at the ashram in Sabarmati, only somehow more wonderful—the moon coming up, Hindu people sitting on the marble floor, the poor and the rich together, the best blood of India, people who made me feel at home by their wonderful gentleness, their friendly, affectionate, simple manners. The singing of the Hindu prayers was led by Mirabai and a few little children. There were no "prayers" as prayers are understood in the west—just a little singing, with pauses of silence in between. But alas, at that very moment, the brave, patriotic, handsome Motilal Nehru, beloved by the people, was lying on his death-bed below.

Before the prayer-meeting began, the friends were asked if they would like to put any questions to the Mahatma. My luck was running unusually well and I was given a place of honor between Mrs. Perin Captain and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, in addition to which Mirabai, whom I had not seen since my visit to the ashram, gave me a few smiles. Gandhi, seeing that I was a stranger, asked me in a kindly way if I would like to ask some question. Everybody was listening, and to save my life I could not think of a single question to ask. Then like lightning the thought of Gandhi's cows in the ashram came to me.

"I am sorry that I have no question to ask, but I should like to say that I have been seeing your cows in the ashram, and I think that the Indian cows are wonderful, and more beautiful than the American cows."

"Yes", replied Gandhi, "but American cows give more butter than Indian cows."

"That is only because they are living under a republic. It does not prove that they are any better cows."

After this, days went by and I did not know what to do to get a real interview with Gandhi. How could I push the other people away? Then by good luck I fell into the arms of James A. Mills, correspondent of the Associated Press, who is as brave as a lion when it comes to pushing or to getting interviews, or when it comes to anything else, for that matter. He wanted me to come along, as a helper, in an interview with Gandhi. I had my camera and he had his moving-picture machine and I was to hold the moving-picture machine in such a way that it would take a picture of Mills in the act of writing down an interview with Gandhi. I had never held such a machine in my hands before. When I tried to make it go it would not go, and after it began to go it would not stop. My mortification was such that I wanted to sink through the floor, and Gandhi said to me: "Mr. James, I see you are more interested in operating that instrument of torture than in talking with me".

The blame for the pain caused to me by this incident must rest with Mills, but I have to thank him for getting me my first

interview with Gandhi, as well as for several other things. The way to interview Gandhi is to talk about the things he wants to talk about and to cut out the things which you yourself wish to talk about. While he was spinning, I asked:

"Mahatma, what American writers have had the greatest influence with you?"

"Thoreau and Emerson, but of the two Thoreau had the greater influence. His extreme simplicity affected me deeply. Especially his little essay on 'civil disobedience' gave me great support. I obtained the phrase 'civil disobedience' from that essay."

For the moment, Thoreau being one of my heroes, I saw before me a bright American triangle of which Thoreau and Mills made two points and I the third, but the triangle faded when Gandhi quickly continued:

"I had conceived of civil disobedience long before I became acquainted with Thoreau's essay. We call it in our language *satyagraha*. Thoreau emphasized *satyagraha* and I was delighted. I should love to visit the places where Emerson and Thoreau and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe lived. I should like to visit Pennsylvania on account of William Penn, because I have so much in common with the quakers. You ask which country gives India the most sympathy at the present time. Perhaps America. We have been getting some sympathy from Americans and it simply whets our appetite for more."

After this there were few or no chances to have good talks with the Mahatma. Thousands of people were milling about him all the time. To get into a room with him by himself, to shut the door and lock it, was out of the question. A conversation *intime* with the Mahatma is possible probably only when he is in jail, but that is a privilege which the British rarely allow. James A. Mills had sent to America a remarkable dispatch describing Gandhi's release from Poona jail. Mr. Mills had passed four days and four sleepless nights in Poona, on a tip from Delhi that Britain's celebrated prisoner was about to be released. At midnight he caught Gandhi in a dimly lighted railroad station, ten miles from Poona, to which the prison authorities had suddenly



James A. Mills, of the Associated Press. Neutral, straightforward, genial—he studies the workings of the Mahatma's mind, evaluates the meaning of every word and incident, passes the story on in daily despatches to American readers.

conveyed him, and later from Bombay he sent to America the following dispatch, which attracted attention as a brilliant piece of journalism:

" Mahatma Gandhi, a toothless, shrivelled wraith of a man, sat cross-legged on a stone floor today, serving notice on the British empire that India's campaign of civil disobedience would continue unabated, while outside a frantic crowd, mad for a glimpse of him, struggled so furiously that a woman was crushed to death. Naked, but for a homespun loin cloth, he leaned against a hay mattress in the centre of a circle of newspaper men, an expression of deep melancholy on his ascetic face, but an almost spiritual light in his eyes. His claw-like hands, wasted by repeated fastings, toyed with a spinning-wheel or waved a benediction upon the long lines of fanatical devotees which entered the room to touch the apostle's bare knee. They prostrated themselves before him as though he were a reincarnation of Rama, the Hindu god of gods. It lacked one hour of 12 last night when he was hustled out of the back gate of the penitentiary and placed in a motor-car which sped through the darkness of the Poona hills and deposited him on a Bombay-bound train at a point 10 miles distant. The correspondent of the Associated Press found him there, and the bent little Nationalist leader said to him: ' I expect to be back in jail within two months. I am not at all happy at the thought of entering again the whirlpool of life in the outside world, with its strife, suffering, sorrow and sordidness '."

Vivid, true and powerful as this portrait is, it fails to take account of a certain sad smiling charm which is continually playing in Gandhi's face.

One interesting figure at Allahabad was a Garhwali soldier who had just been released from jail where he had been confined because he and his company had refused to fire on the people at the time of the " Peshawar show ", April 23rd, 1930. When his company was ordered out they wanted to know what was on, whether they were going to fight against an enemy or against a non-violent crowd. They were told that there was some trouble in the city about the Gandhi movement. Thereupon they decided they would

not shoot or use any violence. Under orders, they marched from the cantonment to the city. Here, a few paces from the massed crowd of people, the platoon commander, Chandan Singh, and platoon sergeant Indar Singh (both Garhwali), brought out their binoculars and, after looking at the people, informed their company commander, an Englishman, that they could not see any weapons and that it was not their business to fight. They also said they were perfectly willing to fight against any modern enemy and they would show their officers the stuff they were made of. They were then appealed to to save the name of the regiment and to carry out orders, but they replied that the people whom they were expected to fire on had brothers in the army and most probably those same soldiers enlisted from Peshawar were being used in Garhwal to suppress the Garhwali. Thereupon they were marched off straight to barracks, where they voluntarily gave up their weapons. Forty-eight men got 2 to 6 months, and 12 non-commissioned officers got 10 to 20 years at hard labor. Indar Singh got 20 years, and what has become of Chandan Singh, the only commissioned officer, is not known. This regiment was used at Jahliwalla Bagh (the Amritsar massacre) 12 years ago. The popular version among the soldiers is that 50 Indian soldiers were on that occasion lined up to fire and some Royal Tank Corps tommies were lined up behind them with pistols and the Indian sepoy was told that if he didn't shoot straight he would get it in the back from behind.

The night following the Peshawar killing, an English captain, stationed in Peshawar, is said to have made the remark in his mess that the whole affair was an "awful butchery". For making this tactless remark, he is said to have been transferred to another far-distant station, dismissed from Peshawar in disgrace¹.

"The average bill of the English army officer in India for drink is

¹ When Motilal Nehru lay on his death-bed, his last thought was for these brave Garhwali who had been given long terms of imprisonment for refusing to fire on the people at Peshawar. Almost the last words that came from him, as Gandhi stood by his death-bed, was an earnest plea that Gandhi would always look after the families of these men and see that they did not suffer distress.

250 rupees (\$92) per month. If he gets a bill of 100 rupees from the club it is not considered respectable. All work for the day is finished at 12 a.m. The officers go to the mess at one and start boozing—short beers and whiskies—till 11.30 p.m. A bottle of whisky costs 8 rupees (\$3). A subaltern draws 625 rupees (\$230) a month. One half of this goes for the mess covers (exclusive of liquor). Every Friday night is guest night, and after dinner the favorite pastime is "busting up the mess", in which glasses, photographs and curtains are smashed and sometimes even the band instruments. Everybody gets dead drunk—absolutely under the sofa. If an officer wants a woman, and he cannot cut up with some other man's wife, he gets a coolie woman from the bazar, procured by his personal servant. The officers go in bunches to brothels, kick up the place and then come home."

The above conversation, word for word, was given me by an officer in the Indian army. I take no responsibility for it, for I have no knowledge of the subject whatever. No class of men can be condemned *en masse*. I have met officers in India who were gentlemen. What the proportion of gentlemen is in the Indian army I do not know.

When Gandhi left Delhi to go to Ahmedabad, I travelled in the same train. In my compartment also were James A. Mills and William L. Shirer, correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*. All along the way there were immense ovations—cheering, enthusiastic people. At one station, where the joy was great, Mills, Shirer and I were sitting in the dining-car. Across the aisle were two Englishmen, whom we gathered were army officers. The window next to them was open. The crowd was surging under the window and shouting "Victory to Gandhi". One of the officers took the pepper-box from the table, held it out of the window and began shaking pepper into the faces of the people. At the same time, he said sneeringly to his companion: "That will make them shut up".

If a brick had flown through the window and landed on that man's head it would have been richly deserved. We were expecting bricks to come through the window at any moment.

On this same trip, we were once given a boo-ing by the crowd

and in one station Mills says that somebody spit on him. Shirer and I did not see it, but we have always believed Mills. It takes more than a delicate attention, like spitting, to sway the opinions of the broad-minded Mills. We always balanced each other in India, perhaps because his name begins with James and mine ends with it. What a wonderful thing names are, anyway.

What is so strange is that the English do not appreciate the Indians, their honesty, loyalty, faithfulness, gentleness. I travelled over 10,000 miles in India and never once did I miss the smallest article of personal baggage in any hotel—not so much as a hand-kerchief. Once a poor servant in a Madras hotel begged me to give him a pencil he had seen in my room. I certainly gave it to him. The laundryman in Madras lost one of my socks, but now that I look back on it I am convinced that it was not his fault. An Englishman got one of my socks by mistake, or I got one of his—I can't remember now. Oftentimes when I saw some Indian waiter who looked sad, discouraged, lifeless, I said to myself: "Slavery enervates people. I must not hold this man responsible for his depression. There is absolutely no chance for him to rise in the world. He must always go around with that ugly gear of a slave, bringing food to white people". The politeness of the Indian servants in Madras reminded me of the old negro politeness in South Carolina. They called me "master" or "massa", wanted to please, help and serve me in every way. Madras reminded me of Charleston, S.C. I seemed to see there the negroes of the south, of the plantation time, of the war-time, for here in Madras the white aristocracy was still well in the saddle. What a boon it would be to the people of India if they could put their aspiration for freedom into song, as the American negroes did, if they could sing, thousands strong, "Marching through Georgia" or "Mine eyes have seen the glory" or some similar song. But they will get their music some day and they will know how to put the whole force of their soul into it. One sees a people who are an inexhaustible reservoir of force, intellectual, artistic, poetic, and one asks why it is that the British have never tapped this reservoir and released all this pent up divine energy.

It came to going from Allahabad to Delhi where Gandhi was to have his peace talks with the viceroy. The change of plan came quickly. It made me dizzy. Gandhi was on the point of going to Bombay, and a place had been reserved for him and his party on the Bombay train. I was booked to travel on the same train and was there in the train, and that is why the change of plan made me so dizzy. At this juncture, the Right Honorable V. S. S. Shastri had arrived in Allahabad from Delhi bringing to Gandhi from the viceroy some intimation that the viceroy would be pleased to receive a visit from Gandhi. The Indian leader immediately wrote a letter to the viceroy requesting an interview and in two days' time the request was granted. Gandhi and the whole working committee then moved to Delhi and established themselves in the large, fine residence of Dr. Ansari. The argument being used by the viceroy on Gandhi was "let bygones be bygones". Gandhi had said: "I am hankering after peace if it can be had with honor. I want the substance of independence and not the shadow". He was getting the idea that the viceroy possibly was undergoing a "change of heart", and he himself was waiting to hear something from his "inner voice". He wanted to meet and talk with, not simply the viceroy, but "Lord Irwin the man". Talk of "peace" was in the air. Personally, I could not understand what "peace" meant. The whole thing was a blur. When Gandhi came out of jail he was defiant, making many demands, and now everybody was talking about peace. Then the Gandhi-Irwin talks began. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the Right Honorable Shastri and Mr. Jayakar appeared incessantly in the picture and finally, after many days of agony, "peace" was arrived at and the "Delhi truce" was signed.

It will be remembered that in August 1930, when Gandhi was in Poona jail, the only persons whom the viceroy allowed to see him were Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the Right Honorable Shastri and Mr. Jayakar. They supplicated Gandhi to renounce civil disobedience and come to the round-table conference in London. All to no avail. At Delhi, in February 1931, were these gentlemen dealing with a centrite Gandhi? Nobody knows. At one moment,

in Delhi, when Gandhi seemed to be rebellious, one of these gentlemen is said to have fainted. But they won their point. Credit for the Delhi truce belongs, to no small extent, to the eternal triplets—Sapru, Shastri, Jayakar.

Gandhi never opened his lips to journalists while the peace talks were on, but the influences playing about him made it apparent which way the wind was blowing. Mahadev Desai, who for years has been Gandhi's faithful secretary and follower, made a remark to me which I could hardly understand: "We want peace with honor. We do not wish the British to leave India, but we want to make them our servants". One evening, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu said to me: "Do you not see that the country is on the brink of exhaustion ?" Such were the ideas circulating in the Ansari mansion.

If the country was on the brink of exhaustion, obviously the only thing to do was to quit the fight on the best terms possible. If the real aim of the nationalists was not to drive the British out, but to make the British their servants, obviously a complete boycott of all things British was the very worst policy to pursue. There was no unity. Some wanted independence. Gandhi wanted the "substance of independence". Sapru, Shastri and Jayakar wanted the Union Jack to fly over Delhi, but with "responsibility at the centre".

Many people have queried whether the Delhi truce involved a surrender by the viceroy or a surrender by Gandhi. It is said that Lord Irwin made the following request of a journalist immediately after the signing of the truce: "There is one thing I ask you earnestly never to state or to suggest. Do not state that Gandhi has made a surrender to the British. I do not wish him to think that his action in signing the truce has been in any sense a surrender". These were the words of the viceroy, according to the statement made to me by the journalist.

Irwin got the truce, and the price he paid for it was practically nothing. Gandhi's strongest weapon, in fact his only weapon, against the British empire has been non-cooperation. But he laid it down. He started at Delhi on the slippery path of opportunism.

The day after the truce was signed, the leading British organ in India, *The Statesman*, published the following editorial:

"The British answer is the same, evolution by cooperation, not revolution and non-cooperation. If Britain can produce a synthesis first in Asia, and later in Africa, if the heart of east and west can find a common rhythm and beat together, the political result will be decisive for the world — for China, and for the Dutch and French Indies as well as for India. The forces of hate will be defeated, the triumph of the forces of union will be assured. Lord Irwin is a man of faith and courage. Against all the odds he has banked on a miracle. Those who question Mr. Gandhi's sincerity are those who are not acquainted with the man or have not studied his career. At every decisive point he has stood by Britain, and if there is one conclusion which can be safely drawn from his past it is that he plays no double game. From his own point of view, he is doubtless at last satisfied that he has carried non-cooperation to the point where it can give place to the ideal which has always been nearer to his heart, namely, cooperation."

Even if the Delhi truce were a victory for the British, which is clearly the view of the foregoing editorial, Gandhi remains a moral teacher, pure and noble. If he is not a match for those skilled in the tricks of diplomacy, he has those qualities which command the love of the people.

Lord Burnham said at the Forum Club in London on February 7th: "We have established our rule in India not by terror but by awe. Today we are busily engaged in whittling the awe away. The stately fabric of British rule in India is crumbling before our eyes".

Lord Burnham is slightly mistaken. The awe of the British rule is still in the hearts of the Indians, although they may seek to deny it. It is that fact, and that alone, which made the Delhi truce possible. The names Chequers, Whitehall, Westminster, St. James Palace still continue to exercise a tremendous spell over the Indian imagination. Winston Churchill himself knew this fact when he said on February 23rd: "It is nauseating to see Gandhi, an Inner Temple lawyer, now a seditious *fakir*, striding half-naked up the

steps of the viceregal palace to parley on terms of equality with the representative of the king-emperor".

But that meant something to Gandhi—a great deal—going to talk with the viceroy on equal terms. As Gandhi looks on life, that meant for him a great victory, a vindication of his race.

Perhaps the Indians must go deeper into the problems of the boycott and civil disobedience before they can purify themselves of the conception that they must always live under some kind of a "raj", before they can entirely shake out of their minds that awe for worldly power and might—*apart from themselves*—which has always stood between them and the democratic conception of freedom. Here is where "self-purification" must begin for India. What is civil disobedience? On what rock is it founded? From what source does it proceed? Where does it begin and where does it end? Thus far in India, civil disobedience begins with Gandhi and ends with Gandhi.

No man can hit hard unless he stands on a rock. Gandhi says that he borrowed the name of civil disobedience from Thoreau. But he says that he had "conceived" of it long before. Is Gandhi the first man in the world ever to have conceived of civil disobedience, and is it from him and from him only that it must proceed?

Those last weeks in India! How can they be described? They were such an awful blur. There is nothing in the picture except multitudes of people, uncounted and uncountable, milling around Gandhi, pushing around him, waiting to get *darshan*, which means a view of a holy man. Poor, hungry, sheep-like people, looking to this one mortal man as their only savior!

Lord Irwin "banked on a miracle" and won. He is said to be a "great Christian statesman". Whether this is true or not, he is certainly a statesman with a long head. He did more to uphold the "proud fabric of British rule" in India than a thousand Burnhams or a thousand Churchills will ever do.

Lord Irwin acted with consummate skill. He won a complete victory for British interests by modesty, logic, strength, firmness and every other quality that a British ruler ought to have when



A Garhwali hero. Page 181.

When Mirabai brought Gandhi his simple lunch of hot goat's milk, he told the journalists that he had only one vice—gluttony.

An American journalist with his wife arrived at Dr. Ansari's bungalow. "Would Gandhi come out in the sunlight and let me take a few snapshots of him?" Impossible. The journalist, however, was accorded the privilege of entering the Mahatma's sanctum.

Journalist: Mr. Gandhi, I have just one question which I would like to ask you. Would you consider making a visit to the United States for one million dollars?

Gandhi: No, not for a hundred million. But I would go for nothing.

The journalist's wife was standing on the porch not far away from which were gathered a large number of poor people, as always, waiting to get *darshan* of the holy man. Pointing to them, she said:

"I suppose all those people gathered there are what you might call the riff-raff." The Mahatma receives kindly all American curiosity-hunters, regardless of whether they belong to the riff-raff or not. He is one of the most democratic men in India.

Another American woman of a different type arrived and presented to Gandhi Will Durant's latest book, "The Case for India", the first copy to enter India—and perhaps the last.

A banker from Cleveland called at the bungalow. "A very great privilege if I could meet him. I have followed his career with a great deal of interest. It is really fascinating—a trend that is wholly new in world politics—something in my opinion that is going to reach beyond India. This man's activity has gripped my interest. I am convinced of his sincerity. This movement is no *opera bouffe* affair."

Two English journalists were sitting at a table (near the bar) in Delhi's most exclusive hotel. Mills was with them. They all had soda water in front of them, with something yellow in the soda water. They invited me to join them. Not long after I joined them, the Englishmen (one was hard-boiled and the other medium-boiled) charged me with "letting them down". How had I "let

them down"? I had taken off my shoes in Gandhi's prayer-meeting. I had let down the dignity of the white man and the dignity of the press. How did they know that I had taken my shoes off? They got it from the police. The police had it on their books. The police knew everything about me—had me photographed with my shoes off in Gandhi's prayer-meeting. Furthermore, they had doubts about my being a bona fide journalist. I had doubts myself, but did not care to admit it. They wanted to have me tried before a court of journalists in Delhi for "letting down the craft": Mr. Mills came to my aid. He said he had not known me long, but believed that I was a gentleman. He did not believe that I would wilfully "let down" any brother journalists. Mills had taken his shoes off in Gandhi's prayer-meeting, but I said nothing about it because I did not wish to compromise Mills. The discussion broke off at two o'clock in the morning.

I was feeling hurt, terribly wounded. Mills took me out under the stars and in his gentle way told me that I had a right to take off my shoes at Gandhi's prayer-meeting or anywhere, provided there were no holes in my socks.

That brings up the question of how Americans ought to dress in India. Should they be allowed to wear Gandhi caps? Later on, in Karachi, I met an American with his wife and daughters who were wearing Gandhi caps and kuddar clothes.

"Don't they get you into trouble?" I asked.

"Why no. On the contrary. Street-car conductors refuse to take any fares from us. I think as American citizens we have a right to wear any kind of clothes we want."

John Haynes Holmes sent a cable to Mahatma Gandhi, saying: "American friends of India sustain you in struggle for independence of your country, through peace if possible, through war if necessary."

British diplomacy won for "peace" with the slogans: "Good will and friendship: Bury the past: Let bygones be bygones: A square deal for Europeans in India."

Later, I asked Gandhi in Ahmedabad, two miles from the ashram (he was prevented from going to the ashram by a vow), how he

knew when to start non-cooperation and when to stop it. He replied: "You non-cooperate when it is necessary and just. I must always be ready to make peace. When I saw that there was an opening, I entered."

A wonderful man he certainly is. Nobody can hold a candle to him as a leader of men, or at least as a leader of Hindus. The dumb multitudes that come to hear him at a meeting are uncounted and uncountable. The host that came to hear him or see him in Delhi was somewhere between 100,000 and 200,000 people. Calculating the number was impossible. No one was crushed to death, as is frequently the case, and yet there were no policemen on hand to control and direct that crowd. It would be ironical to call the police in India the people's servants. Enemies rather, against their will. No help for a Gandhi meeting from the police. Would a meeting of 200,000 people be thinkable in Europe or America without a policeman in sight? Gandhi sits on a rostrum high up above this endless white-draped ocean of humanity. There is no applause, Indians not understanding any such nonsense. He looks out of his big spectacles and begins to talk as if he were talking to about three people. He does not seem to realize that anybody is there. He might be talking or muttering something to himself. No pounding of fists or arm gesticulations. What is the secret of the spell? Just one thing—sincerity. He starts off on some polemic in which he is interested. Perhaps nobody else is interested in it. That makes no difference. He thinks on that point and 200,000 watch him think. Nobody else does any thinking. He does it all. Few can hear him. That is not important. The important thing is to look at that little huddled figure that can think. There is something sweet in the quality of his voice, which is always low. The delicate gradations of emphasis which he places on certain words are very effective, very convincing. But all these people, or practically all of them, are Hindus. It was very noticeable how little anywhere Gandhi seemed to be able to get at the Mohamedans. He reaches a certain number of politically minded Mohamedans. But he seems to be utterly without any approach to them from a religious point of



The Hindu "majority", pure and undefiled, assembled for the
prayer-meeting. Page 193.



Dr. Ansari's bungalow, Delhi. Page 193.

view. In order really to get at the Mohamedans, to stir them up, Gandhi would have to lay off some of his Hinduism, the unessential part of it. How will you reach a Mohamedan from the religious point of view? He believes that God is Allah and Mohamed is his prophet. That is the end of it. But Gandhi the Hindu could go a great way to meet the Mohamedan by making a few changes. The Hindu billows are on all sides. One gets everywhere the feeling that one is being engulfed by Hinduism, a Hinduism that seems to be somewhat bumptious, but not at all conscious of the fact that it is bumptious. You are always being struck and knocked down by a tidal wave of Hindu kindness and gentleness. There is too much Hinduism in Gandhi's prayer-meetings. It is heaven for the Hindus, but becomes tedious for all the others. Hinduism, just like Christianity, can be overdone. When you lay it on too thick you drive people away. They say: "No, thank you, it is too thick". Three Pathans came down to Delhi from Peshawar. We were standing in front of the Ansari bungalow. It was a Hindu festival day and some of the Hindus came up and insisted, in a spirit of good-natured sport, on daubing some Hindu paint on our foreheads. I submitted, although I did not like it. The three Moslems would not allow it to be put on their foreheads. It illustrated a senseless lack of tact on the part of the Hindus. The Moslem in India is on the defensive. The Hindus are in a great majority—which is not their fault—but that very fact ought to put them on their guard against "laying it on too thick". I always felt sorry for the few Mohamedans who were hanging around on the outskirts of the prayer-meetings at Dr. Ansari's bungalow. Dr. Ansari himself is a Mohamedan—a very large-minded one indeed, the soul of hospitality—a perfect elephant of generosity. He gave his whole house and grounds as a headquarters for Gandhi's working committee for weeks. Mills said to me once: "It is a pity that Gandhi cannot put some universal note into this prayer-meeting, something that would appeal to the Mohamedan as well as the Hindu". Gandhi seems to think that religion is separate from politics. He has borrowed this idea from the kind of pseudo-Christianity which prevails in the west.

Religion is the soul of politics. The Indian nation, sovereign and independent, can never be run on the basis of a Hindu prayer-meeting. Gandhi's prayer-meeting should be not a Hindu prayer-meeting but an Indian prayer-meeting, for that alone will call into life the Indian soul.

The Hindus wear a little lock of hair at the back of the head, which when the head is shaved looks like a pigtail. This tuft of hair is called the shikha. Many Hindus have given up wearing the shikha, particularly young men who have been to the west. Gandhi today wears the shikha, but he tells us in his autobiography why, when a young man in England, he gave it up:

"On the eve of my going to England, I got rid of the shikha lest when I was bareheaded it should expose me to ridicule and make me look, as I then thought, a barbarian in the eyes of the Englishmen." Later, when he returned from South Africa to India, his friends were pained to see him without the shikha. He tells us then in his autobiography: "As for the shikha, cowardice having been the reason for discarding it, after consultation with friends I decided to let it grow again". It took no courage to let it grow in Hindustan.

There is another peculiarity which distinguishes a man as a Hindu, a spot of red paint between the eyes. I think I cannot remember one Hindu, of all those I came in contact with while I was in touch with the Congress people at Allahabad, Delhi and Karachi, who wore this red spot between the eyes. I should judge it to be a sign of very great Hindu religiosity. Gandhi did not wear it at Allahabad, Delhi or Karachi. But when he was touring in Gujarat, among a rural population which was particularly his own, in the backwoods villages of the Kaira district where the element is almost exclusively Hindu, I observed that he had this spot of red paint between his eyes. He has spent almost his entire life buried in the Hindu world, either in South Africa or in India. Outside of this circle, the amount of travelling he has done seems to be very little. Apart from the Indians, the only race that he has come in contact with, to any great extent, is the British. He is made in the Hindu mould and is satisfied with it. He never forgets

his Hinduism. He apparently never stirs up Hindu antagonism. He is a great leader of the Hindus. It must be remembered, however, that in his attitude to Christianity, as he gets it from missionaries, bishops and viceroys, he is on the defensive, and his attitude is to a great extent justified. When he was in South Africa, a number of well-meaning but narrow-minded missionaries struggled to convert him to Christianity. He has never recovered from that bitter experience. He still suffers from it.

How to bring these Indians into the sphere of internationalism ? How to get them in living touch with other lines of thought, something which would help them to bridge the chasm between Hindu and Moslem, the sides of which in these last weeks have become tragically red with the blood of pent-up hatred and fanaticism. The best religion today is neither Hinduism nor Christianity, but the religion of a healthy, sane internationalism. Let it be said positively that there is no indication on the surface that the agents of the Russian comintern are operating in India. Reports to that effect are hot air. Russian communism is 99 per cent Russian and one per cent international. Communism in New York is 93 per cent Russian Jewish and 7 per cent international. These doctrines make no headway in India. The menace of the Moscow comintern stirring up Indian workmen and peasants, organizing a mighty communist party and red labor unions and preparing a general "class-war" is a pure bugaboo. Neither the Moslem nor the Hindu brain works along that line. Gandhi's "Bill of Rights" adopted by the Karachi Congress shows its inspiration, which comes from the American Revolution of 1775 and from the French Revolution with its *Droits de l'homme et du citoyen* (rights of man and of the citizen), with certain extensions in the direction of protection of women and children, freedom of speech and press, the right to keep and bear arms, total liquor prohibition, free primary education, increasing taxes on land, public ownership or control of key industries—all safe, sound and healthy—piles driven in for safeguarding the liberty of the individual. Justice requires that the name of Jawaharlal Nehru shall be mentioned in connection with this great Bill of Rights.

Hence it was that when it became clear that another round-table was to be held, the idea came to me that it might well be held in Geneva, for that city is in Switzerland, and Switzerland is a great little country where people have learned to respect each others' rights. But I began my campaign for a healthy internationalism with another proposition. When Gandhi came out of jail, he was breathing defiance and the point that he hammered hardest on was that there should be an "official" investigation made into alleged police atrocities. There could be no peace until that investigation was ordered by the government. When the government flatly refused to make the investigation, I thought that some international committee might undertake it, safely or unsafely—probably more unsafely than safely. I took Mills into my confidence and also Mahadev Desai, Gandhi's secretary. That was in Allahabad, when it looked as if Gandhi and the others would be back in jail in six weeks or probably sooner. Desai thought the idea was splendid, and before we put it to Gandhi he said to me: "Set the ball rolling". He thought he could get one Japanese and one Chinese to serve on the committee. Chunman Lal, a prince of good radical fellows, set the ball rolling in the *Hindustan Times* of Delhi, R. L. Rau set it rolling in the Allahabad *Leader* and Mills sent a dispatch to the U.S. telling America that a "committee of foreigners" would probably investigate alleged police excesses in India. Then we consulted Gandhi.

I was travelling at that time with two ladies, one from Copenhagen, Denmark, and one from Oslo, Norway, or to put it better they were travelling together and I was travelling separately. They were heroically wearing Gandhi buttons, and later in Bombay and Karachi the Young Women's Christian Association refused to take them in because they were wearing these buttons. We agreed in Allahabad that if Gandhi would give us a mandate we would form a committee to investigate the misdoings of the dear police. They charged me to go to Gandhi with the matter, which I did, and Gandhi was never more splendid and magnificent in my eyes than when I took from his lips and wrote down the following words, in Delhi:



Chumman Lal, a defiant, young journalist of Delhi, who is continually slipping cheerfully towards the left. Page 196.

" I feel most strongly like pressing for an inquiry into police excesses. Some satisfaction is absolutely necessary. I would consider a committee of foreigners very desirable. That supposes a real courage on the part of American journalists and others. They should be people of status. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I want to point out to you the danger that any foreigners, undertaking such an investigation, would be running —the probability of their passports being cancelled and of their being expelled from the country. If the way is not blocked, I shall be delighted. I shall give you every assistance if I am free. If the government can look upon such an enterprize with toleration it will be a great gain. Such a committee at the present moment would be like a lighthouse. You must not lose sight of the fact that this committee must be absolutely impartial. The committee should be an ascetic affair, refusing to accept favors from one side or the other. I have seen so often what subtle, insidious dangers lurk in that direction. I cannot interfere to create this committee. If I were to do so, the government would rightly interfere. It should not be undertaken lightheartedly."

Great Gandhi ! and what a noble response.

The investigation was not undertaken, for shortly afterwards the truce was signed and Gandhi said that the whole thing should be given up.

Internationalism, *acqua pura*, was what I was after, and then I tried another method. There is not the slightest doubt that the hook with which the British caught Gandhi was a well-baited hook. One of the half-way promises vaguely waved from London, before the truce was signed, was that the second round-table might confidently be expected to be held in India, or at least half in India and half in London. After the truce was signed, this promise went glimmering. India was "too far away", and besides the conservative die-hards would not touch a round-table held anywhere except in London.

Lord Irwin would seem to have led Gandhi to believe that at a second conference all the cards could be played over again and all the "safeguards" would be open for discussion. After

the truce had been signed, Lord Peel, Winston Churchill *et al.* began telling Gandhi through the press just what points he would not be allowed to "reopen". It was a game of politics. But why should not the Indians play politics too?

If the Indians went to London, they would only be walking into the jaws of a lion. Nobody has ever walked into those kindly jaws (with the idea of pulling out some of the teeth) and come out alive. Then I thought of beautiful, charmful Geneva by the smiling lake. Why not hold the round-table in Geneva? Here was a truce. A truce should be discussed in a neutral place. The conditions should be fair for both sides. The atmosphere, the surroundings, the local psychology, should not all be in favor of one party to the truce. Here was a chance for India to show herself as a nation among other nations. To Geneva go all nations (which are trying to be decent and respectable) when they have any business to transact with each other. Besides, the British love Geneva. A great, dignified, Indian delegation in Geneva, with Gandhi at the head, would command the sympathy and admiration of the whole world. What a magnificent gesture to the peoples of the world! Every freedom-loving nation in Europe would send representatives to Geneva to meet the Indians, as well as the British, men to men, to get acquainted, to wish them God-speed, to cheer them on the way. Such a thing would help internationalism all round.

Mills and I were taking dinner in the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay. We had got down to coffee. I sprung the idea on him, passed it on, handed it over, without any charge whatever. He values ideas according to their "news" value. I look to their intrinsic value, especially when they are my own. An agreeable sensation crept over him. His face became brighter and brighter. Although we were drinking nothing but water, he sparkled. A spiritual light came into his kind, blue eyes, and then his inner voice spoke:

"If you can get Gandhi to advance that proposition, it will command the respect and sympathy of all the neutral-minded countries. The British will probably reject it. It would not hurt

them to grant it. But if they reject it, they will be putting themselves in the wrong."

The next day Mills went up to Delhi where Gandhi was. I had had enough travelling and stayed in Bombay. Then came a great interview, perhaps the greatest that India has ever seen. According to the *New York Times* of March 22nd, Gandhi said to Mills: "Come walk with me at four o'clock tomorrow morning and I will answer all your questions". The whole world knows what happened, for it was printed in the international press.

Scene: A lonely road among the crumbling castles of Delhi's forgotten empires. Time: four o'clock in the morning. The faint flush of dawn rises beyond the gaunt and shapeless ruins. Two persons are seen. They walk and talk together. One is a little man, thin and frail. His head is shaved but for a small lock of hair at the back. The head is large and round, with protruding, almost bat-like ears, the lips heavy, the nose large, the brow overhanging. The eyes are deep set, small, not the bulging variety, the lids drooping over pupils which burn with an intense fire. The face is furrowed with thought and asceticism. A coarse, white blanket is thrown, toga-like, around the slim form, in sharp contrast to the brown tint of face, arms and legs. The second figure is tall, hale, hearty, athletic, with an arrow-like straightness. Head thrown back, with wavy, iron-gray hair. Features of the leonine type, denoting tenacity and giving a sense of calm, latent power. Clothes of occidental style. He is a press dictator from the far occident who has dictated interviews to kings, queens and emperors. He shapes the opinions of half the world by an electric flash.

Mills: Mr. Gandhi, would you favor Geneva for the second round-table conference?

Gandhi: Geneva would be desirable if the British delegation were sitting as an impartial judge of India's future status, but it is not so sitting. The British are in a sense our opponents. Therefore procedure must be by direct negotiation. In such negotiations, atmosphere, surroundings and local influences play a vital part. I am sure England would never agree to Geneva.

If I had my way, I would hold two conferences, the first part in India, the second in England. That would make for fairness all round.

Mills: Do you think war will ever come to an end?

Gandhi: War will never be exterminated by any agency until men and nations became more spiritual and adopt the principle of brotherhood and concord rather than antagonism, competition and superiority of brute force. You in the west do not recognize the power of spiritual things, but some day you will and then you will be free from war, crimes of violence and things that go with these evils. The west is too materialistic, selfish and narrowly nationalistic. What we want is an international mind embracing the welfare and spiritual advancement of all mankind.

Mills: How would you cure these evils of war and armaments?

Gandhi: By non-violence, which will eventually "weapon" all nations. I say "eventually" with deliberation, because we shall have wars and armaments for a very long time. It has been 2,000 years since Christ delivered the sermon on the mount, and the world has adopted only a fragment of the imperishable and lofty precepts therein enunciated for the conduct of man toward man.

Mills: You have heard, Mahatma, of the crimes of violence, divorce, and violation of the liquor laws now prevailing in the United States. Can you suggest any remedy for these evils?

Gandhi: I would cure them all by self-purification, non-violence and love.

Mills: When you go to London, will you take Mirabai with you?

Gandhi: Why not? She is a most useful assistant.

Mills: How long do you expect to live?

Gandhi: Through eternity.

Mills: Do you believe in immortality?

Gandhi: Yes, reincarnation and transmigration of souls are fundamentals of the Hindu religion.

Mills: If all men adopted your simple mode of living, fasting and exercise, do you think they would live to be 100?

Gandhi: Yes, but when I die you can tell exactly.

Mills: Which government most nearly approaches your idea of an ideal one?

Gandhi: None. I would consider an ideal form of government one in which a man reaches his full stature in every phase of life and where his interests, just because he is a man, are paramount to all others.

Mills: Will socialism accomplish that?

Gandhi: Not socialism as it is practised politically today.

Mills: When India shall have secured self-government, would you favor the retention in India of American and other foreign missionaries?

Gandhi: If instead of confining themselves purely to humanitarian work and material service to the poor, they limit their activities as at present to proselyting by means of medical aid, education and such, then I would certainly ask them to withdraw. Every nation's religion is as good as any other. Certainly India's religions are adequate for her people and we need no converting spiritually.

Mills: Mr. Gandhi, there are now in Delhi two American aviators who are on a round-the-world tour in their airplane. Would you entertain an invitation from them to take a turn in their airplane?

Gandhi: If I must soar into the heavens, I prefer to do so by the natural process of reincarnation and transmigration of souls.

* * *

When, three days later, we were all at Karachi for the annual conclave of the Congress I kept on boozing Geneva. I hoped to "put it over" in spite of Gandhi, or better to get him to see the proposition more clearly. He seemed to think, from the interview, that it was a proposition for India to get mixed up with the League of Nations. I had with me a Danish friend—this time a man—and we boozed Geneva together. But he grew discouraged. He said: "It all goes in at one ear and comes out at the other". I kept on. The proposition for Geneva went over very well in the nationalist papers. Young journalists took it up with dash

and fire. One young man who told me he was a journalist, or soon going to be one, thought Geneva was by far the most original and magnificent idea that had been suggested to the Congress. This made me think that I was winning. I said to him: "I suppose you know where Geneva is, don't you?"

"No, I don't, but I am going to write it down."

How could Geneva be got into the big, wealthy, stiff-necked, British-controlled *Times of India*, published in Bombay? The point was to inoculate the whole public mind of India with Geneva to such an extent that all other ideas would be pushed out. A reporter of the *Times of India*, an Indian, came up with me on the little boat from Bombay to Karachi. In the cabin, there were twelve "Europeans" and two Indians, the reporter being one of them. At meals, the Europeans were sorted out and put at one table. The two brown men were pushed off to another table. I quickly discovered that the two brown men had more brain power than all the pink people put together. The reporter and I quickly became acquainted. Like all the younger Indians, he fell in love with the Geneva suggestion—saw all its possibilities, but said:

"Never in the world will my paper print it."

"That all depends on the way you write your article. The point is to get the idea into people's heads. If you only print one word—Geneva—that is enough. Everybody will fall for it."

"May I say it comes from you?"

"Certainly. But you must remember you are writing for a rabidly pro-British organ. You must make me out as black as possible. Ridicule me to the limit. Talk against Geneva. Say I am a man who during the World War was arrested in Germany for sedition. Everybody in India hates sedition. The very word makes them insane with rage. Then say I was mixed up in the awful Sacco-Vanzetti case. Add that I am writing a book about India that is so bad that no nationalist paper to which I have offered it will touch even an extract from it."

A few days later, the following article appeared in the *Times of India*:

“ Mr. Gandhi has pooh-poohed the idea, mooted by an American agitator, that Geneva should be the venue for the next round-table conference, and refused to think that the Indian delegates were made of such poor stuff as not to be able to hold their own in the atmosphere of London.”

Two days later came a second article in the same organ, but in more withering vein:

“ Among the foreign journalists assembled here is an American who does not represent any particular newspaper but whose latest mission in life seems to be to teach the Congress leaders how to carry on the agitation against England. The suggestion of an international commission to inquire into the alleged police brutalities in India, mooted some time ago, was his brain-wave. He recently hit upon another idea and went about suggesting to the Congress leaders that they should put British good faith to the test by asking that the next round-table conference should be held not in London but in a neutral place like Geneva. Mr. Gandhi has already disposed of this idea in an interview telegraphed from Delhi, but the American journalist concerned is undaunted and has been busy here canvassing support for his pet scheme, the object behind which should be plain to all thinking men. He is ostensibly engaged in writing a book on India. Considering that he was mixed up in the agitation against the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti in America and that he was arrested for sedition in Germany, I am not surprised to learn that his activities in India have attracted a certain amount of attention in official quarters and that at least two nationalist Indian newspapers to which he offered for free publication two or three chapters of the book, which he is said to be writing, declined the offer with thanks.”

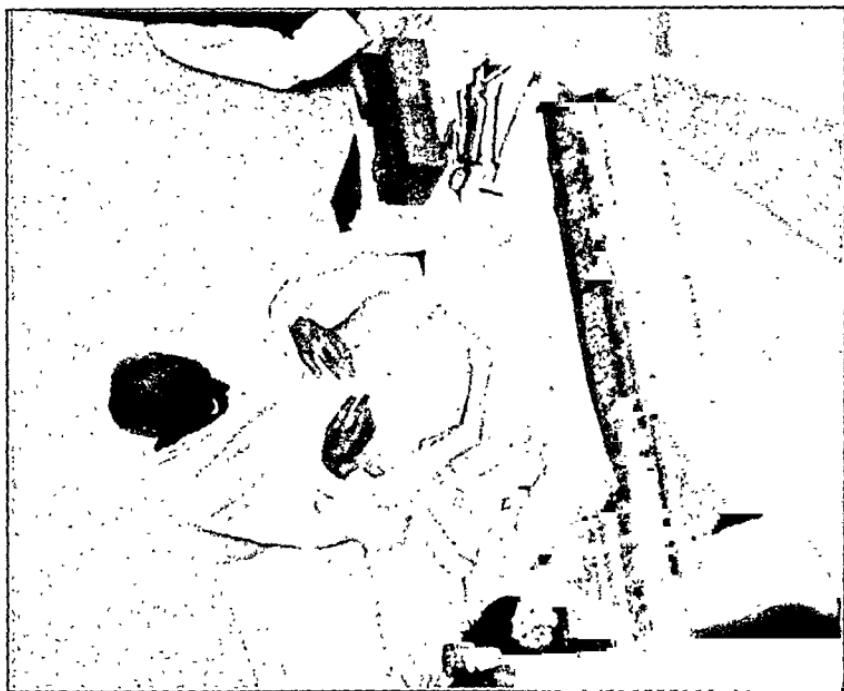
The only other interesting note that might be added in connection with the “ Geneva brain-wave ” was a conversation with a member of the Congress working committee, who based his objection to Geneva on the following grounds:

“ If we insist on going to Geneva, we shall be showing to the world that we Indians are suffering from an inferiority complex.

It will look as if we are afraid to meet the British in London, face to face."

* * *

There is a great deal of sentimentalism everywhere on the subject of Gandhi, but sentimentalism about him does not help India. When the multitudes gather around the Hindu saint, they think they are looking at a perfect man. This is an optical illusion. Gandhi is vain. One of his sayings at Karachi was: "Gandhi will die, but Gandhism will live. Gandhism is founded on truth." What is Gandhism? Is it fasting? Is it cooperation or non-cooperation? Is it civil disobedience or opportunism? Gandhi's system of fastings, vows and vigils has been from the beginning a method of advertising his political propaganda. It is a more legitimate and original method of advertisement than the methods adopted by most politicians. Gandhi has tabulated, to the minutest detail, in his autobiography, all his various fasts, vows and vigils. Nobody will ever be able to forget about them. At Karachi, he threatened to starve himself to death if the others did not follow the pathway marked out by him. His asceticism is much the same kind of asceticism that characterizes the hunger-strike as a political weapon. Legitimate as this kind of asceticism may be, it is not the kind which is described in the words: "When ye fast, anoint thy head and wash thy face that thou be not seen of men to fast." The title of Mahatma is a part of the advertisement. Why not? Is there any advertising bureau in the United States that can beat it? Who else in the world has the qualities to set up in business as a Mahatma? Gandhi loves adulation (who doesn't?) and of adulation he can always have an abundant supply. The throngs who were milling about him, squatting about him, touching his feet or kissing his knees, were always a sight which affected me disagreeably. Gandhi is a mass of inconsistencies and contradictions (who isn't?). The bigger a man is the more glaring become his inconsistencies. It takes a microscope to see the inconsistencies of small people. Newspaper men found Gandhi equivocal. That is not his fault. It is the result of long contact



The Mahatma answering questions put to him by journalists, at Delhi, while he refreshes himself with a bowl of goat's milk brought to him by Mirabai.



with British statesmen. At Karachi, he joined with the herd in lauding to the skies the "self-sacrifice" and "patriotism" of Bhagat Sing, a Barabbas, who on the eve of the Karachi Congress was hanged for political murder. The Hindu saint denounced assassination, but lauded the assassin. On this occasion, Gandhi completely capitulated to mob psychology. The exact words of the resolution were: "This Congress, while disassociating itself from and disapproving of political violence in any shape or form, places on record its admiration of the bravery and sacrifice of the late Sardar Bhagat Sing and his comrades Sukdev and Rajguru". What kind of consistency is this? The Congress forgot to place on record its admiration for the "daring and sacrifice" of Babu Gannu who, without killing anybody, invited his own death by stretching his body in front of a truck loaded with British cloth. If Bhagat Sing was a hero, what was Babu Gannu? The Congress also forgot to place on record its admiration for the "daring and sacrifice" of the brave Gahrwali soldiers who had refused to fire on the people at Peshawar, and who are now languishing in prison at hard labor, under long sentences. Why all this sloppy sentimentalism about Bhagat? Either political assassination is right or it is wrong. If it is wrong, it cannot be "brave".

Yet when all the criticisms of Gandhi have been made, when his vanity, love of adulation, his Hindu narrow-mindedness, his political slyness, his inconsistencies and contradictions have all been ventilated and carefully spread out on the table and ticketed, there is nobody in the wide world who can help loving Gandhi, except possibly Mr. Winston Churchill—and that fact is no particular credit to that gentleman.

Take for instance another type, Lord Rothermere, who wrote in his own organ, *The Daily Mail*, on April 16th, 1931, the following:

"It is the wealthy Indian cotton-spinners of Bombay, running their factories with sweated child-labor, who are backing Gandhi. They aim at the repudiation of India's debts to Britain, so that they may *confiscate* and divide among themselves the properties and capital of the British investor in that country. The fate of Portugal is an ominous example of the disaster which the reali-

zation of that aim would bring to Britain. *Like the Portuguese, we were a poor and insignificant nation until our connection with India began. Like them, we shall become poor and insignificant again directly it ceases.*" (The italics are not those of the *Daily Mail*.)

Which does the world love more, the saintliness of a Gandhi, surrounded only by a loin cloth, or the unsaintliness of a Rothermere who lifts his sordid head above an ocean of newspaper dope to survey the piled-up "confiscated" spoils from India?

* * *

Gandhi's immense energy: It was in some village far buried in the Kaira district. Mr. Shirer, Mr. Mills and myself, in a 16-passenger Chevrolet truck, had been following the sleepless, tireless, little man all day, through dust, heat and terrible bullock-cart ruts. I cannot write all I saw and heard. Ten volumes would be necessary. Gandhi had been speaking all day (day after day) to crowds that stampeded from all directions. The last meeting, at night, was at a village called Anklav. I saw him drive away from the meeting in his Ford, he and Vallabai Patel, sitting on the back seat. Shrunk and huddled in the corner of the seat, he looked as if he were on the verge of a collapse. People looked at him and said: "Gandhiji is indisposed". I was given a place to sleep, with many others, in a big burlap tent, at one end of which Gandhi had a room cut off for himself. Late at night I went out of the tent, and coming back I passed the corner where Gandhi had his room. I peeked in through the burlap. He was alone, sitting on the ground, writing, in the light of a candle placed next to him. In the morning, I learned he was writing the first article for *Young India*. It had to be written and, no matter how tired he was, he wrote it. The next morning at five o'clock, in the dark, he was holding his prayer-meeting in front of the tent.

Gandhi's human sympathy: At one of these country meetings, as he was going away, and just about to step into his automobile, a woman came up to him and laid her head on his shoulder. Tears were coming from her eyes. She was overcome with emotion—

just some country woman. The crowds were looking on. She kept holding her head on his shoulder and he did not move. He gave himself up to her. It was a touching and beautiful sight. How many men, in Gandhi's place, amid all the excitements and hurry of that moment, would have stood there until the woman had been comforted to the full ?

Mr. S. C. Bose, mayor of Calcutta and leader of the left-wing at Karachi, gave me this little sketch of Gandhi:

" People outside India have an idea that Gandhi stands for India. In one sense he does and in another sense he does not. He has got into this unique position as a leader for two reasons. First, he has been able to marshal all the anti-British forces in the country and after consolidating them he has had a fighting army back of him. For the politically minded classes, his political program and his fighting attitude have served as a very great attraction. For the non-political masses, his ethical outlook on life, his puritanism and what is regarded as his saintliness have had an irresistible appeal. But the real force behind him is composed of the politically minded classes. Without them, he would not have been able to reach the masses in a vast country like India. Without his political program and his fighting attitude, Gandhi as a moral force would not have counted for much. He would have been merely one of the thousands of yogis or holy men who walk up and down the Indian continent."

Gandhi is simple, consistent and fundamental in one thing: he believes in the principle of religion in the abstract. With this, he wears a little ticket around his neck marked " Hindu " so that, if he gets lost, anyone who finds him will know what he is. He ties himself up to Hinduism, which he calls " his religion ", in order to protect himself against the foreign invader who claims to have a " superior " religion. If Gandhi had been born a Christian and if the foreign invader had been born a Hindu, Gandhi would follow exactly the same policy.

In the use of the English language Gandhi can beat Shakespeare. He can make tears come from bricks. When he arrived in Karachi, a group of young hot-heads met him and said: " Go back, Gandhi ".

They said: "We want the murderer of Bhagat Sing", as if poor Gandhi had murdered Bhagat Sing. (This name Bhagat is pronounced as if it were written Buggat.) These hot-heads called Gandhi's policy (in not having saved Bhagat) "gutless". They loudly offered the tireless little man a wreath of black flowers, which he meekly accepted. Gandhi had said at Delhi: "Bhagat Sing was a brave soul". In conversation with and in letters to the viceroy, he had done all he could to save Bhagat. At Karachi, he said: "In this country of suppression and timidity almost bordering on cowardice, we cannot have too much bravery, too much self-sacrifice and, in this respect, one's head bends before Bhagat Sing's bravery and self-sacrifice. But I want greater bravery—if I might say so, without offending my young friends—the bravery of the meek, the gentle and the non-violent, bravery which will mount the gallows without injuring or harboring thought of injury to a single soul".

Nobody murdered Bhagat. He murdered himself.

The best picture of this whole scene was that which Mr. James A. Mills telegraphed to America, March 28th, which was as follows:

"The day that my inner voice tells me my country no longer needs me, I will starve myself to death", Mahatma Gandhi told a deputation of hostile redshirts who called upon him to demand why he had not saved Bhagat Sing, hanged at Lahore for the murder of a British police officer.

"I shall not complain if you beat me. I have no bodyguard. God alone keeps vigil over me. Some think me crazy, some a fool, because of my love for my enemies, but it is the very foundation of my whole life's work and creed.

"I have nothing left to sacrifice. I have no worldly possessions. I am a beggar. But the day that India abandons the sacred principle of non-violence, I shall let my fragile body perish. If you say that I am doing harm to India, you have a right to do so; but it is my duty to turn you to the pathway of affection. I have no weapon against you except love; let none take upon himself the duty of protecting me. God alone can do that."

Before the Mahatma had finished, his antagonists were sobbing. All left in a humble, penitent mood.



Delhi. Mirabai listens to a discussion between Gandhi and cloth-merchants from Bombay.



Delhi. James A. Mills taking a moving-picture of Dr. Ansari (left) and Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru.

me: "We will let you hire the car". I knew what to hire because I knew how much baggage Mills had. In addition to a number of large suitcases, he had five cameras packed in pretty leather cases, a moving-picture machine, a projector, a screen, an ice-box, a lunch-box, a thermos bottle and two tripods. Then there was Shirer's servant, Hosanna, and Mills' servant, Hossain, who had to be taken care of.

I hired a 16-passenger Chevrolet truck, but as this was not big enough Hossain was sent on to Bombay with surplus baggage.

I was the guide, with "responsibility at the centre". I picked up plenty of guides on the way to help me. The first night out, the little man being ahead of us in a Ford, we were lurching along when plump, we were stuck fast in a mud-hole. Almost immediately hundreds of white-capped Hindus appeared. They got on all sides of that truck. They took that truck, lifted it out of the mud and set it on top of a hill. I said to Shirer: "What a wonderful army these fellows would make with a little organizing".

Next morning we got stuck again, in a gully—down at the very bottom of it. The situation looked hopeless. Mills said to me: "You are a *nice* guide". I worked in the earth with my hands, giving orders to the Hindus. Shirer inertly stood nearby, watching. He was not sympathetic, but he was human. Mills was silent and kept aloof. He went off in a field and looked handsome.

How tragic that whole trip was! Here were thousands of people who for months had refused to pay taxes. They had been beaten, their houses had been burned, their lands taken away. Now comes the little Mahatma and tells them to forget all about it and "pay up" their back taxes. And they do it.

In Borsad, the people were depressed and disappointed. They felt that nothing had been gained for them by the "truce". While Gandhi was speaking, they wandered around with a disgusted look on their faces.

In some ways, Gandhi is like a lighthouse that flashes only at long intervals. Neither at Delhi nor at Karachi did the lighthouse give forth a flash. In the great uplift of the French Revolution, Danton flung out the memorable words: "*Il faut l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours l'audace!*" Gandhi lived up to those words at Dandi when he went forth to break the laws of the British empire. Not that salt mattered. Nobody was dying of salt starvation. Gandhi wanted to show the world that he could break the laws of the British empire. That was audacity according to the Danton formula. But Gandhi's march to London will not be as audacious as was his march to Dandi, unless he can find a few laws to break after he gets there.

At the Karachi Congress there was opposition to Gandhi, but he put his steam-roller into operation and flattened out the Congress into the shape of a pancake. Of course, at Karachi, everyone worth anything supported Gandhi, to the extent of not having a split in the Congress. Everyone could not hold the same view about the Delhi truce. It was a thing to be discussed, to be ratified by the Congress.

Gandhi could have said: "I want you to vote on the Delhi truce on its merits. Leave me out of account entirely. Look to your conscience and your inner voice. Whichever way you decide, count on me to be your servant."

If Gandhi had said this, he would have obtained the same result and he would have given a much sweeter touch to the whole situation. His general line of argument was about as it was to the redshirt boys when he said to them:

"If you do not like my ways, please keep quiet and let me do my work. Please sit in silence. I have been doing this work for the past 40 years. Let me work for the rest of my lifetime. In case we go to London and, on being fed and feted lavishly, we fail to change our relationship to Britain, you can cut our throats."

That was all very beautiful, but it was not democracy. No Tammany chieftain ever wielded a more autocratic sway over a political machine than Gandhi at Karachi. A saint ought not to be too autocratic.

But there are always some "wild men" who will not sit in silence in the presence of their betters and one of them was Y. J. Meharally, a young Moslem of Bombay. Previously, when I was in Bombay, he had come to notify me of Babu Gannu's death, and he took me the day after to the funeral. On Christmas day, he had been banged into jail. At Karachi, Meharally (pronounced just as if it were written "merrily") spoke to the Congress as follows:

"I feel that the truce is a great triumph for British diplomacy. I feel that the victorious car of our national purpose has been halted at a most inopportune moment and that the sudden damming up of the national energy will have very serious and grave consequences. The first fruit of this is already before us in the ghastly recrudescence of the inter-communal strife that has broken out at Cawnpore. We all know that the same thing happened after the sudden cessation of the non-cooperation movement in 1922. The energy of the masses, once generated, must be used and directed. That this energy has not been used as it demands to be used is the greatest objection to the truce. Let there be no mistake about it. We do not accept the platitude that the nation was tired of the fight and wanted some breathing time to recuperate. If anyone was tired of the fight, it was not the rank and file of the Congress, not the masses of the people, but it was the British government which found its trade destroyed, its might unavailing, its international prestige completely shattered. Our objection to the truce is one of principle—it is against the politics of compromise. We do not believe in the 'change-of-heart' theory to which Mahatmaji attaches such great importance. To our mind, imperialism has no heart to change. It has only pockets to fill. Complete independence to us means the ending for all time of this ceaseless, heartrending game of exploitation of man by man, of the masses by the classes, of the suppressed castes, of the subjects by their rulers, be they colored or colorless, the most hideous expression of which is the rule of British imperialism in India."

S. C. Bose said: "The soul of India is opposed to the Irwin-



Two members of the working committee, at Delhi —
Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and C. Rajagopalachariar, of Madras.

Gandhi pact. It cannot live long." One thing the Mayor of Calcutta laid stress on was "the abolition of the caste system and the *eradication of social and religious superstitions of all kinds*".

Then spoke Jamnadas Mehta, a splendid rebel wild-cat from Bombay:

"The resolution indorsing the Delhi pact is unfair to the Congress because, whatever the gloss put on it, it does abrogate the Independence resolution passed a year ago at Lahore. The agreement between Mahatmaji and Lord Irwin makes it clear that further discussion can only be conducted on the basis of the decisions reached by the first round-table conference in London last January. The pivot of those decisions is *federation between British India and the princes, reservations and safeguards*, and it is impossible for anyone honestly to say that if, when future discussion is thus confined within these limits, anything is left of the Independence resolution. If Mahatmaji thought that the civil disobedience movement should be suspended because it had not succeeded, or because it had become violent, he should have said so openly. If Mahatmaji really felt that we should suspend civil disobedience, I personally would not object to that course, for he is the best judge of the success or failure of his movement. Even if the civil disobedience movement has really failed, it is not necessary to give up the goal of Independence. Other methods should have been discussed and recommended; and if the goal of Independence was to be given up, as it *has* been given up by the truce, it is futile to pretend that the Congress still sticks to Independence. As it is, the Congress has really reverted to the position of the moderates and the liberals.

"There is another difficulty about this resolution. From time to time during the course of the last 15 months, Mahatma Gandhi has put different constructions on the Independence resolution. At Lahore, a year ago, Independence was understood by the Congress as the complete political emancipation of India, free from British control. While the ink was not dry on that resolution, Mahatma Gandhi came out with his 11 points on the acceptance of which by the viceroy he was prepared to go to the round-table

conference of last year. Again, in July last, he coined a new phrase, 'the substance of Independence', the exact connotation of which is difficult to ascertain. These mystifying definitions are most difficult for a man of ordinary intelligence to follow. The fact of the matter is that Mahatmaji, as the greatest moral asset of the country, has such a powerful hold on us that in his presence all thought is benumbed and all judgment paralysed and any courage, any independence of conviction is regarded with the greatest disapproval. I consider this as an unhealthy sign of public life in our country and instead of proving our fitness for freedom it tends to prove the contrary. We have before us today the shelving of the Independence resolution, the deaths of about 100 civil-resisters, injuries to many hundreds, imprisonment of 70,000 men and women, many broken heads and millions of broken hearts."

To all this Gandhi replied:

"A soldier who wants to go on fighting without paying heed to the offer to negotiate is guilty before God. If you approve of the resolution, vote for it. Otherwise reject it. Do not vote for it because the Mahatma is for it. If you do not approve of it, you *can choose other servants to carry out your orders*. It is not in the spirit of being offended that I say that you should relieve us and choose other servants. If we have carried on the struggle, we shall not be reluctant to hand over charge to others. The working committee is your creature. If you do not want it, throw it out."

What Gandhi meant here was that if the Congress failed to ratify the truce he would retire from politics. He would interpret such action by the Congress as a vote of "no confidence" in him. This he held over the Congress as a threat—a little different from what he said, shortly after he came out of jail, on January 27th:

"The authorities evidently have not yet perceived that the movement has so much affected the mass mind that the leaders, however eminent they may be, will be utterly unable to dictate to the masses a particular course of action. This, in my opinion, is a very healthy condition, because *independent thinking is the*

of caste and religious differences. I had seen a civil war going on in India, a war that had a noble object. Suddenly the war collapsed. I felt sorry. I should like to have seen it fought out to a finish. Gandhi was all right when he came out of jail—full of pep and the old fire. Then they began to drag him down. Crowds of weak people began to surround him with a kind of slabby personal adoration. Lord Irwin was subtle and Gandhi was simple and he was surrounded by all those people dragging him down to their own weak level.

Mr. Mills came to me the last day in Karachi. That night he was going to Delhi and the next morning I was sailing for Europe.¹ He wanted me to give him an interview to send to the American papers. "The people in America", he said, "are all at sea about this situation. They cannot understand in the least the inside of this situation." I answered that I did not wish my friends in America to think I was turning against Gandhi. I have some small reputation in the United States, as a radical, chiefly in Boston. I did in the end give Mr. Mills an interview. I give it here as Mills sent it (he gave me a carbon copy):

61310 Karachi April 3rd James Boston agitator whose activities connection India's independence caused British so much worry left today for Geneva where will write book his experiences India. Before departure James sharply criticised Gandhi saying although his doctrines might appear to world as original they largely borrowed from western sources. He opined while Delhi truce might be good in and by itself it seemed involve outright sacrifice Gandhi's avowed principles. Gandhi ought become Christian because doctrines which made him famous are mostly Christian origin. Non-violence he borrowed from Christ, passive resistance from Tolstoy, civil disobedience from Thoreau, picketing liquor shops from Salvation Army, sinfulness warfare from English American quakers. Gandhi talks against stealing, but he himself

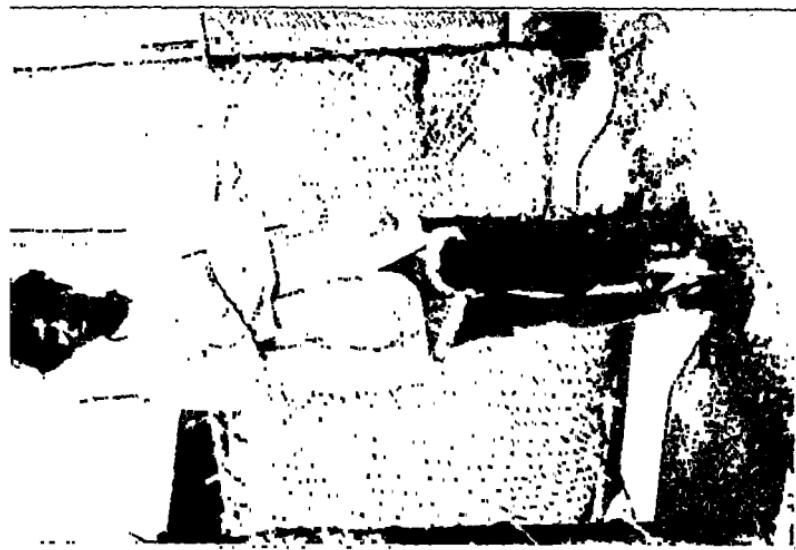
¹ I sailed away from Karachi on April 5th. The last time I saw Mills and Gandhi together was thereafter, in Geneva on May 24th. I went into a movytone picture-house and there on the screen were these two strange men. I nearly jumped out of my seat. Gandhi looked bored, as usual, when being photographed. Mills' voice was something marvelous.



Tax-resisters in the Kaira district who had been thrashed by the police the day before this picture was taken. Page 85.



The sixteen-passenger Chevrolet truck. Page 210.



An untouchable, obliged to take care of the latrines at the Karachi Congress. He said he was not being paid and he had no desire to join the Congress.



Congress volunteers at Karachi, arresting a pick-pocket. Page 218.

throat of his own country. He builds nothing. He violates those rules of fair play which it has taken the human race ages of time to establish. The finest thing at Karachi was the team-work of the boy volunteers. The manner in which they directed and controlled the crowds was magnificent. They are learning how to be soldiers, how to act together, how to exercise public authority under orders and discipline. If they go on developing "force" along that line, they will gain the admiration and respect of the entire civilized world.

Gandhi still holds the key to the situation. All his actions are consistent with a great sincerity. For his own good and for the good of India, he should be judged justly and without sentimentalism. Even supposing the British caught him in a trap? In the long run, what good will it do to the British? None whatever. For Gandhi at any moment can turn on "soul force" and India will follow him. Gandhi knows that the force which he exercises comes not from him but from above him. All men are little—even saints. He has thrown into the arena of human affairs not a new principle, but an old principle—civil disobedience, a bloodless, righteous method of fighting for human progress. Gandhi, let us hope, will still show the world that he has in him "*the spirit of resistance to all demands inconsistent with the dignity of man*". Far above us is a power that is spinning this little planet through space, and "he that is higher than the highest regardeth".

Geneva, May 1931.

XVIII. — DIGGING OUT ABRAHAM

The April morning was brilliant, with a sea dancing under a breeze which was blowing fresh and cool from the hills of Galilee. From India I had come to Palestine, catching a ship at Beyruth bound for the Italian port of Trieste, with intermediate stops at Haifa and Cyprus. She was to lie 16 hours in the bay before Haifa. One had a chance to go ashore, to explore the town or visit Mount Carmel. I hired a New Model Ford and dashed over the hills to Nazareth and the lake of Galilee. Why not? After the Kali temple in Calcutta, what could be more tempting than a peep into Nazareth? I thirsted for cool air and a change of scene. Before me lay the fresh Mediterranean, the Ægean, Greece, the land of heroes, the Corinth canal, Venice. Behind me the road had led, by a chain-work of steamers, railroads and motor-cars, through the Persian Gulf, Ur of the Caldees, Babylon, Bagdad, Damascus. At Damascus, Paul had been let down over the wall in a basket. At Cyprus, where the ship stopped, Paul and Barnabas had agitated. Two days later, we passed the ruins of Corinth where Paul had founded a church. India had both thrilled and depressed me. The thrill came from her will for freedom, from her splendid campaign of civil disobedience. The depression came from seeing millions of people leading a crawling existence under the oppression of idolatry. In India, idolatry sucks the soul out of the people, for idolatry in one form or another has always been identical with human bondage. With joy I took the open road to the west. At Ur I began to revive, for Ur had been Abraham's home-town. Abraham's spirit broods over Ur, and there I seemed to strike modern times. Ur had been a great

and flourishing centre of polytheism. Dr. Woolley has been digging up Ur, but Abraham dug himself out of Ur about 1500 B.C. Abraham had been the new man of Ur. His father Terah was a maker of idols. Abraham with an axe broke the idols in his father's house and, as a result of the discussion which this original action precipitated, he converted his father to the worship of one God. The king of Ur, whose power rested on idolatry, drove Abraham out of Ur, but Abraham made Ur famous by the simple process of digging himself out of it. Nothing is left of Ur but mounds and burrows, but the spirit of the wrathful iconoclast still broods over the desolate scene.

A furious dust storm swept me past Babylon into Bagdad, where a pelting rain had got the upper hand of the dust cyclone. There, for 24 hours, I coughed dust out of my lungs. All along the road I travelled with jolly and agreeable Englishmen, officers going home from India and business men coming out of Persia and Iraq. Twenty-four hours by motor transport, straight away across 600 miles of yellow desert, brought us to Damascus and the verdant slopes of Lebanon. Abraham never could have come that way with his flocks. He must have kept to the north, following the Euphrates. Some say, however, that he could have come straight across the desert, packing water on the backs of camels. Others say that in those days there was more rain than there is now, and that at a certain time of the year the desert was green enough for man and animal to get across. From Damascus to the Mediterranean, we dipped and skimmed in motor-cars through velvety valleys and over mountains that were clothed with all the joy of a country which can be spontaneously green, fruitful, beautiful.

I kept on reviving all this time. At Beyrut we bought papers telling us that great events had been taking place in the western world. Chicago had become a centre of puritanism. Spain had become a republic. The cleaning up of New York was well under way. Bootleggers were on the run. The Spanish "aristocrats" were on the run across the frontier, with their money, jewellery and pedigrees. Good news from all quarters.



Before the Congress *Pandal* at Karachi.



Inside the *Pandal*, where the great open-air meetings were held.

I kept on reviving all this time. The run over to Nazareth and Tiberias was sweet and lovely beyond description. Only one coming from the Mesopotamian deserts can understand what a blessed land of promise this place once was to the Jew. Going over, I gave a lift to a healthy young Arab who was carrying a carpenter's box and a basket of vegetables. I wanted to be kind to him and his eyes bulged with silent appreciation.

Coming back, a young woman hailed me from the roadside. Did I want to take her in, asked the driver. Well, why not? Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. She was probably foot-sore and weary. Why not take in a girl on the road from Nazareth to Haifa? She was a Russian Jewess who was teaching in a nearby Zionist school for girls. Modest and discreet she was. We sat on the back seat, and using the German language we talked together in subdued voices. She gave me the names of some of the beautiful wild flowers along the road, while I tried to make myself look as young and tender as possible. She acted as if she was sorry to say good-bye and offered to pay me for having given her a lift, an offer which was gallantly rejected. There was no time to carry this pretty incident further.

At Tiberias I found that the German hotel-keeper with whom I had lodged 17 years ago was dead and gone. Dead and gone also the good Scotch doctor who for years had managed the Scotch Presbyterian hospital. They dead and gone and I now definitely, properly, hopelessly, incurably an old man. Cana was visited, where the water was changed into wine, but at lunch in the hotel at Tiberias, where there was fish fresh caught from the lake, there was nothing better to do than to mix the wine and the water together. It was just as good as a miracle.

Formerly, I had found interesting and significant Roman mosaics in a place by the lake. No mosaics were found there on this trip, but instead a bunch of pretty Bedouin children. They were photographed against the shiny New Model Ford and they squealed with joy when they were given a few coins.

The top of the hill by Nazareth is certainly a place to breathe freely on a breezy April day. Excellent is the road between

Nazareth and Tiberias which the English have put in good repair, for, like the old Romans, the English are road-builders. Picturesque was the scene, with the camel, most fascinating of animals, the black, low-lying tents of the Bedouins, the olive trees. Gay and joyous were the fields along the way and over the distant hills, the "corn-fields" with the "corn in the ear", the wild flowers, pink, blue and yellow, and perhaps amongst them those "lilies of the field" which without toiling or spinning rivalled Solomon in all his glory. To the south the eye caught Mount Tabor, the damp, checkered plain of Jezreel, the distant mountains of Samaria; to the north snowy Mount Hermon, and in between, to the east, the low-lying, gem-like lake of palest blue, and beyond the lake a pinkish hilly region, rather sharp and steep bluffs, the country of the Gadarenes, where the hapless swine had met a terrible and unbelievable fate. Nazareth is still a live town, a little overflowing with the piety of pilgrims, charmingly situated on the southern slope of a hill, with clusters of pointed, black cedars giving relief to its straggling mass of houses. Cana nestles on a hillside, close to the road. But the location of Capernaum, the most important place of all, has been forgotten. It must have been just where Tiberias is. If it was not there, it could not have been anywhere. Tiberias began where Capernaum ended. The place simply changed names.

The next most difficult question is: where did the Hebrews come from? It is a fascinating puzzle. There is a record of a small race carrying the name of Habiru which first appeared in southern Mesopotamia about 2000 B.C. They migrated towards Syria, where they first appear about 1400 B.C. Whether they were the Hebrews or not, it is certain that Abraham was the new man of Ur, a man of big ideas, a defier of kingly power, embracing exile rather than slavery, the creator of a religion, the inventor and founder of Judaism. He went west, just as all men looking for fresh air and freedom have always gone west. To him many gods meant slavery and one God meant freedom. True and pure monotheism belongs to the Jew and to the Moslem, and Abraham was the founder of it. There are those who say that monotheism

was not original with Abraham, that he borrowed it, or stole it, from the Chinese. I do not go into this phase of the question. I should hate to believe or admit that Abraham stole anything. For me it is settled that monotheism began in Ur. The discontents of Ur followed Abraham into the west. Thus the Jews came into existence and Palestine became a land of prophets. A line drawn through Ur of the Caldees marks the division between the polytheism of the east and the monotheism of the west.

I think we may all be thankful today that nobody has ever turned Abraham into a "god".

Judaism produced two branches, Moslemism and Christianity. To the monotheism of Abraham, Christianity added socialism and communism (in the correct sense of the word), on a definitely international basis. It brought a message to the slave-world, and that was the secret of its success. Having its roots back in Ur, Christianity brought monotheism plus socialism to all the peoples living under the Roman empire. Whatever glory, power, success, liberty and dominion the western peoples enjoy today they owe to that humble movement which took its inception on the shore of the little lake of Galilee. Had the proud idolatry of Rome and her emperor succeeded in crushing that movement to death, the rude tribes and nations of Europe would have remained to this day merely slaves and savages.

The Moslems in India are monotheists and so far so good. With this they justify, in principle, the purdah and polygamy. Here, then, there is room for reform among the Moslems of India. Hinduism remains in India the stronghold of caste, polytheism and idolatry. The Hindus are tainted with polygamy, but probably to a less extent, so far as their religion is concerned, than the Moslems. I never came face to face with polygamy in India, and all I know about it is from hearsay.

The tendency in India, on the part of an infinitesimally small intelligensia, is to shake itself free from purdah, caste, idolatry, etc. They seek a morality which is essentially Christian, but they regard Christianity, as practised today in the west, as an unmitigated mass of hypocrisy, which, in fact, it is—a huge fake.

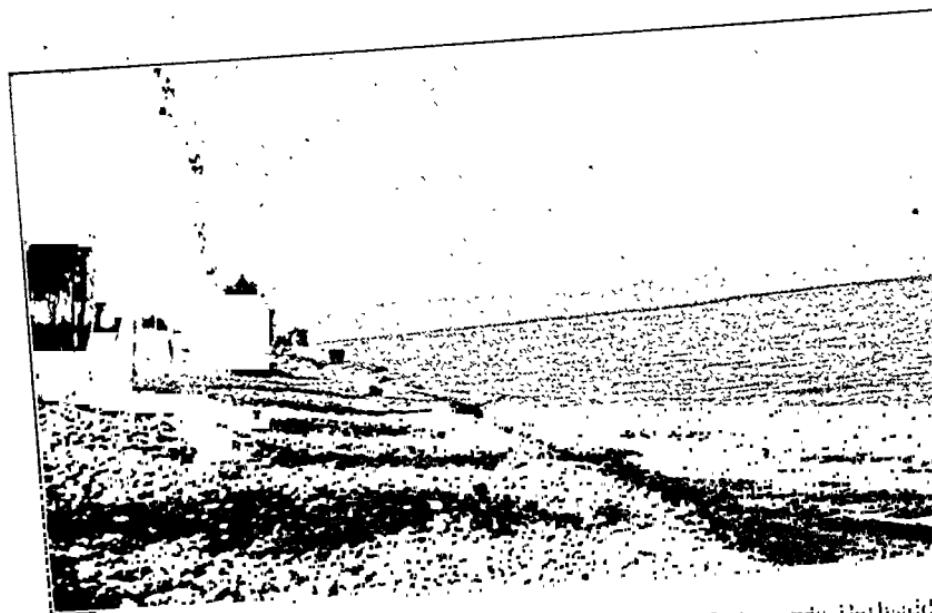
As practiced and standardized and capitalized today, it is a colossal piece of flapdoodle. Christianity is respectable and sacred, not for what it is, but for what it was. It is indeed useless to offer to India a Christianity which has become covered over with the dry rot of superstition and bigotry, which has become drunken with material ambition and power, which has lost all knowledge of, and interest in, its origin. In its present form, as the official religion of an invading and exploiting empire, Christianity is entirely worthless to India. The Indians have come to hate the very name of a religion in the name of which they have so often seen their own people insulted, shot, butchered. Yet in every mountain of dross there is a grain of gold, and the enlightened Hindu knows the real truth which is at the bottom of Christianity just as well as any Christian knows it. I remember talking with a Hindu in an Indian jail, a man of great charm, culture and originality. He was telling me of all the things that India was going to give to the rest of the world and at the end of it all his voice dropped to a whisper and he began talking about "the lord Jesus". A curious thing happened in Bombay last Christmas just when the civil disobedience campaign was in its most desperate phase and people had been killed in the lathi charges. A rumor was spread through the city and published in the papers that the star of Bethlehem had been seen by daylight in Bombay. The incident was interesting as a sign of the tendency of Hindu thought.

It is difficult for the Christian as well as for the Hindu to speak of the religion in which he was born and in which he has been educated absolutely without any spirit of *parti pris*. We are all familiar with the cant which is peculiar to people who are always boasting their own form of religion just because it happens to be their own. Yet with all the impartiality of which I am capable, I confess I cannot see the Hindu reaching out for and grasping that particular form of personal, social and political liberty which it has taken the west centuries of time to earn, so long as the Hindu remains a satisfied worshipper of the monkey god, the elephant-god and other spooks of 4,000 years ago.

The westerner goes to India and he sees everything by western



All that is left of Ur of the Caldees.



The lake of Galilee, near Capernaum. Looking north towards Bethsaida

standards and he sees that caste, purdah, polygamy and idolatry have made of India a helpless pulp of humanity. If those things had not been there, Britain never would have been allowed to stay in India. She would have left long ago. Those things have left India defenceless against the bluff of the British invader and against the lawless absolutism of her own, for the most part, debauched and degenerate princes. Idols in India are mixed up with the princes, and the princes are mixed up with the British. There are idols at the bottom and idols at the top. So you have an idolatry stretching from one end to the other in India, with headquarters in the viceregal lodge in New Delhi. Under the shadow of idols there is no freedom. The Moslem is a freedom-loving man, but how can he march to freedom with millions of people who are worshipping idols? The idol in any form is a bar to progress, always has been and always will be. This is not the dictum of any priest, bishop or pope clothed with some pontifical authority. It is the verdict of history itself. It is as true today as it was in the day when Abraham took his axe and smashed the idols of Ur.

The idol and the idol-brain are a bar to progress, either in the orient or in the occident.

In India, I had stood under the power of the British empire. Here by the lake of Galilee had stood Rome. Here had stood a slave-world. Here had stood idols. Here had stood imperialism. Here had stood statues of the Roman emperor before which all men were obliged to fall down and worship.

Darkness was in the world and men did not know which way to turn. The multitudes of the common people, hungry-hearted, were looking for "redemption". Who could voice the ideas of the time? Where was there a man in that world of slaves—where a man with the magic word and the divine touch who could put into action the thought burning in every heart?

Here was "Galilee of the Gentiles". Here were Roman soldiers and Roman officers. Here the people who sat in darkness "saw a great light". Here stood marble temples in which the "divine" Roman emperor was worshipped as a god. Here, by the lake,

John the Baptist was beheaded because he had dared to defy a ruler clothed with Roman power. Here in Capernaum, where the water laps on the stony shore, that ruler had lived, surrounded by all the pride, licence, luxury and insolence of imperial power. He made Capernaum his capital. He named it Tiberias in honor of the Roman emperor. He raised it "up to heaven", for the emperor was "divine".

Then, down the road from Nazareth, came a man of the Jews (the Jews were slaves of the Romans), and he said:

"Thou Capernaum, that art exalted up to heaven, shall be brought down to hell!"

That man was crucified.

From that crucifixion came the greatest movement of civil disobedience which this world has ever seen. Here by this lake it was started. Here a new era was born. Here a new signboard of history was set up, which took its shape from the rough cross used by the Romans for executing criminals.

The cross as against the Roman battle-axe!

What is civil disobedience? On what rock is it founded? What tradition, what authority is back of it? Does the blood of men and women who have suffered in the past count for nothing?

In Galilee of the Gentiles, the cross meant "*the spirit of resistance* to all demands inconsistent with the dignity of man". It means that still. It will never mean anything else. That is the righteous spirit of civil disobedience. That is the rock on which it stands, just as the cross stands on a rock. Today it has been discovered in India, for the cross, with all that it means, is destined to conquer the earth.

The events which took place in Galilee of the Gentiles are not dead events. No monument stands there to commemorate them—and none is needed. Better to reserve monuments for battle-fields, kings and conquerors. But those events have a message for today. They are the latest news of the hour, pregnant with enormous consequences. They have only begun to shake the world. Does India, does Gandhi understand them?

Those who, in ignominy and shame, followed the blood-stained

cross were at first a few, then hundreds, then thousands. They were put to death because they *refused to cooperate* with Caesar, the Olympian personality. But they cooperated with a higher power. Caesar's power went down, but their power went up. Such was the cross of non-cooperation, and they who followed it said to Caesar: "Thus far and no farther".

Those who today wish to stir up the old tiger of non-cooperation must remember this fact: they tread where saints have trod before them. Non-cooperation is not a tool to be used today and discarded tomorrow. Non-cooperation is a principle which history has made sacred. What is sacred ought not to be profaned. They who put their hand to the plow must not turn back.

In India today there are men prepared to suffer and die for the truth, just as there were in old Rome. But they must see the truth and understand it clearly. Truth is no new discovery. Truth has been going on for a long time.

No stone remains to mark Capernaum. Who today is interested in Capernaum? Nobody. The story of the place has been forgotten about—perhaps purposely. So much of the old story has been purposely forgotten. It seems to have been a very inconvenient story. It is very inconvenient for the British in India today. For centuries, the mighty have tried to silence the Bible. For centuries, popes and cardinals, bishops and archbishops, kings and parties, tyrants and bigots, big and little, have been twisting and turning the old story of the cross to suit their own purposes. That is why the simple people of India today, not being acquainted with the why and the wherefore of all these ages of devilish crookedness, cannot understand why Christians should be such colossal humbugs, cheats, hypocrites and liars.

Christianity today needs to be excavated, dug up again, like Ur. The truth, though lost, shall be recovered. The story is so simple that any babe can understand it. Nothing of that story shall be lost.

Why do we call this place the "holy land"? Because here the slave once staked his all for freedom. He got out from under

the heel of Rome. He learned how to stand in awe of himself. From that moment, the mailed power of Rome against him was rendered impotent. Today it is dust. But the rock remains.

India calls us "free". Who made us free, as compared to India? Where did all this glorious freedom come from? Did it come from Capernaum and thereabouts? Perhaps so. Perhaps that is why we call the place "holy". Even the popes, kaisers, kings and the bigots have not been able to blot out the fact that the place is holy.

The slaves can free themselves. It has been proved. It has been done once. It can be done again. What was shown then will be shown again and it will be shown with terrible clearness.

The decrees of the Most High are inflexible. Woe to them who, with all this before us, set themselves with insolence to defeat the laws of the All-Powerful! There are the laws of the earth and the laws of heaven, and he who made the slave gives him the power to choose which he will obey.

Some things have been settled forever, and this is one of them. That is about the whole story on the subject of civil disobedience. It has come back into the arena of human society, and it has come to stay.

Rome is in ruins, but the spirit of the martyrs is not in ruins. Blood is power, when it is the blood of martyrs.

It has been easy to tamper with the truth in the past. But they who tamper with the truth in the future will find it dangerous.

The authority of the cross, and of all the blood that was spilled for it, is with and for the Indians today, if they will take it. It belongs to them.

By the lake, where the water laps the smooth pebbles, nothing is left of that proud and mighty empire that nailed justice to the cross—nothing but a few white mosaics buried under the soil. There today a few children of the desert—Bedouins by name—have pitched their low, black tents. But far to the west and to the north and to the south, beyond the mountains and the seas, still glitters in the sun that eternal emblem of human dignity upon which the man of Nazareth was crucified.

No empire today shall press upon the head of India the crown of thorns.

Democracy—the rights of the humble and the poor, the rights of those who “labor and are heavy laden”—is a plain issue. No nation, no religion, no continent has any patent to it. If the people of India could only see the picture of Galilee and learn its lesson! Could they find it within themselves, India would become the land of the sunrise.

MAP SHOWING THE CITIES VISITED BY THE AUTHOR

